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## LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

### NAPOLEON THE SUPPLANTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE SOCIETY AND ETIQUETTE OF THE CONSULATE—THE GENERAL PACIFICATION OF EUROPE—THE REORGANIZATION OF FRANCE—THE CODE NAPOLEON AND THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE—STEPS TOWARD MONARCHY—PLOTS, COUNTER-PLOTS, AND THE LIFE CONSULATE—BONAPARTE AT THE THRESHOLD OF MONARCHY.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.  
CHASSEUR À CHEVAL UNIFORM  
WORN BY BONAPARTE DURING  
THE CONSULATE.

#### THE SOCIETY AND ETIQUETTE OF THE CONSULATE.

THERE is something in the close of that arbitrary division of time which we call a century that powerfully affects the human imagination, and through it the movements of society. The French were tired of the awful earnestness which had characterized the philosophical and political upheavals of the eighteenth century, and were ever more and more eager for glory and for pleasure. This was true of all classes, all political schools, excepting only the most serious minds, and these

found themselves in a helpless minority. The masses loathed royalty. They were living under what was still called a republic, and when an expression was needed for the national life as a whole they and their writers employed the common classical term "empire." The word "citizen," used in both genders as a form of address, recalled the days of rude leveling. It had lasted through the Directory; with the Consulate it disappeared, first from official documents, and then, in spite of resistance by a few radicals, it soon gave place everywhere to the old "monsieur" and "madame."

In like manner the former habits of polite society quietly reasserted themselves with the return to prominence of those who had been trained in them. Liberty could no longer be endangered by admirable usages whose connection with monarchy was forgotten. Such incidents typify in a small way the comprehensive movement which, with the assured stability of the Consulate, brought immediately to its service the men and women who represented, not exactly the greatness, but the capacity of France in that age. Excepting that which was resident in a few royalists and in a

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few radicals, the power of the nation rallied with devotion to the support and the service of the new order. When Daunou, Cabanis, Grégoire, Carnot, and Lafayette were identified with the Consulate, the Jacobinism which had turned the early simplicity and nobility of the Revolution into excess and baseness might well hide its head. For a time, at least, few doubted that the highest aims of the Revolution were to be consolidated under the new government, and the many sought to bury its lower aims in oblivion.

Already, during the three months of the Bonapartes' residence in the Luxembourg (from November, 1799, to February, 1800) there had been a little coterie of regular visitors, with many royalists in its number; but the republican side was never forgotten, and thence the First Consul had married his sister Caroline to the brilliant Murat, who was the son of an innkeeper at Cahors. During that time the sixth anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. had occurred. It was stricken from the list of public festivals, but those of the storming of the Bastille (July 14), and of September 22 (1 Vendémiaire, from which was dated the founding of the republic), remained. After the solemn installation of the family at the Tuileries, in February, 1800, there was little change, except that a clever beginning of stately ceremonial and exclusive etiquette was made, which augured further changes, and the bearers of noble names became more and more prominent in Josephine's parlors. "It is not exactly a court," said the Princess Dolgoruki in one of her letters; "but it is no longer a camp." Toward those who aspired to the familiar address of equality the First Consul grew ever more cool and forbidding; to the common, plain people in civil and military life he was always accessible, and with them he was simple, even confidential, in his manner and tone. "I have your letter, my brave comrade," he wrote to a sergeant. "I know your services: . . . you are one of the brave grenadiers of the army. You are included in the list for one of a hundred presentation swords which I have ordered distributed. Every soldier in your corps thought you deserved it most. I wish much to see you again. The minister of war is sending you an order to come to Paris."

The night after the battle at Montebello,—an affair fought by Lannes five days before Marengo,—when Coignet, a common soldier who could neither read nor write, but had performed several daring deeds in that, his first, engagement, was by Berthier's orders presented at ten in the evening to the Consul, the latter playfully caught his visitor by the ear, and held him thus during a short catechism. At the close the delighted peasant,

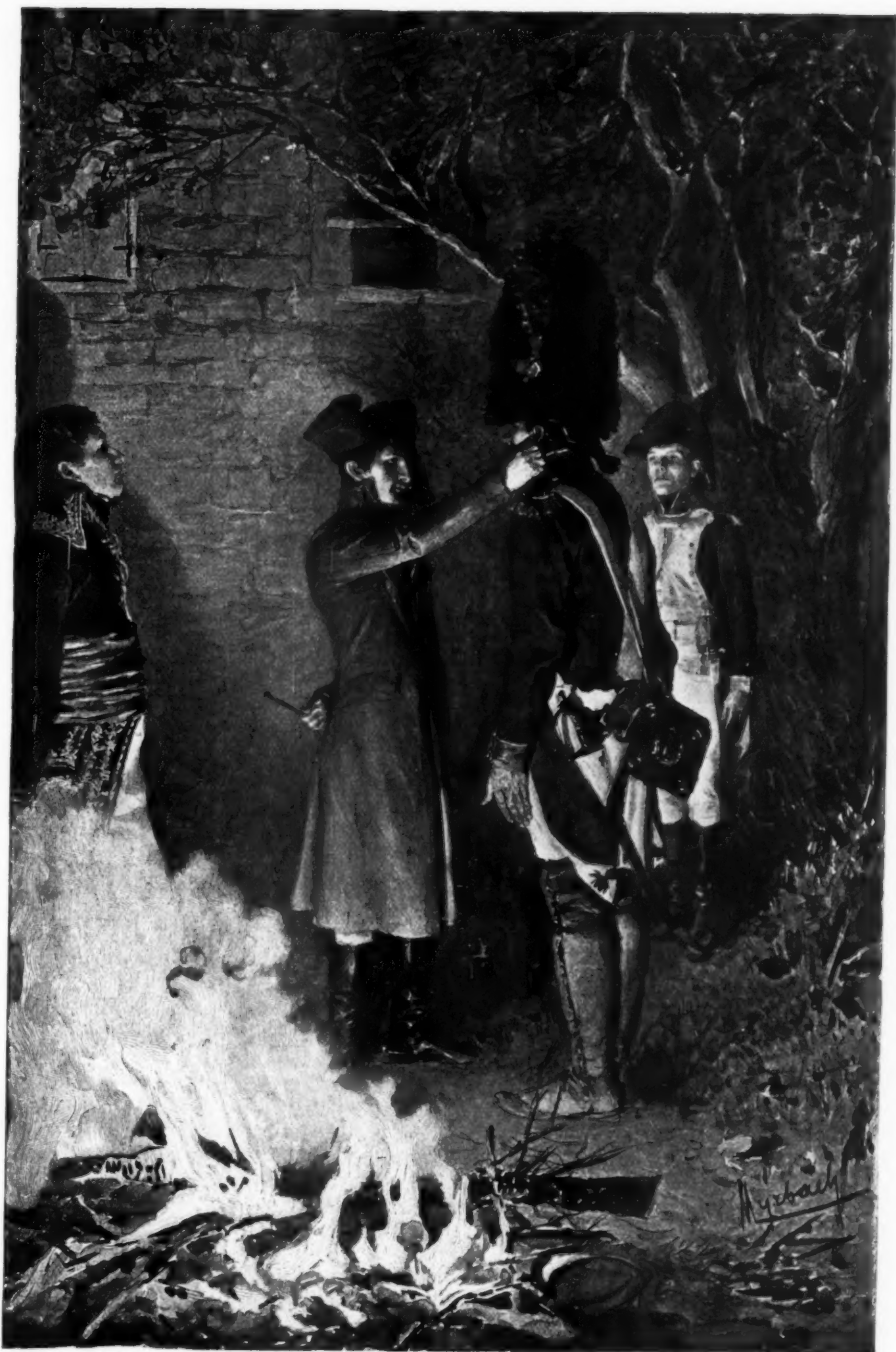
entranced by such familiarity, saw his services noted in a mysterious book, and was dismissed with the remark that no doubt, eventually, he would merit service in the guard, the members of which must be veterans of four campaigns.<sup>1</sup> The effect of these and similar incidents was to turn the popular admiration into a passion.

No one ever declared that Napoleon Bonaparte was a gentleman animated by a trained self-respect and by consideration for others. Many thought his accessions of feverish sensitiveness were due to a hysterical temperament: in society he often sat in forbidding silence; sometimes he wept tears which the world would consider unmanly, and appeared to be temporarily disordered in his mind. But he had much rude good nature and considerable wholesome sensibility. Bourrienne says that he often sang at his work, but always sang false. He worked regularly from twelve to fifteen hours a day, evolving schemes which paralyzed his secretaries by their magnitude. The hours which such a man of affairs spent in the companionship of women were not marked by that quick appreciation and attention which gratify the great lady, for whom those hours are the end and aim of existence. No one has suffered more at the hands of woman than Bonaparte. Mme. Junot and Mme. de Rémusat forgot nothing which could place his rude passions in glaring contrast with their own chastity, or even with the polished laxity of that notoriously immoral society which scorned the old-fashioned restraints imposed by the decalogue. The long and determined struggle for recognition and attention which that "femme incomprise," the buxom Mme. de Staël, waged with Bonaparte by the use of her personal charms ended in her defeat, and she then turned against her antagonist the weapons of her spite, so ably wielded by her clever pen.

It is certain that with all his genius the great statesman and the great general failed to understand the power of woman. His youth gave him no due share in the society of those mothers, sweethearts, and female friends who in the routine of daily life, by instinct, training, and ability, mold every generation as it rises to its place. The years of nonage were absorbed in political intrigue, and those of early manhood in tasks not laid upon most men until middle life. Amid the storms of the Revolution was formed a general without experience in those social forces of peace which in the end overpower all others. His married life began in passion and ambition; the relation was checked in its normal development by ensuing hurricanes of alternating jealousy and physical attraction. The social power of Josephine was

<sup>1</sup> "Les Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet," p. 98.





DRAWN BY F. G. MEYBACH.

BONAPARTE AND COIGNET.



FROM THE GRAYON DRAWING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF CHÂLON-SUR-SAÛNE.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

JOACHIM MURAT, KING OF NAPLES.

great but superficial; and while she powerfully supported her husband's ambitions, and often captivated his senses, she failed in subduing his reason, or in creating any companionship with him in noble enterprise. The innate coarseness of a giant was, therefore, never checked, and the society of those who turned pleasing and pleasure into a fine art, who regarded entertainment as the chief concern of life, was generally irksome to a man who looked upon many over-ready women as instruments for gratifying physical passion; to a general who saw in all women the possible mothers of sol-

diers; to a "scientific" politician who looked on the family and on children as inert factors in a mathematical problem; to a wilful dictator ignorant of the unalterable supremacy of woman in her own sphere. But if we are to believe the letters of Mme. de Rémusat, there were times and places when serious women with earnest notions of duty received at his hands the most gracious and considerate treatment. In the main, Napoleon's nature was so dominated by his gigantic schemes that he was impervious to the feminine fascinations by which men are so often ruled. He would tolerate neither

Egerias nor Hypatias, neither Cleopatras nor Messalinas, although the times might easily have furnished him with examples of each type.

The Consulate is the period of Bonaparte's greatest and most enduring renown. In what he did the new France was heartily sympathetic; the old France, with all its vices, spite, and bitterness, though existent, was in abeyance, and remained so for some years to come. The multitudinous private and personal memoirs concerning the time were for the most part written in the days of the Restoration, when the revulsion of feeling, or else the desire to propitiate the new king, unduly magnified those small defects of etiquette, behavior, and dress in the preceding régime which are so dear to the minds of defamatory chroniclers. The scraps of important evidence which float on the surface of the watery mass ought to be carefully examined, and the whole should be viewed from the standpoint of the time and circumstances which produced it. Such a task being well nigh hopeless, the deeds of the First Consul must speak for him rather than the statements about them and him which he himself and others have made. He was not in touch with the polite society of Paris; he certainly did most arbitrarily banish from its precincts Mme. de Staël, the brilliant woman whose writings many praise but few now read, and whose home was the focus for the discontented ability of the time; he never appreciated the spirit of true liberty, and he often misapprehended the gentler spirits who in its name sought his powerful protection and patronage; he was not sensitive to the finer sentiments of the mind, often mocking at the "ideologues"; and while he enjoyed the society of Josephine and her friends, either at her own pretty country-seat of Malmaison, which he enlarged and beautified for her, or in the brilliant rooms of the Tuileries which he opened to her, he repelled the interference of her friends with his plans, and apparently never forgot that her own tender and jealous devotion had grown with his power and reputation. All this must be admitted in characterizing Bonaparte at the height of his greatness; but the vile innuendoes, insinuations, and imputations of sordid traits which so abound in the diaries of the time must be for the most part considered in relation to the murky natures which recorded them, and, with allowances for the time and the training of the man, may be consigned to the limbo of malice from which they came.

#### THE GENERAL PACIFICATION OF EUROPE.

SOME unknown humorist has said that you never go so far as when you do not know where you are going. The genius of Bonaparte was all-embracing, because it made one

forward step follow close upon another, and that with no appearance of compulsion; for this reason he went so far. The treaty of Lunéville was the first great achievement in the direction of a general pacification. What was to be done with the rest of Italy, with Spain and with Portugal, in order to secure his preponderance in western Europe? To retain the good will of Russia, which interceded for Naples, nothing was said about restoring the Parthenopean Republic. Instead, Ferdinand IV., though compelled to evacuate the Papal States, and to restore the pictures and other booty that in the manner of the time he had removed to his capital, was left in full possession of his crown. English ships were to be forbidden his ports, and the expenses of a French army corps, which should lie, under Soult, at Tarentum, were to be borne by his treasury. The affairs of Spain had reached a crisis in the feebleness of her administration and in the low intrigues of the court. Marengo destroyed the influence of the anti-French party at Madrid. Godoy, known as "Prince of the Peace" from his having negotiated the treaty of Basel, had shortly afterward been made prime minister of Spain through the influence of Queen Louisa, whom he had infatuated. Though successful at court in being both the queen's lover and the king's intimate friend, he was, nevertheless, an incapable statesman. In 1796 he made Spain further subservient to France by the first treaty of San Ildefonso; and such was the public resentment that he had to resign. Through Bonaparte's influence he was restored to power, and in a second treaty of San Ildefonso Spain became the servile ally of the Consulate. By the terms of this compact, as already partly expressed in the treaty of Lunéville, not only were Parma and Elba left in the hands of France, but Louisiana was ceded to her, the French colonies in South America were enlarged, and a combined force of French and Spanish troops was organized, which compelled Portugal finally to abandon the English alliance and accept Bonaparte's terms. The little but important realm was also to shut her harbors to English ships, and pay 25,000,000 francs to France. In return, Tuscany was to be erected into a kingdom, with the name of Etruria, for Louis, the heir of Ferdinand of Parma. This child was really a Spanish prince, being a great-grandson of Philip V. and a grandson of the reigning queen, the offspring, by a Spanish Bourbon husband, of her daughter, the Duchess of Parma, who was to reign as regent for her infant son. When, shortly after, an actor in Paris recited from the stage, in Bonaparte's presence, the line, *J'ai fait des rois, madame, et n'ai pas voulu l'être,*



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

# MME. BONAPARTE RECEIVING THE AMBASSADORS AT THE TUILERIES.

Asara (Spain)	Sulkowski	Loebenthal (Prussia)	Mimo de Looze	Chiffarilli	De Looze
Schimmelpenninck (Holland)	Ureger (Denmark)	Cardinal Caproni	Talleyrand	Marcolini (Saxony)	Cobenzl (Austria)

the house rocked with applause. The infant king was also brought to Paris to be displayed as an attendant in the First Consul's antechamber. A few felt the unworthiness of such a game, but the national vanity was tickled. A bevy of republics already moved at command around the great central French republic. Were kingdoms, too, about to join the round? From whatever point these arrangements as a whole are viewed, however, it will be seen that, in comparison with the radical anti-royalist policy of the Directory three years before, they must be considered moderate. To abandon the Roman and Parthenopean republics, and to constitute a new kingdom for a Bourbon, was in itself an important announcement to the courts of Europe.

But a more pregnant step was the league between the Consulate and the papacy. The most enduring effect of the Revolution had been the fusing of France into a homogeneous nation. Among all the institutions erected by Bonaparte on that foundation, none was more persistent and influential than that which restored the French church to Rome. The "civil constitution" of the Jacobin republic virtually dismissed Roman influence from France altogether, and created a voluntary Gallican church, because all the conforming priesthood—of whom it will be remembered that Madame Mère's half-brother Fesch was one—became dependent on the State as to their highest allegiance. By the laws of 1790 the old diocesan boundaries were wiped out, bishops and priests were chosen by the people, and the celibacy of the clergy was abolished. In consequence, there had at first been bitter resistance and stern persecution. But during the Directory popular feeling disapproved of violence in religion as elsewhere, and both liberty of conscience and freedom of religion reigned undisturbed in France. Napoleon passed through a stage of rampant infidelity in his youth, and wrote a thesis in which he compared the Saviour unfavorably with Apollonius of Tyana. But with advancing years the dimensions and influence of the papacy impressed his imagination, while ripening political wisdom convinced him of its power. As his personal ambitions became dominant he defied the Directory, and in 1797 left standing the framework of the papal edifice, because he already saw that the French people had overwhelmingly returned to papal allegiance. In spite of the course imposed upon him by the anti-Jacobin counter-revolution of Fructidor, he understood that no permanent reunion of all elements in the population was possible except under the favor of Rome.

Shortly after Bonaparte's inauguration as First Consul there began to be circulated a mov-

ing tale of how the great man was frequently and visibly affected as he listened to the village chimes from his windows at Malmaison, evidently recalling the hallowed influences of his mother's faith. The act of the Consulate in ordering the performance of funeral obsequies for the Pope who had died in captivity at Valence was a recognition of the popular movement. A new pope, Pius VII., was elected at Venice, under Austrian protection, on March 13, 1800, and he was soon afterward informed by Bonaparte that, excepting the legations, the territories of his predecessors were under certain conditions at his disposal. His secretary, Cardinal Consalvi, set out for Paris, after what Pius considered becoming delay; and before the middle of July, 1801, terms were agreed upon and a treaty was concluded. The story of the negotiation, as told in the cardinal's memoirs, displays Bonaparte as a match at any point for prelatial wiles. Experience in diplomacy had ripened his unsurpassed power of intrigue. The First Consul conceded that the laws of 1790 should be abolished, and that the Pope should be officially recognized by the State as head of the Church. The appointments of archbishops and bishops made by the government were not to be valid until confirmed at Rome. In return the Pope was to end the conflict of State and Church in France, accept the loss of the confiscated ecclesiastical estates in return for a subsidy of 50,000,000 francs, and recognize the clergy as civil officials in the pay of the State. Thus, at a single stroke, the religious liberty which revolutionary atheism had unwittingly established was destroyed, and the French nation relegated to a modified control by Rome; but on the other hand, the strongest support of the Bourbons was struck down, the existing order recognized, and Bonaparte felt assured, as he declared at St. Helena, that in view of France's overwhelming influence in Italy, the Pope, as a petty Italian prince, would become entirely subservient to himself.

But a spectacle even stranger was soon to be offered to the world. Whatever form the struggle between France and England for ascendancy had taken throughout the long centuries it had lasted, it was ever and always bitter and envenomed. The French Revolution had offered the English Tories an opportunity, as they believed, finally and literally to crush France, even to the extent which Lord Chatham had always declared necessary for enduring peace. The younger Pitt inherited his father's idea, and the conquering policy of the republic had enforced his position, so that since the beginning of the present struggle between the two countries the British nation had reposed unbounded confidence in



his leadership and policy. Unfortunately, he used this popular feeling to retain power after his own convictions had changed. But gallant and successful as the war had been, it at last seemed to many as if there were no limits to its duration, and to timid minds the lavish subsidies of the successive coalitions, combined with the expensive mismanagement of the naval establishment, augured bankruptcy. Pitt fell on the question of Catholic emancipation in Ireland, a matter in which he disagreed with George III., the small-minded and feeble king; but the Addington ministry which succeeded was none the less popular because it was understood to be in reality and above all else a peace ministry.

When, in 1799, Paul of Russia, furious at the perfidy of Austria and weary of the tyranny exercised by England over the seas, had instigated a renewal of the armed neutrality, with Denmark as its nominal head, the delicate attentions of Bonaparte, of which mention has already been made, coupled with offers most gratifying to the Czar's ambition,—such, for example, as the grandmastership of Malta,—completely won the heart of the quixotic Paul. Early in 1800 a confidential Russian agent appeared in Paris, whose mission was to urge Bonaparte to declare himself king, and, in addition to the peace already negotiated, arrange terms for an alliance between the two rulers for the purpose of destroying English power in India, according to the plans already arranged by the Czar. An agreement was quickly reached, which resulted in a treaty of friendship. For the attack on India Paul had worked out an elaborate scheme. There were to be two expeditions: one Russian, by way of the Don and across the carry to the Volga, thence through the Ural Mountains to the Indus, and from the Indus to the Ganges; the other Franco-Russian, to proceed by the Danube, the Black Sea, the Don, and the Volga to Astrakhan and Persia, where it was to combine with the former and open hostilities. The latter, in particular, was worked out in the minutest detail, and every item was carefully commented by Bonaparte.

England's reply to the armed neutrality of the Northern powers was the despatch to the Baltic of a powerful fleet, which reached Copenhagen in March, 1801. Negotiations were opened by Sir Peter Parker, who, because of his diplomatic abilities, had been made first in command, and lasted for some weeks, but failed. On May 2 Nelson, who was second in command, opened fire on the city. The great admiral's success was only partial, and he was only too glad to accept an inconclusive truce. England's object, however, was reached in another way. During the night of March 23–24

Paul was assassinated in his bed, not without suspicion of connivance on the part of his son Alexander, who succeeded him. The new Czar did not inherit his father's policy. On the contrary, he immediately liberated the English ships in his harbors, and, further, waived his father's claim to the headship of the Knights of St. John, and to the island of Malta as their domain. The league of neutrals fell by its own weight, but England was left without a supporting Continental coalition in the face of Maringo and Lunéville.

The death of Paul likewise seriously affected the position of France, which in an instant again became insecure. This disposed the First Consul more than ever to yield to the universal clamor for peace. Addington's overtures had at first been coldly received, for Bonaparte wanted the restoration of all the colonial conquests England had made during the long war. But the death of the Czar and the attitude of his successor changed the situation. Still further came news that since Kléber's death one disaster after another had overtaken Menou in Egypt. He had been compelled to surrender Cairo in June, and the fall of Alexandria was only a question of time. Abdallah Jacob Menou, as the convert to Mohammedanism styled himself, found little grace at the hands of his coreligionists. Negotiations with England were thereupon seriously resumed. Both sides being equally eager for peace, arrangements were completed within a reasonable time, and on October 1, 1801, the resulting preliminaries were ratified. The news was received in London with joyous acclamations.

England bound herself to restore all her colonial conquests except Trinidad and Ceylon, and to withdraw from Malta and the other ports which she had seized in the Mediterranean. France was to restore Egypt to the Porte, to withdraw her troops from Naples, and to guarantee the integrity of Portugal. The First Consul had intended to destroy the autonomy of the last state, and to incorporate the land and people with Spain for his further purposes. Ten days later a secret treaty between France and Russia was signed: the two powers were to settle the affairs of Germany and Italy in concert. The idea of perpetual intervention in the German empire by France originated with Richelieu; no Russian monarch since the time of Peter the Great could feel his dignity secure without the same privilege. Such an agreement was, therefore, a final seal to France's new alliance. With Turkey likewise the old relations of amity were reestablished by a new treaty. Bavaria was appeased by promises.

There would have been one other war-cloud on the distant horizon had it not wisely been dispelled in time. The United States had suf-



ferred much from the pretensions of the Directory to control its commerce in the French interest, on the plea of gratitude. The declaration of neutrality made by Washington in 1793, on the formation of the first coalition, was ill received in Paris; the treaty of commerce concluded with England in the following year was regarded by the French government as a breach of neutrality, and the Directory suspended diplomatic relations. Their insolent agents and sympathizers in the United States had so embroiled the question of the relations of that nation with the two countries respectively that it became a matter of party politics, and threatened a rupture between the two republics, especially when Talleyrand's unblushing effrontery in demanding enormous bribes from the American envoys was made public. Great as their obligations were, the United States had no intention of becoming either openly or secretly tributary to France. The recognition of their neutrality by England had given them the whole colonial trade of France, Holland, and Spain. Their principle was virtually that of the armed neutrality of 1780: that neutral ships made neutral goods (freeships, free goods). For this they were ready to fight. The First Consul was wise enough to recognize the justice of the claim, and lost no time in concluding, on September 30, 1800, a treaty of commerce which for the time removed all sources of friction between his government and that at Washington.

#### THE REORGANIZATION OF FRANCE.

WITH this general pacification of the globe there was almost universal satisfaction. Addington thought the peace which was soon to be duly ratified at Amiens was no ordinary one, but a true reconciliation of the first two nations of the world. The Continental dynasties believed that the Revolution had at last been put within bounds, and the expansion of liberal France curbed. The French themselves could not restrain their joy at the prospect of a new social and political structure sufficiently commodious for the exercise of their awakened energies, sufficiently strong to command respect from enemies at home and abroad. The builders were already at work before the ground was fairly cleared; the regeneration of French institutions which has indissolubly linked the name of Napoleon with the life of modern Europe was under way before the peace negotiations were concluded.

The chief magistrate found at his disposal for this purpose two most important conditions: a clean tablet so far as the monarchical and revolutionary systems were concerned, and a

great body of able and educated men anxious to coöperate with him. Their aim, like his, was to make the nation strong and illustrious. But for them the Revolution, confined in their minds to France, was over, while for him, viewing it as a European movement, it was in full operation. Whether they were royalists like Dufresne, or Girondists like Defermon, or radicals like Fourcroy, or moderates like Regnaud and Roederer, or pardoned anti-Fructidorians like Portalis and Barbé-Marbois, they were all alike animated with zeal for a strong national life as the end and aim of their labors. But Bonaparte and a few of his intimates looked on renovated French nationality as only the means to a further end. In a pamphlet review of the situation, written in 1801, Hauterive declared that the rotten European structure resting on the balance of power had been overthrown by the wars of France, which was now, by her military and financial strength, and by the principles of her government, ready and able to assume the beginning of a peaceful and prosperous federation of nations. This was the revolutionary program in another form: under the new conditions of French organization it eventually developed into a scheme of European empire. With the evacuation of Egypt all dreams of Oriental conquest vanished, and in their place was substituted a vision in which a modernized and glorified reproduction of Charles the Great, a French Charlemagne, was the central form.

Those who had for some years been keen observers of the life and labors of Bonaparte could scarcely believe that human power could accomplish what he had done. His activity as strategist and general, statesman and administrator, had hitherto been fabulous: in the first years of the Consulate it was simply doubled. To the minutest detail, every department of the rising state received his attention, more or less complete as occasion required. During the year 1801 the ablest observers of the country, for the most part members of the Council of State, having been assigned one to each of the military divisions into which the land was divided, were occupied in compiling comprehensive and thorough reports to serve as a basis for legislation. These studies included finance, the army, the administration, public instruction, the alms-houses, the roads and canals, commerce and industry, the public temper — in short, everything which concerned the well-being of the people. These were the material of Bonaparte's studies, and for the most part he mastered them. He often worked fourteen hours a day, never less than ten, and in his secretary Maret he had a minister as indefatigable as himself, able to catch every thought and suggestion, to amplify

and execute every order, to coördinate the activity of his chief with all the subordinate branches of the government. As a consequence, there is not one of the great structures which combine in the logical unity of French life as it exists to-day that did not receive the impress of the First Consul's colossal mind, and which does not still bear its mark.

For example, while it was a Roman church which came again to life, its prelates comprised in equal numbers men who had accepted and those who had refused the "civil constitution" of the republic. To impress the imagination of the people, a service in honor of the Concordat was celebrated at Notre Dame. Augereau and a number of his friends asked to be excused from attendance, but were compelled to be present. The First Consul went, with all the trappings—coaches, harness, lackeys, and the like—which had been used by the Bourbon kings. But, after all, it was a Napoleon Bonaparte and not a Louis Capet who was the personage, and the remark attributed to an old general, whether true or not, is utterly inapt—that everything had been restored except the two million Frenchmen who had died for liberty. The difference is clear in the subsequent treatment of the Church. For instance, by Bonaparte's orders, a priest who had refused the rites of burial to a dancer was removed from office for three months, in order that he might reflect how Jesus Christ "prayed even for his enemies." The Pope was compelled to prohibit those who offended the First Consul from residing at Rome, and when the Pontiff suggested that compensation should be made for the loss of Avignon, and that the legations should be restored,—not, of course, in return for the Concordat, which would savor of simony, but as the proof of a heart magnanimous, wise, and just,—the First Consul gravely forwarded to Rome the mortal remains of Pius VI., which had so far rested in the common cemetery at Valence. Bonaparte is credibly reported to have said ironically that the Concordat was the vaccine of religion: in fifty years there would be no more in France. It was one of his phrases that religion, feudalism, and royalism had successively ruled Europe; the rising epoch he called that of representative government. The army openly expressed its contempt for the arrangement, the Council of State tittered when announcement was made that the Pope's ban was withdrawn from Talleyrand, and for a long time the public ministrations of a clergy which was called "a consecrated constabulary" were not taken seriously by the multitude. A century has failed to restore in France the consideration which even scoffers felt for the hierarchy antecedent to the Concordat; but on the other hand, the former

bitterness has never since been equalled, desperate as the struggle between Church and government has been at times.

On February 7, 1800 (18 Pluviôse, year VIII), were promulgated the measures which still control departmental administration in France, the law which, of all others enacted by Bonaparte, has had the most enduring effect on that country, the law which virtually revived the Bourbon system of intendants, imposed on her that rigorous hierarchical-political centralization which no succeeding government—royalist, imperial, or republican—has been willing to dispense with, and which, working in co-operation with the wonderful social system of private life, minimizes the consequences of political revolutions, and preserves the identity of France, whatever form of government is for the time in vogue. The entire system of local administration is the Consulate in miniature. Every department has its prefect, every arrondissement its subprefect, every commune its mayor. These officials are all appointed by the executive, and are subordinate to the minister of the interior. Each has an advising associate appointed from the electoral lists; and the various councils, some likewise appointed, some, however, elected, are in ordinary times only the registers of the decrees sent down from above. Before these measures were put into operation, neither country roads nor city streets were safe, and brigandage was rife to the very gates of Paris. The courts of law were disorganized, the police undisciplined, and local government for the most part was a farce. Within two years the whole machine was working smoothly throughout the length and breadth of the land. Public order was restored, life and property were safe, industry was guaranteed in its rewards, and the productive energy of the people was unhampered by the fear of injustice or by the uncertainty of possession. Remembrance of such facts made the institution still tolerable to the Frenchmen of Napoleon's time, although thoughtful people of all classes understand to-day that it annihilated liberty under the Consulate, and still has undiminished possibilities as an instrument of oppression.

It is significant that the great measure which went hand in hand with this one was a true reform of the most vital nature. On January 18, 1800 (28 Nivôse, year VIII), was founded the Bank of France. The monarchy in its straits had issued bills with no security; the Convention and the Directory also flooded the nation with worthless paper, although they assumed to find an adequate collateral in the domains of the crown and of the emigrants, which were seized and held as national property. But war and internal strife destroyed the value

of these lands, and in 1795 a gold livre was worth 75 in paper, while a year later the price had risen to 340. The Directory had recourse to forced loans and the statutory regulation of values, but to no avail: at the close of their career the public lands, except a small part estimated to be worth 400,000,000 francs, had all passed into private hands at a price about one hundredth of their estimated value. The greediest usury, the most disgraceful speculation, had been rife from beginning to end; and of all those who had owned property in any shape in 1785 there was scarcely one who was not reduced to beggary, while, with numerous exceptions of course, adventurous men of doubtful character were now the great landed proprietors and controlling capitalists. The public creditors had seen their obligations legally scaled to a nominal value of one third the face, payable in paper, and these bonds were almost worthless. Under such conditions it was not remarkable that the collection of taxes even by the use of force had become well nigh impossible. The amount of arrears on 18 Brumaire was 1,100,000,000 francs. The Directory and, for a time, the Consulate subsisted on contributions levied on conquered states.

The avowed object of the Bank of France was the support of trade and industry. To its capital of 30,000,000 francs the government subscribed 5,000,000, which it took from the guarantee bonds given by its employees on their assuming positions of trust. The operations of brokers and money-lenders were then subjected to the strictest control, and the enterprises of agriculture and manufactures were regulated and encouraged by the reorganization of chambers of commerce and by public rewards for excellence. The first year of financial administration by the expert and able Gaudin was like its immediate predecessors, but during that time order was created for the following period. In every department a new and equitable system of tax-collecting was instituted, and the assessments were so fixed for a definite period at moderate rates as to awaken public confidence. In a single year the returns from the public forests were doubled by honest and economical management, and the entire reorganization of the customs produced similar results.

With these arrangements for securing an income every hand in hand the control of expenditures. Barbé-Marbois was appointed state treasurer; Mollien was made director of a special office for the gradual payment of the public debt. To this office was assigned the management of about a quarter of the remaining public lands for the purchase of state securities; and when their value rose, as it soon did, to fifty, new obligations were issued, and

quickly subscribed at the same rate. The floating debt was soon wiped out. Of the remaining public funds 120,000,000 francs were assigned for the maintenance of public instruction, and 40,000,000 for the pension list. The victorious army remained quartered abroad, and its charges were borne by those who were supposed to owe their security to its presence. The effect of all these wisely calculated measures was electrical. Taxes were promptly and willingly paid, the public credit was revived, and the moneyed classes became the staunchest supporters of the Consulate.

#### THE CODE NAPOLEON AND THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE.

THE complement of such radical administrative and economic changes must of necessity be a corresponding renewal and simplification of the laws. The name of Napoleon has been erased from many of his institutions, but it still persists in that splendid system of jurisprudence known as the Code Napoléon, and in the annals of law-making vies in luster with that of Justinian. In this code is preserved a historic continuity with the Revolution. The monarchy, before its fall, had become aware of the inconvenience attaching to the diversity of legal practice in the various French provinces. At one extreme was the old customary law of the northern inhabitants, at the other was the nearly pure Roman law of the south, and between them every variety of peculiar and complicated local practice. One of the meanings of the Revolutionary watchword "Equality" was the reform of this inequality; but in spite of considerable diligence, the turmoil prevalent during the years of the Assembly, the Convention, and the Directory had made it impossible to complete the work. Nevertheless, those years had been full of discussion. Cambacérés had a project in readiness, and so convinced was Bonaparte of the imperative demand for the fulfilment of the repeated promises made in this regard, that on the very night in which he assumed the reins of government the two commissions were charged with the performance of those promises. A statute was finally formulated, and passed on August 12, 1800. In accordance with its provisions, a committee of three great jurists—Tronchet, Bigot de Préameneu, and Portalis, with Maleville as secretary—was appointed to make a draft. This was completed in four months, submitted to the courts of appeal for suggestions, and then in the Council of State, the sessions of which Bonaparte regularly attended, it was speedily revised into its final form. In the following year it was promulgated and became operative.

The famous code owes its solid value to its historical foundation; for it is a compound of the ancient customs, the Roman law, and the experiences of the Revolution, the third element dominating the other two. Cambacères's project is its basis, the deliberations of the commissions molded its form, its paragraphs were polished in the Council of State according to the opinions of Boulay de la Meurthe, Berlier, Adrial, Cambacères, and Lebrun, and Bonaparte himself was the author of many radical and influential regulations concerning marriage, divorce, and property. Simplicity, directness, comprehensibility, and appropriateness are the marks of the entire structure, as they are confessedly characteristic of the First Consul's mind. His good sense and his diligence are stamped on every page. On the other hand, in many places it bears also the marks of his unscientific and untrained intellect; and Savigny, the Prussian jurist, went so far as to characterize it as a "political malady."

This remark is true, but only in the sense that, as in the Roman empire, so in Napoleonic France, civil liberty developed in an inverse ratio to political liberty. Austin thought the code was compiled in haste and ignorance, and that its lack of definitions to the terms employed, together with the absence of expositions either of principles or of distinctions, gave it a "fallacious brevity." Nevertheless, this very simplicity and brevity have been its strength, and to this day—with, of course, many substantive modifications, but still in an undisturbed identity—it successfully dominates France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and many important parts of Germany. Believing it to be the most enduring portion of his labors, Bonaparte to the latest day of his life boasted of its worth, and claimed the credit of its creation, to the unjust exclusion of the other great minds which coöperated in its formation.

A few of the more easily comprehensible changes which it wrought will illustrate its character. There are four divisions—one introductory, the other three treating respectively of the law of persons, the law of things, and the law of property and inheritance. The subject of the civil law, the ego, the object of the civil law, the objective or natural world, the relation between the two, or property—such is, in a word, the method; the equality of all men before the law is its principle; the respect for property and the directness of litigation are its aims. Hereditary nobility and primogeniture were definitely abolished—every child, of either sex, having equal rights of inheritance before the law. The right of testamentary disposition was extended so as to give greater liberty while not interfering with the principle of family soli-

idity. Jews were given the complete rights of all other citizens, under a series of far-seeing and wise provisions, set forth in special statutes, which destroyed many of their antiquated customs, and all the shifts by which they had hitherto avoided many civil obligations and still evaded the performance of duties which weighed heavily on others. As a consequence, the anti-Semitic agitations in France have never been envenomed, nor more than a shadow of those in neighboring countries. Every religious confession was recognized, and all were alike supported by the state; but the members of all were obliged to submit to official registration, and to consent to the rite of civil marriage. While, on the one hand, the necessity of divorce under certain conditions was recognized and provisions made for it, on the other a series of stringent and even barbarous regulations knitted the family more closely together than ever before, or elsewhere in the world, and made it a social rock against which political storms beat in vain to shake the established order. This is admitted by the most embittered enemies of the great man whose iron will alone realized the notions of regenerating feudal society which philosophers had formed and agitators had failed to establish.

The evils of both absolute royalty and feudalism were thus removed from a vast population in western Europe which had groaned under their burdens long after they had ceased to have any meaning or historical vitality; and besides, the process of assimilation in life and thought was measurably assisted by the adoption of identical laws among millions of men differing in blood and language. The good work was further promoted by a series of complementary codes of criminal procedure and of commerce which are as potent and beneficent to-day as when they were enacted. It is useless in this connection to compare the respective merits of corresponding institutions among the Latin and Teutonic state systems of Europe, or to enter on the long and bitter controversy waged between French and English publicists. The essential thing is a comparison between what Napoleon found and what he left among the same peoples, and this proclaims him one of the great social reformers of the world.

Complete and even abysmal as was the breach which the Revolution sought to make in every respect between the new order and the old, in no respect was its work more complete than in regard to education. Royal France had a pompous list of academies, scientific and special schools, universities, colleges, and common schools. Their arrangements were haphazard, their origin and management for the most part were ecclesiastical, and their patronage was



strictly ordered by social rank. Primary education, being dependent altogether on the parishes, was in the main contemptible. There were many great scholars and teachers, and a few choice institutions; but the dependence of all on either the royal favor or on the Roman hierarchy, or on both, rendered the measure of their efficiency proportionate to the interests of crown and church. There was consequently no general system efficacious either in all its parts or even in all branches of one division.

The passion for national unity which was both a cause and an effect of the Revolution, manifested itself, among other things, in a demand for a system of national education. The great men of the Assembly and of the Convention bent their shoulders to the task. For the first time in the history of the nation it was recognized that after the leveling of classes the only guarantee for social order in the future was to be found in the education of the masses. Accordingly, they outlined a grand scheme of graded instruction. The foundation was popular education by the primary school; then came a system of middle or secondary schools; and then instruction by professional faculties, including a magnificent normal school for the training of teachers, and a polytechnic institution of the first order. The whole was to be crowned by a museum, the College of France, and the Institute. Education was to be gratuitous and obligatory. The essential feature of the entire plan was the character of the primary school, which was not to teach merely the necessary rudiments of reading, writing, and ciphering, but the introductory elements of the complete encyclopedia of instruction. The whole structure was purely secular, and no account was taken of the education of females after the age of eight. It was declared that young girls should be trained by their parents, and entirely at home. Condorcet alone believed in the intellectual equality of the sexes. Lakanal secured a decree for mixed schools, under certain conditions, in which the daughters of the republic should have the same instruction as its sons "as far as their sex would permit"; but they were to be chiefly occupied with spinning, dressmaking, and the domestic arts then considered the chief ones proper to their sex. Some parts of the enormous design were put into operation, but it was found to transcend the abilities of an unsettled people. Talleyrand pared down its dimensions, but at the fall of the Directory the primary schools were few in number, and were deficient in both pupils and teachers; the secondary schools were without examinations, and were confined to scientific or technical instruction. Even the much cherished polytechnic had few students,

while the normal school died after six months' uncertain existence. The medical faculty was untouched by any reform. The museum was inchoate, its contents a chaotic jumble. The College of France and the Institute, changed, but not reformed, were running on their own inertia.

It is well known that Bonaparte prepared himself for the rôle of lawgiver by devouring the books lent him by Cambacérès, and by studying the memorials already prepared by the Convention. Even then, however, he was in the main guided by his instinct, combined with his profound knowledge of men. The latter was his sole guide in elaborating his scheme of public instruction. Talleyrand's plan was before him, but the conclusion was his own. He was not at all concerned to make scholars or to increase knowledge. He was stubbornly determined to make citizens, as he understood the word. In a time of utter chaos he was profoundly indifferent to ideals, and was animated by a purely practical spirit, doing nothing but what appeared immediately essential. For this reason, in carrying out his plan, he selected as an agent no expert with wide experience and settled convictions, but an excellent chemist who had been a member of the notorious Committee of Public Safety, and within a narrow horizon had good capacities. To Fourcroy alone was intrusted the formulation of a measure which, as Roederer said in its support, was a political institution intended to unite the present generation with the rising one, to bind the fathers to the government by their children and the children by their fathers—in short, to establish a sort of public paternity.

The religious societies which still retained their hold on such instruction as there was had no connection with the state, and very little with the new society. The new system was ingeniously devised to bind up the youth of the nation with both the political and social life of the new France. There was to be in every commune a primary school with teachers appointed by the mayor, under supervision of the subprefect. Next in order were secondary schools in the chief town of every department, under supervision of the prefect; and coördinate with these were such private schools as would submit to government regulations. The next stage was composed of a limited number of lycées or colleges with both a classical and a modern side. These were open only to such students as had gained distinction in the grade below, and from them in turn a fifth were promoted to the professional schools. Of these there were nine categories: law; medicine; natural science; mechanical and chemical technology; higher mathematics; geography, history, and political economy; the arts of

design; astronomy; music and the theory of composition. The First Consul would listen to no more comprehensive or enlightened plan until this should first be put into successful execution, as it soon was under his impulse and Fourcroy's guidance.

Thereupon his ultimate object was unveiled. A few years later came into existence the so-called University of France, whereby all instruction was as perfectly centralized as administration had been. There were three articulated degrees, primary, secondary, and superior, controlled by a complete and rigid system of central inspection. All institutions of each degree were divided by vertical lines of territorial division into academies, each of which had its own rector. These were in turn controlled by a superior council and a grand master. The normal school was revived, military uniform and discipline were introduced into the lyceums, and the instruction was carefully directed toward imbuing the mind with notions suited to the new conditions of French life, as Bonaparte meant to mold them. The corporate university, as a whole, was not a portion of the ministry, but while subordinate was distinct. This provision has probably been the cause of a permanence which no political revolution has been able to destroy. The members of the university have been in the main devoted to their work, and, outside of politics, their clear, logical measures have been agreeable to the genius of the people. It is only since the Church, twenty years ago, secured permission for the erection of faculties supported and controlled by itself that there have been signs of any change of organization or any return to academic liberty in the state institutions.

#### STEPS TOWARD MONARCHY.

WITH the return of 40,000 emigrant families under the amnesty which restored to former owners everything not sold excepting woods and forests; with the reorganization of the judiciary, of administration, of legislation, of public instruction, and of the finances under a new constitution worked by the strong hand which made it, every observer saw that a new epoch in France and Europe had indeed begun. At the same time the trend of affairs toward some form of government in which the power of a single man should be dominant was likewise plainly visible. This produced but little effect in the mass of the nation, which wanted repose under any form whatsoever which would guarantee it; but there were manifestations of discontent in two classes of men at opposite poles of conviction. The royalists believed that their "pear was ripe," and again opened negotiations with Bona-

parte. The republicans who had repented the 18 Brumaire even on the morrow of their participation were now thoroughly alarmed, and manifested their discontent where alone they had any means of expression — by their voices in the Tribunate, and by their silent votes in the legislative assembly.

Toward the close of the year VIII — that is, early in 1800 — appeared a pamphlet, evidently inspired, which was entitled "Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte." It was ostensibly intended to allay the distrust of the latter's ambitions expressed in many quarters, and was gratuitously distributed everywhere throughout France. It declared that Bonaparte was a man superior to either Cromwell or Monk, and comparable only to Cæsar, and suggested that the office of First Consul should be made hereditary in his family. But the people, believing themselves still free, made no sign, and the chief magistrate took no alarming or significant step until the preliminaries of peace had been signed in London. In January, 1802, a congress of Italian delegates was summoned by him to meet at Lyons in order to determine what form should be given to the constitution of the newly reorganized Cisalpine Republic. As a matter of course, it was determined to reproduce the essentials of that which had been made for the consular republic of France. One exception was important: for a consulate of three members was substituted a single chief magistrate under the title of "president."

At once the question arose, Who should this high official be? After much intriguing the choice fell unanimously upon a Milanese nobleman, the Duke of Melzi. Before the result was made known, the First Consul explained by his agents that the safety of the "Italian republic" — the significant name by which it was henceforth to be called, Alfieri's "*Italia virtuosa, magnanima, libera, et una*" — depended on its being ruled by himself. This fiat was quickly registered, and the servile newspapers of Paris declared that there was no menace in it to the peace of France; their First Consul could not have refused such a call without a lack of courtesy, even of prudence. To make a bridge between his two domains, the Consul-President prepared to incorporate Piedmont with France. The Czar who had taken up arms in behalf of the house of Savoy was dead. General Jourdan informed the Piedmontese that their land was a French military division, comprising six prefectures. Bonaparte said to the Piedmontese deputies that the incorporation of their land with France would be a simple and natural reunion, as it had at one time been a portion of her territory. This was a reminiscence of Charles the Great's empire. As soon as the treaty of Amiens was





FROM THE PAINTING BY KARL ANTON NICKEL, IN THE BRITISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

signed a decree of the Senate informed the world that Piedmont was a French province.

The Swiss canton of Valais could not well be given to Piedmont, on account of Swiss jealousy. It was equally impossible to restore it to Switzerland; for through it lay the now completed military road which France had been building across the Alps — the splendid broad turnpike of the Simplon, with its easy grades and its commodious hospice. Accordingly, the small canton was declared an independent republic. The still existing Directorial constitution of Genoa would be as troublesome to work as those of Cisalpina and Holland.

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Salicetti, the French envoy, therefore offered to her government a new one prepared in Paris on the consular model, and it was gratefully adopted. When the little King of Etruria died on May 27, 1803, Murat and Clarke were made guardians of his mother, the dowager regent.

With the changes necessary to soothe national pride, a stroke similar to that which had succeeded in Cisalpina was consummated in Holland. Its success was due to the treaty of Amiens, whereby the Batavian Republic was to get back not only a nominal independence, but the major portion of her colonies, including the Cape of Good Hope and her chief



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS KINSON, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

VICTOR-EMMANUEL LECLERC.

East Indian possessions. In return a new constitution was imposed upon her, which was merely that of France under another mask. The chief magistrate was called the "Grand Pensionary," and the place was filled by the notorious Schimmelpenninck, a devoted admirer of Bonaparte. A French army continued to occupy the country at the public charge. In Switzerland also changes were effected, but of a different nature; for the First Consul thoroughly understood the different character of her people. They had been un-

happy under the last constitution, and two embittered parties — the unitary and the federalist — were struggling for mastery. Upon the withdrawal of the French troops in compliance with the treaty of Amiens, it soon became clear that there was danger of serious strife. At once Ney was sent to occupy Switzerland with 80,000 men, and the chief Swiss statesmen were summoned to Paris. In February, 1803, they adopted what was called an Act of Mediation prepared by and to be guaranteed by Bonaparte. Its provisions were most wise, but it



FROM THE PAINTING BY PIERRE PRUD'HON, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. MARCILLE.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

PAULINE BONAPARTE, WIFE OF GENERAL LECLERC, AND AFTERWARD OF PRINCE CAMILLO BORGHESE.

brought the new state, then called for the first time Switzerland, into an alliance with himself so close as to make its very existence dependent on him. In token of the new relation the confederation was compelled to furnish a subsidiary army of 16,000 men, and the chief magistrate of France formally adopted the title of Grand Mediator of the Helvetic Republic. There was always a reactionary party chafing under their country's dependency; but the ten years during which the Swiss lived under Bonaparte's protection, in full enjoyment of the neutrality which he guaranteed, were probably the most prosperous in the history of the con-

federation. On the other hand, their influence, so far as it was exerted, was all on the side of Bonaparte.

The rigid censorship of the press established by the First Consul at the beginning of his supremacy worked well for him. Out of a total of seventy-three corrupt and quarrelsome journals which were published under the Directory, only thirteen political newspapers had been left in existence, and these quickly became the most subservient mouthpieces of the executive, repeating over and over the sentiments which the public was to learn, giving such news as they were allowed to give, and edited

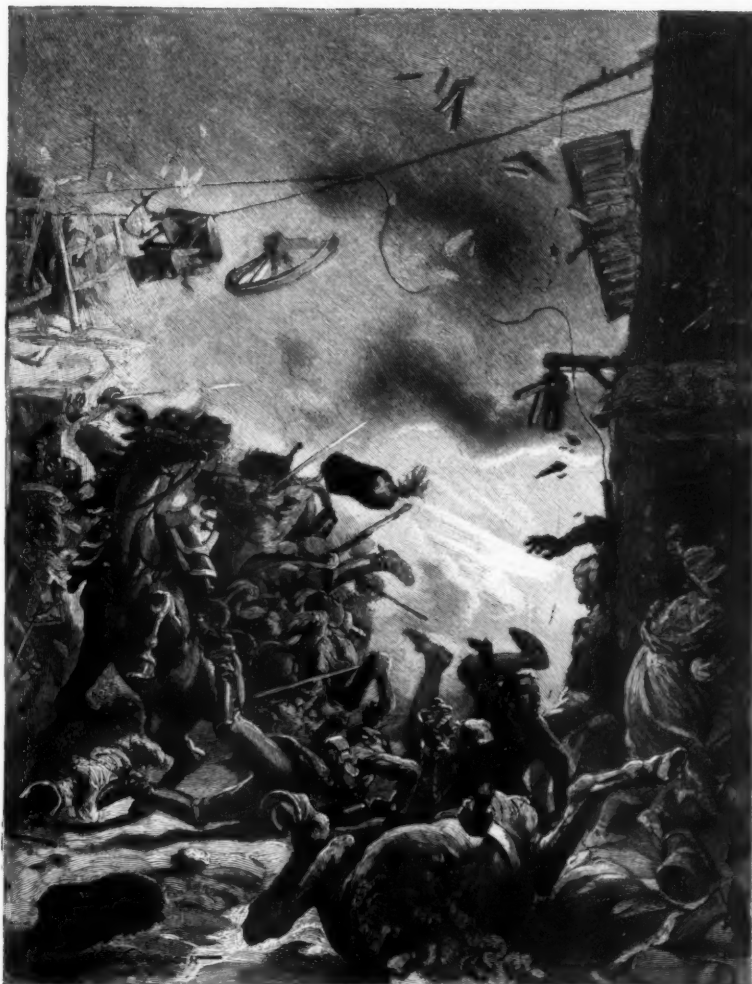
most skilfully both to entertain and to instruct their readers in all matters foreign to politics. The nation enjoyed its ignorance, as it delighted in its servitude, and rejoiced in the calm produced by the contemplation of indifferent things. "Why did not Tacitus explain how the Roman people put up with the wicked emperors who ruled them?" This was a stock question of Napoleon's. The manifest answer, which no one, of course, was willing to make, was that there must have been a correspondence between the social state of Rome and the character of her rulers which the historian dared not openly explain. The same answer must be given concerning the French nation. They had reveled in Jacobinism until suddenly the thing and the name alike became intolerable; they had been swung to the opposite vicious extreme of an indifference which even courted a paternal hand in the government. No act, however arbitrary or violent, could disturb a people familiar with the Terror, or even with the revolutionary shifts of the Directory. When, three years later, the shameful edict was issued which forbade the printing or sale of books or plays that had not been authorized by a committee of revision, there was scarcely a protest anywhere to be heard.

But there were, nevertheless, from the beginning emphatic protests of more or less importance against the changes which were transforming the vestiges of the republic into shadowy indications of a coming dynasty. There was a single voice—that of Barnabé—lifted up at the very first from the bench to declare that Brumaire was illegal; and many foolish persons indulged to such an extent in loud seditious talk that a charge of conspiracy was with some show of reason brought against Ceracchi and Arena, two Corsicans, who were particularly violent in denouncing their compatriot. The superserviceable police pretended early in the year to discover details, but the alleged complot was a pure figment. The army, in particular that portion which had fought under Moreau, still cherished much of the republican tradition. The soldiers of the Rhine had shown an angry contempt for the Concordat, and their friends sympathized with them in the instinctive feeling that a courtly religious hierarchy, when legally restored, would lean toward a restoration of the monarchy with which it had so long been affiliated.

The First Consul was not unaware that reactions must be checked in their initial stages, and found occupation abroad for the republican soldiers, as he had previously done for republican politicians. Among other measures for the furtherance of commercial prosperity made possible by the peace of Amiens, which secured the long-desired "liberty of the seas,"

the government had determined to revive the slave-trade, in order to populate the Antilles more densely, and create a larger market. Admiral Bruix, in behalf of the measure, recalled that among the ancients slavery had not been inconsistent with the love of liberty; that the negroes, when left to themselves, preferred manioc to wheat, and sweetened water to wine; and that they must, therefore, be enslaved in order to give them civilized tastes, to make them consume the surplus of the French harvest and vintage. As they were natives of a burning clime, there was no cruelty in carrying them to the West Indies. In pursuance of this barbarous and brutal policy, General Leclerc, husband of Pauline Bonaparte, was commissioned to conquer San Domingo, which had taken advantage of the doctrines and the feebleness of the Revolution to declare itself independent. Bonaparte may not altogether have understood the dangers of such an expedition. If he did, he must have been willing to sacrifice his sister; for Mme. Leclerc was compelled by her brother, in spite of her tears and remonstrances, to accompany her husband. The main body of the troops selected for the expedition was taken from the Army of the Rhine. A great squadron of thirty-four first-rate vessels, twenty frigates, and numerous transports, with upward of twenty thousand soldiers on board, sailed on December, 14, 1801, and safely reached its destination at the end of January, 1802.

But Bonaparte's plans were doomed to encounter an obstacle in the most remarkable man of negro blood known to modern history. Toussaint Louverture was the descendant, as he claimed, of an African chieftain. Highly endowed by nature, he obtained an excellent education, and gradually, though born a slave, asserted his innate power of leadership until all the blacks in San Domingo regarded him with affection and awe. The influence of revolutionary doctrines on his fellow-slaves had led him to assert their liberty. They rose against their masters, and a civil war broke out in the island. It was temporarily checked by British interference; but the unacclimatized white soldiers fell ill and died in such numbers that the English were compelled to leave the fertile colony in full control of the negroes. Louverture thereupon organized a consular government in imitation of Bonaparte, and with consummate wisdom and unparalleled energy inaugurated a civilized rule. When summoned by General Leclerc to surrender, he refused. For a time his resistance was successful, but in the end he was compelled by superior force to withdraw to the mountains. Thence he was enticed by guile, captured, and sent to France. Kept a close prisoner in the castle of Joux in Franche-Comté, the rigors of the climate



DRAWN BY EUGÈNE COURBOIN.

ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE FIRST CONSUL. (SEE PAGE 662.)

speedily destroyed his health, and he died on April 27, 1803. But the heat and mephitic vapors of his native isle revenged him. As the French soldiers sickened and died of yellow fever, the natives rose in rebellion against the French administration, and the ensuing struggle was marked on both sides by horrible barbarity. In less than two years the task of subjugation became hopeless, and on December 1, 1803, Rochambeau, having succeeded Leclerc, who had retired the year previous to die in the Tortugas, surrendered 8000 men, the remnants of the expedition, to an English fleet. The splendid domain was thereafter left to its unhappy fate, and has relapsed into semi-barbarism. The magnificent French co-

lonial policy, which had its supports in San Domingo and Louisiana, collapsed, leaving no trace. Its mere existence was, however, the strongest proof of its author's confidence in a lasting peace. Bonaparte, whatever his disappointment, was rid of a republican general and a republican army. It was not much in comparison with his hopes, but it was something.

#### PLOTS, COUNTER-PLOTS, AND THE LIFE CONSULATE.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the first of the events just narrated occurred an attempt on Bonaparte's life which was pregnant with other important results in decimating the republican



ranks. A remnant of Jacobins, terrorists, and anarchists had formed a conspiracy to assassinate the man whom they so heartily feared. Their doings, however, were all betrayed to the agents of Fouché, who watched them in such a way that their organization, though not broken up, was reduced to impotence. Many persons, Bonaparte among the number, believed at a later day that the wily minister of police was playing a double game, and holding the pack in hand for his own purposes. The royalists had long negotiated with Bonaparte while yet a rising soldier. He had now reached the summit of power, and alone could open or bar the way to the restoration of Louis XVIII. He had from the first toyed with their offers, and it is even claimed that he gave the pretender to understand that his own highest ambition was an Italian principality. Hopes, thus awakened, had strengthened the royalist party; but as its ranks grew in number dissension kept equal pace, until, while one faction, the strongest, standing on the strictest legitimacy, remained true to the so-called king, who was now living in Warsaw, another, under the leadership of the Comte d'Artois, was scheming in England for that prince, and a third, weary of the petulant and quarrelsome feebleness of both the others, favored the young Duc d'Enghien, and grew daily stronger in Paris by desertions from the other two.

The members of the Enghien faction were indefatigable, and at last from among their Vendean supporters was formed a secret junta which, on the evening of December 24, 1800, placed an infernal machine in front of the First Consul's carriage as he drove to the opera through the narrow street of St. Nicaise. His coachman, catching sight of the strange obstacle in time, turned aside, and drove swiftly past, barely saving his passengers from the effects of the terrific explosion which occurred the moment after, killing outright several innocent persons, wounding sixty more, and destroying more than forty houses. The First Consul and his wife drove on, and, pale with excitement, appeared for a few moments in their box before the assembled audience, which had quickly heard the news. They then quietly withdrew. The effect on the public was electrical, and the measures subsequently taken by the government were heartily applauded.

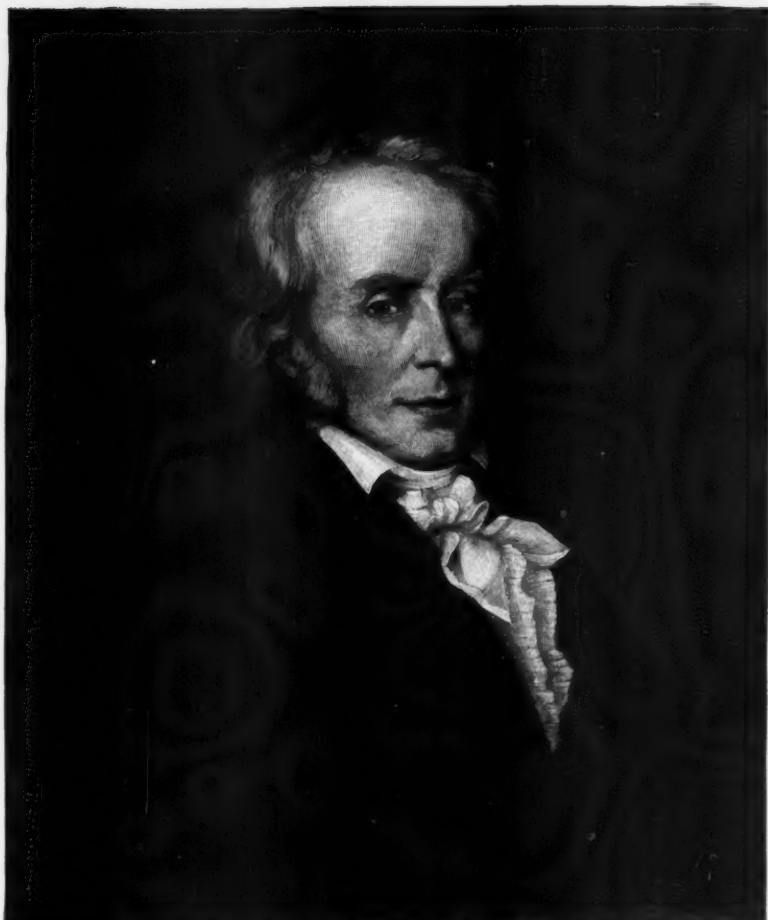
From this circumstance the consular power rapidly reaped a rich harvest. The perfidy of the escaped victim was even greater than that of the plotters themselves. The dastardly deed was first charged on the radicals, and by decree of the Senate a hundred and thirty of them were deported to the slow tortures of places like the Seychelles, tropical islands in the Indian Ocean. Fouché, suspected of lin-

gering Jacobinism, was on a trifling pretext temporarily deprived of his portfolio, and was not restored to favor until 1804. Ceracchi, Arena, and their fiery-tongued companions were condemned and executed. It was soon known that the true culprits were the Vendéans, but Bonaparte declared that the banished radicals would not be allowed to return because their absence was a guarantee of the public safety. Only two of the real criminals were eventually captured and executed. But the most disgraceful consequences of what is known as the Plot of Nivôse—that is, the conspiracy which attempted this assassination—were the fall of Moreau and the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. These pregnant events were involved with other circumstances which did not occur until later, but their remoter causes lie as far back as the First Consul's determination, formed at this time, that he would diminish the chance of such murderous attacks by striking terror to the hearts of all his enemies.

In the rearrangement of powers consequent on the 18 Brumaire and the adoption of the constitution of the year VIII, the able men of the republic and the Directory had been provided for in the Tribune and the legislature. The greatest were in the former, and their acknowledged leader was Benjamin Constant, the friend of Mme. de Staël. They represented in a measure the courage and the idealism of the Revolution, but they were in a false position, and showed neither wisdom nor prudence. Accordingly, they made a serious tactical blunder, and fixed upon certain doubtful paragraphs introductory to the civil code in order to manifest their discontent with the ever increasing self-assertion of the man they had unwittingly put into the foremost place. They resisted not only the reintroduction of such antiquated barbarisms as the confiscation by the state of the property of those who, as a penalty, were deprived of their civic rights, and of the goods of unnaturalized strangers who died within its limits, but also provisions of the judicial and financial statutes which were wisely conceived and were of manifest utility to the country, and some of which were in part their own work. As they talked their friends in the legislature voted.

By a provision of the constitution both these assemblies, like the Senate of the United States, were continuous, to be renewed by the retirement every year of one fifth of the old members. No provision was made for the method of designating the first class to retire, and of choosing their successors. When the appointed time for this change arrived, the First Consul was so determined to be rid of the troublesome republicans that he even contemplated expel-





FROM THE PAINTING BY LINA VALLIER, IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

HENRI-BENJAMIN CONSTANT DE REBECQUE.

ling them by force, or abolishing the body as a whole. "There are twelve or fifteen metaphysicians there," he had said on one occasion, speaking publicly of the Tribune, "fit only to be drowned. It is a kind of vermin which I have in my clothes, but I shall not allow myself to be attacked like Louis XVI. No, I shall not endure it." However, a less violent method was found by Cambacérès, and adopted. The Senate had been so constituted as to represent the political indifference which made possible Bonaparte's political career. It was from the beginning timid, and therefore a subservient tool. Under the constitution that document and its interpretation were the special charge of this body, which on several occasions—as, for instance, when about to admit Daunou to

membership—had been made to feel the terrors of its creator's wrath. They were now ordered as a constitutional measure to select not merely the names of both the tribunes and legislators who should leave, but also those of their successors. Needless to say that all the ardent and outspoken men like Daunou, Constant, and Chénier went out, and were replaced by others with less independence. The only name of importance among the chosen was that of Carnot. Fifteen generals or superior officers and twenty-five officials took seats in the legislature.

It requires no astuteness to see that with the establishment of an obedient Senate as the guardian of the constitution, and superior to its provisions, nothing was thereafter impossible

under the cloak of regular procedure. Any measure which was "conservative of the constitution" could be legalized by them. The time seemed ripe to introduce the hereditary element into the Consulate.

When the treaty of Amiens was to be formally ratified, the opportunity was at last found for a step which had long been desired by Bonaparte with an eagerness but poorly concealed from his friends. This act marked the closing of the temple of Janus, the pacification of the world, the consummation so long and so ardently desired in France. The popularity of him who was the author of the peace could reach no higher limits. To mark the gratitude of the state for his services, to guarantee the perpetuity of his great work, his power must be prolonged. As to what extent, no one could learn his wishes: whatever recompense the great powers of the state chose to bestow he would accept. In vain were all attempts to sound the depths of his desires. The crowning honor must be forced upon him. But his friends were not astute, and even the sympathetic Senate failed to apprehend what would be considered its duty. The program laid down was consequently of petty dimensions. When the treaty was laid before the tribunes their president proposed that some striking mark of national gratitude should be bestowed on General Bonaparte, First Consul. There had been, in private conversation, a question of presenting him with the Castle of St. Cloud, the royal residence nearest to Paris; but he declared that he would accept nothing from the people during his term of office, and the proposition was dropped. The resolution offered to the tribunes meant, however, something of the same sort. It was adopted, and a committee of conference at once carried it to the Senate in order that "the first assembly of the nation should interpret a general sentiment" which the tribunes could only express.

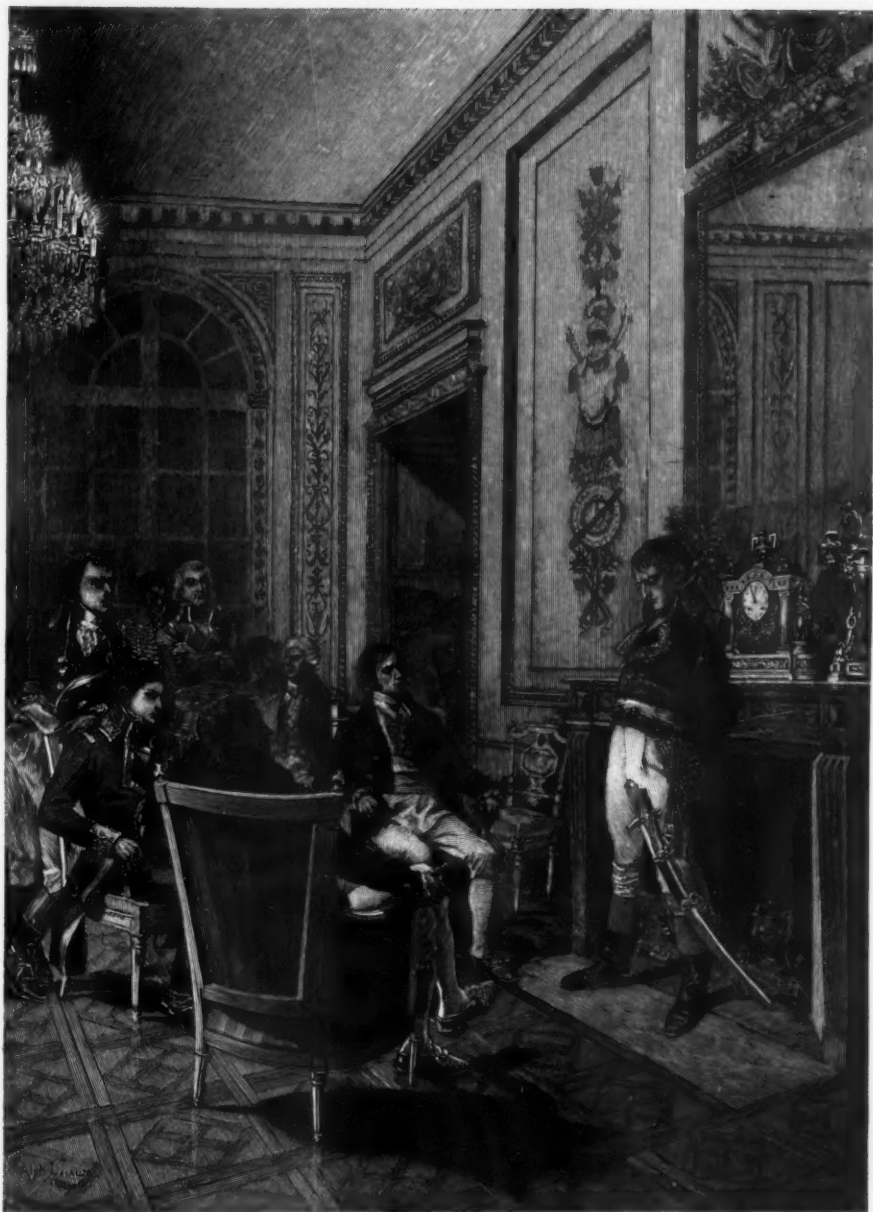
With a dexterity acquired by habit the complaisant Senate made ready to formulate a decree. Both the prolongation for life of the Consulate and making the office hereditary were proposed as fitting testimonials. Pretending to believe that the First Consul's public virtue would repulse anything so radical, the majority rejected these suggestions, and prolonged the term of his office for ten years. When he saw himself thus overreached by his own tools, the reticent chief magistrate was boundless in his rage, and displayed a dangerous passion. But he soon mastered himself, and received the senators with formal thanks. That night there was a council of the family, with many confidential friends, in which either Lucien or the "wise Cambacérès" suggested an appeal to the nation.

Next day (19 Floréal) the First Consul appeared before the Senate, and declared that his respect for the sovereignty of the people would not permit him to accept the prolongation of his magistracy without the authorization of the nation, and proposed to ask for a plebiscite on the question, Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be consul for life? Roederer wished to add, "and have the right to name his successor," but the general declared that that would be an encroachment on popular rights, and struck out the words.

Three months elapsed before the returns were complete. In the interval both Tribune and Senate hastened to vote in favor of both the measure and its object. Congratulations as to the foregone conclusion soon began to reach the Tuileries from all quarters. It was in this interval, moreover, that the two servile bodies finally stamped with their approval the measures which reestablished the slave-trade, even though nothing decisive had as yet occurred at San Domingo. It is impossible to analyze the motives of men representing a country the most enlightened of the Continent in formally approving such public baseness.

But it is not difficult to understand the popularity of a measure, passed at about the same time, for establishing the now well-known Legion of Honor. It is certainly true that the desire for social inequality—that is, for personal distinction—is the strongest single force in calling out human energy. The passion for pins, badges, ribbons, and personal decorations of every sort is well-nigh universal. It gratifies the sense of achievement among men who are able, and flatters the vanity of those who are not. To this passion, in itself not necessarily ignoble, the First Consul determined to appeal for further support. Every new institution of importance so far created by him might, with no great ingenuity, be turned into a prop of autocratic government. Priests and emigrants were now alike natural allies of Bonaparte, the constitution had been virtually superseded, the troublesome senators, tribunes, and legislators either dismissed or else warned and called to order, while the surrounding nations—one of them a kingdom—were, in relation to France, like the sheaves bowing to Joseph's sheaf.

The foundation of the Legion of Honor was a measure easily manageable in the interest of any government which might control it. Roederer declared in its support that the great deeds of the nation made it essential to revive the sentiment of honor. An article of the constitution guaranteed, in the name of the French people, a recompense to its armies. This simple phrase was the sanction chosen for the erection of a corporation which, like the orders of absolutism, might intermediate between the people



DRAWN BY ALPHONSE LALAUZE.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL AS TO THE LIFE CONSULATE.

and their magistrate in order to lend him the same mystery which ever surrounds any monarch who is the "fountain of honor." The republicans saw the trap, and resisted sturdily, even in the Council of State, but to no purpose. The law was passed on May 19, 1802; the ranks were constituted, and the decorative badges determined. Every member swore to resist any attempt to restore feudalism in all its attributes, and consciences were thus quieted. Right and left the men of science, of art, and of literature appeared with their ribbons and rosettes; the nation applauded, and Bonaparte's opinion was justified. "You call these toys! Well, you manage men with toys," he declared while the project was under discussion. He proved to be right. In all monarchical Europe no decoration is more eagerly sought, to this day, than is that of the Legion of Honor in republican France.

August arrived before the result of the popular vote was announced. Among three and a half millions of votes only a few thousand were in the negative. One of them was Lafayette's. His gratitude to Bonaparte for release from his Austrian prison had so far expressed itself in abstaining from open opposition to his liberator's will, although in reality he was the strongest exponent of what little enlightened liberalism was left in France. In a letter to the Consul he now explained that absolute government would be a sorry reward for all that France had suffered; that such a magistracy as was proposed lacked every check, and could not guarantee political liberty. "Surely," he wrote, "you, who are the first in that order of men who lay tribute on all the ages in order to find a compeer and a place, would wish that such a revolution, such conquest and bloodshed, such sufferings and marvelous deeds, should have for you some other end than arbitrary power."

Thus, then, were all the wondrous safeguards, established whereby "liberty and equality were put beyond the caprice of chance and the uncertainty of the future." A few finishing touches were given to the work after the announcement of the vote. The lists of notables were abolished, and small cantonal assemblies designated the candidates for lower offices. Electoral colleges of manageable size sent up from the districts the names of candidates for the Tribunal; similar colleges sent up from the departments the names of candidates for the legislature and the Senate; while all the electors of these primary assemblies were appointed for life. The functions of the Tribunal were limited, and it deliberated thenceforward behind closed doors. The Council of State was stripped of its supremacy by the creation of a small privy council which did most of its work. The powers of the Senate were so enlarged as to make it nearly sovereign. It could suspend or interpret the

constitution, reverse the decisions of the courts, and dissolve the Tribunal and legislature—always provided the proposition came from the government. And the government—nominally the First Consul—retained only three prerogatives: the pardoning power, the right to designate a successor in the office of chief magistrate, and the right to nominate forty senators. In reality, the clever manipulation of the provisions enumerated made the First Consul a supreme governor.

A few—a very few—wise old men understood how they had been fettered, and one of them proposed in a pamphlet that Bonaparte should be made king if only he would give them back constitutional government. It was easy to dismiss with scornful disdain a proposition so subversive of "liberty." The nation was content. The Revolution had at last culminated through the fulfilment of its ideals in the person of a warrior strong to realize them at home and defend them abroad. The boundaries of France were enlarged, order prevailed within her borders, peace had been made with honor, the "empire" of liberal ideas was established in the "empire" of France, where the existence of beneficent institutions permeated by their spirit was guaranteed by the assured control of a hand which would turn experimental trials into a national habit.

Behind the Consul for life stood a now purged and unified army, recruited by a system which insured its perpetuity and efficiency. The child of the Revolution, the army was a national institution; and neither the nation, which yearly renewed its numbers, nor the armed men themselves understood that the influence of Bonaparte, combined with the conscription laws of the Directory and the Consulate, had gradually but completely changed its character and its spirit; but it had. Fathers no longer gave their sons for a principle; families no longer saw conscripts march forth with the sense that they were making a sacrifice to patriotism. Long experience had made their departure a matter of course; they went out to fight for glory and, alas! too often for booty. Since the first Italian campaign under him who was now chief magistrate for life, the latter motive was always present and often avowed. The leader who could be relied on to gratify the French passion for distinction, and at the same time put money in the purse of his soldiers, might be confident of their devotion.

#### BONAPARTE AT THE THRESHOLD OF MONARCHY.

BONAPARTE was now thirty-four. Thus far he had been neither the tool of fate nor the architect of his own fortunes: he was both. In



FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ANTOINE-JEAN GROS, IN THE LOUVRE.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TISTZE.

MME. LUCIEN BONAPARTE.



Corsica his immature powers had been thwarted by conditions beyond his control. During the Revolution he had caught at every straw which would spare his life and give him a living. Until his marriage he was a soldier of fortune, and fortune made it difficult, either by professional excellence or political scheming, to grasp any of her favors. Accordingly he went without them, suffering, erring, dreaming, philosophizing, observing, and gathering the experience which made him mature at the age when most men are still boys. The observer can descry no revolution in his character when fortune began to smile and opportunities began to open. There is the same unscrupulous enterprise, the same determination to seize the chances of the hour, the same ability to make the most of circumstances; but the grist is now wheat and the resultant output is flour.

Every success is made introductory to another, and there are no evidences of great scheming, except as similar evidences were observable in the overweening self-confidence of his boyhood at Milleli. Only now his plans unfold, not in the chill blasts of habitual failure, but in the mild breezes of the prospering influences amid which they are formed. It becomes very easy, therefore, to proclaim, as many historians do, the existence of a great life scheme extending forward to the empire and backward to his earliest youth,—to declare that with satanic powers the boy had prearranged every detail of his manhood. Of this there is not the slightest proof. All that is clear is the continued use, by a great mind sharpened in the fires of experience, of ever greater opportunities as they arose. Like all men of commanding ability, he belonged, not to one age, but to all ages. His elemental nature made the time and place and conditions in which he actually lived a means to his end, exactly as another century and another environment would have been. Whatever else he was either before or afterward, he was the personification of France as she was at this time, when he arrived by her desire and connivance at the height of his power. His future, then, is, like his past, the resultant of his own and the national personality interacting one upon the other.

Visionaries might say in vague and beautiful phrase, as they did then and do now, that having harvested his laurels and exhausted the glories of conquest, he should turn to ameliorate the race, to guide a great nation with the easy reins of popular law in the brilliant paths illuminated by the light of the century. The ideal nation referred to did not exist. It was because the despotism of monarchy and the madness of revolution had shown the utter absence of self-control in the nation, because the French as a whole were avid not of virtue

but of pleasure, not of self-denial but of luxury, not of stern morality but of glory,—because Bonaparte was a man after their own heart,—that he had some justification in his reply to a demand for liberty of the press: "In a moment," said he, "I would have thirty royalist journals and as many Jacobin ones, and I would have to govern with a minority." Many an earnest, liberty-loving French statesman of today has had cause in the bitterness of his heart to recall the language. As the ministries in France topple, and a dozen legislative factions, having each its journal, combine for no other purpose than the sport of overturning the government, it is, alas! too often a minority which neither governs nor rules, but guides the public career by a kind of suzerainty. This is possible because the centralization of the prefecture is quite as complete to-day, and the rewards connected with the Legion of Honor and public place are quite as thoroughly controlled by the ministry governing for the moment, as they were when Bonaparte created both institutions in the interest of his autocratic power. To control the government even for a short time means the control of patronage and honor.

There is no doubt that the First Consul realized what he had done and whither he was going. The conspiracies had seriously affected his nerves; more and more he withdrew from the society of all but a few confidants, and surrounded himself with a more rigid etiquette. Mme. Bonaparte continued to play the part of the old aristocrat, and gathered to the Tuileries ever larger numbers of the fortune-hunting nobility, who hoped that Bonaparte's elevation would yet prove a stepping-stone to restore the Bourbons. These elegant persons laughed in their sleeves at what they heard and saw. The dress and state of the monarchy were restored, but neither the chief magistrate himself nor the late republicans who had made good their position at court had the inclinations, the manners, or the morals of those for whom the social institutions of royalty had been developed. The returning nobles thought it very funny that the great man liked seclusion and found what amusement he took in ghost-stories, in the sighing of the wind, in brusque sallies of coarse wit, or in the rude familiarities of bluff intimacy with plain people; they considered it very absurd that his vices were commonplace and perhaps even worse; they thought it laughable that the newcomers slipped on the polished floors, and it seemed most entertaining that the gentlewomen of the old régime who, like Mme. de Rémusat, had accepted permanent positions as ladies of the palace, were often subjected to treatment and put into positions not foreseen in the training they had received from courtly tutors.





FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

EUGÉNIE-HORTENSE, QUEEN OF HOLLAND, AND HER SON.

But, for all this, it was not merry at the Tuileries. The chief grew timid and dark before his own achievements, and in mastering the accompanying difficulties which rushing ambition does not foresee, but with which it must reckon. No one liked less than Bonaparte to ride abroad surrounded by guards, or to muse in green alleys where, as at Malmaison, every tree was at times the post of a patrol. Yet even he could not alter the necessity, and the system of espionage was extended about him like a cage for his protection. As to friends, they grew fewer and fewer; for one of the First Consul's maxims was the cynical aphorism of Machiavelli that friends must always be treated as if one day they might be enemies. Even the notion of duty, not to speak of its practice, was foreign to him; generosity, honesty, and sincerity were utopian conceptions of which his world and his experience had never known. Even the attractive visions and ideals of virtue which mingled with the speculations of Rousseau or Voltaire had become like the mirage of the desert, empty illusions that heighten the barrenness of self-interest and ambition beneath them. Human greed, passion, vanity — such, Bonaparte declared, are the motive forces by which kings rule; the justice of governors was for him the safe-guarding of comfort, of material prosperity, and of the superstitions which under the name of religion create a moral power necessary to the public order.

In the circle immediately surrounding Bonaparte there was some gaiety, but much quarreling and jealousy. Josephine having been barren since her second marriage, would the succession go to her children or to her husband's relatives? This was becoming a serious question. Cliques were formed on both sides, and marriages of interest became the absorbing theme. Joseph more than any other had kept the new order in touch with the republican idea by his skilful diplomacy both in society and in foreign negotiation. He was disposed to yield to his arbitrary brother in any extremity, and his beautiful wife was a tower of strength to the Bonaparte interest. The vigorous and able Lucien had risen to the height of his chances, and, having acquired a handsome fortune while occupying the post of French minister to Madrid, began to assert his old democratic independence. He plumply refused to marry the dowager queen of Etruria, and espoused instead a handsome wife of his own choosing from among the people, a step which eventually cost him the penalty of exile. Josephine was successful in making a match between her daughter Hortense and her husband's third brother Louis; but although at a later time the emperor contemplated bequeathing his power to their son, for the present the quarrels of the

unhappy pair, instead of appeasing, intensified the Bonaparte-Beauharnais feud. It was sometimes said in loud whispers that the only solution of the impending difficulties was the divorce of the First Consul from his wife; but the question was not yet seriously discussed. The consular pair had never been married by ecclesiastical form, and many have since suggested that it was a discontented husband who had spoken in the manifest partiality for easy divorce which Bonaparte displayed in discussing the civil code. Jerome had been among the officers blockaded in the West Indies by the English fleet. Having escaped to the United States, he became desperately enamoured of Elizabeth Patterson, a Baltimore beauty, and in December, 1803, married her. Napoleon was furious, refused to recognize the marriage or the child born of it, and forbade his sister-in-law to enter France. After a few years the unworthy object of his wrath deserted his family, and returned to share the splendors of the empire.

The Bonaparte women were clever intriguers. Madame Mère lived quietly in her own home, where, to her son's exasperation, she continued to speak the Corsican dialect and to save money; it is said that she always distrusted the permanency of her son's elevation. Élise, now Mme. Bacciochi, was a clever woman of the world, and with Lucien's aid formed a literary coterie of which Chateaubriand was the illumination. Pauline returned from San Domingo to marry Prince Borghese, and became notorious for her infidelities. Caroline, the wife of Murat, chafed under her husband's intellectual inferiority, but used her position with skill in behalf of her family. Of all his connections none was more useful to the head of the State than Fesch, who was easily persuaded to reënter the Church, and not long after the Concordat he became archbishop of Lyons and cardinal. The republican calendar still nominally survived, but after the reconciliation of State and Church the celebration of the ten-day festival of *Décadi*, instituted under the republic, fell into disuse, the Church resumed the observance of Sunday, and among the diligent attendants at mass on that day was the First Consul. His near relationship with an ecclesiastical dignity did not tend to weaken the bonds which tied his government to the religious sentiment of the common people.

In the great world outside the Tuileries there was for a moment peace. Nothing was left of Jacobinism or revolutionary ferment. Old names were restored to streets and places, just as every one now wore the garments of the ancient régime, except the impoverished aristocrats, who in mild protest continued to wear the trousers of the *sansculottes*. Even they, however, had



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PRINCE CAMILLO BORGHESE, SECOND HUSBAND OF PAULINE BONAPARTE.

got back a small portion of their properties, and the newly rich saw in the confirmation of personal government by a consul through a so-called republic the guarantee that restitution of the rest to its former owners would never be required of them. Both alike were therefore satisfied with what was sure. Thus in the same way monarchists and republicans were equally gratified, the latter with a semblance of democratic government, the former with a reality which might end in royalty, the full fruition of their yearnings. In short, public confidence was restored, and showed itself in a respectable, temperate decency of living which had been foreign to Paris under the Directory. Everything appeared as if society were performing its normal functions in commerce, trade, industry, and religion. Even art and literature revived as if upon a solid substructure of permanent organic life. Mme. de Staël had fought gallantly for notoriety and for the attention of the great, so dear to her woman's heart in spite of all its philosophy; but Bonaparte never forgave the insight into his character which she and her friends displayed, and he discovered that the air of Paris disagreed with her. Chateaubriand, a noble of high imaginative power and brilliant literary gifts, after several unsuccessful ventures as a romantic youth had finally published in 1797

an "Essay on Revolutions," which was intended to be a peacemaker in the struggle of ideas, to mediate between the monarchy and the republic. It was imbued with atheism and the philosophy of Rousseau. Very soon after its appearance the author was the subject of a remarkable conversion, and at once began the composition of his treatise on the "Genius of Christianity," that exquisitely literary and pious work which established his fame. In 1801 appeared a charming romance thrown off as an avocation in the intervals of more serious labor. It is entitled "Atala; or, The Loves of Two Savages," and left no doubt of his poetic ability. In 1802 the great apology itself was completed and published. Although the author had been hitherto unknown to Bonaparte, the "Genius of Christianity" was so opportune in its far-reaching influence that men could not rid themselves of the feeling that the writer was sponsor for the Concordat. The book is eloquent and poetic, but arid in opinion and argument. Its life was therefore ephemeral, but its influence while it lasted was supreme. Chateaubriand was a hero, and his literary circle a phenomenon of the first importance. His help was acknowledged by the government in an appointment as diplomatic agent, first to Rome, afterward to the republic of Valais.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.



THE MARENCO MEDAL, OBTVERSE AND REVERSE. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

## THE CUP OF TREMBLING.



MINER of the Cœur d'Alène was returning alone, on foot, one winter evening, from the town in the gulch to his solitary claim far up on the timbered mountain-side.

His nearest way was by an unfrequented road that led to the Dreadnaught, a lofty and now abandoned mine that had struck the vein three thousand feet above the valley, but, the ore of which being low-grade, could never be made to pay the cost of transportation.

He had cached his snow-shoes, going down, at the Bruce boys' cabin, the only habitation on the Dreadnaught road, which from there was still open to town.

The snows that camp all summer on the highest peaks of the Cœur d'Alène were steadily working downward, driving the game before them; but traffic had not ceased in the mountains. Supplies were still delivered by pack-train at outlying claims and distant cabins in the standing timber. The miner was therefore traveling light, encumbered with no heavier load than his personal requisition of tobacco and whisky and the latest newspapers, which he circulated in exchange for the wayside hospitalities of that thinly peopled but neighborly region.

His homeward halt at the cabin was well timed. The Bruce boys were just sitting down to supper; and the moon, which would light his lonelier way across the white slopes of the forest, would not be visible for an hour or more. The boys threw wood upon their low cooking-fire of coals, which flamed up gloriously, spreading its immemorial welcome over that poor, chance suggestion of a home. The supper was served upon a board, or literally two boards, nailed shelf-wise across the lighted end of the cabin, beneath a small window where, crossed by the squares of a dusty sash, the austere winter twilight looked in: a sky of stained-glass colors above the clear heights of snow; an atmosphere as cold and pure as the air of a fireless church; a hushed multitude of trees dressed in vestments of snow, a mute recession after the benediction has been said.

Each man dragged his seat to the table, and placed himself sidewise, that his legs might find room beneath the narrow board. Each dark face was illumined on one side by the fitful fire-glow, on the other by the constant though fading ray from the window; and, as they talked, the boisterous fire applauded, and

the twilight, like a pale listener, laid its cold finger on the pane.

They talked of the price of silver, of the mines shutting down, of the bad times East and West, and the signs of a corrupt generation; and this brought them to the latest ill rumor from town — a sensation that had transpired only a few hours before the miner's departure, and which friends of the persons discussed were trying to keep as quiet as possible.

The name of a young woman was mentioned, hitherto a rather disdainful favorite with society in the Cœur d'Alène — the wife of one of the richest mine-owners in the State.

The "Old Man," as the miners called him, had been absent for three months in London, detained from week to week on the tedious but paramount business of selling his mine. The mine, with its fatalistic millions (which, it was surmised, had spoken for their owner in marriage more eloquently than the man could have spoken for himself), had been closed down pending negotiations for its sale, and left in charge of the engineer, who was also the superintendent. This young man, whose personal qualities were in somewhat formidable contrast to those of his employer, nevertheless, in business ways, enjoyed a high measure of his confidence, and had indeed deserved it. The present outlook was somewhat different. Persons who were fond of Waring were saying in town that "Jack must be off his head," as the most charitable way of accounting for his late eccentricity. The husband was reported to be on ship-board, expected in New York in a week or less; but the wife, without explanation, had suddenly left her home. Her disappearance was generally accounted a flight. On the same night of the young woman's evanishment, Superintendent Waring had relieved himself of his duties and responsibilities, and taken himself off, with the same irrevocable frankness, leaving upon his friends the burden of his excuses, his motives, his whereabouts, and his reputation.

Since news of the double desertion had got abroad, tongues had been busy, and a vigorous search was afoot for evidence of the generally assumed fact of an elopement, but with trifling results.

The fugitives, it was easily learned, had not gone out by the railroad; but Clarkson's best team, without bells, and a bob-sleigh with two seats in it had been driven into the stable-yard before daylight on the morning of the discovery, the horses rough and jaded, and white with



frozen steam; and Clarkson himself had been the driver on this hard night trip. As he was not in the habit of serving his patrons in this capacity, and as he would give none but frivolous, evasive answers to the many questions that were asked him, he was supposed to be accessory to Waring in his crime against the morals of the camp.

While the visitor enlarged upon the evidence furnished by Clarkson's night ride, the condition of his horses, and his own frank lying, the Bruce boys glanced at each other significantly, and each man spat into the fire in silence.

The traveler's halt was over. He slipped his feet into the straps of his snow-shoes, and took his pole in hand; for now the moon had risen to light his path, and faint boreal shadows began to appear on the glistening slopes. He shuffled away, and his shape was soon lost in the white depths of the forest.

The brothers sat and smoked by their sinking fire, before covering its embers for the night; and again the small window, whitening in the growing moonlight, was like the blanched face of a troubled listener.

"That must 'a' been them last night, you recollect. I looked out about two o'clock, and it *was* a bob-sleigh, crawlin' up the grade, and the horses had n't no bells on. The driver was a thick-set man like Clarkson, in a buffaler coat. There was two on the back seat, a man and woman plain enough, all muffled up, with their heads down. It was so still in the woods I could 'a' heard if they 'd been talkin' no louder than I be now; but not a word was spoke all the way up the hill. I says to myself, 'Them folks must be pretty well acquainted, 'less they 're all asleep, goin' along through the woods the prettiest kind of a night, walkin' their horses, and not a word in the whole blasted outfit.'"

"I 'm glad you did n't open your head about it," said the elder brother. "We don't know for certain it was them, and it's none of our funeral, anyhow. Where, think, could they have been going to, supposin' you was right? Would Jack be likely to harbor up there at the mine?"

"Where else could they get to, with a team, by this road? Where else could they be safer? Jack 's inside of his own lines up there, and come another big snow the road 'll be closed till spring; and who 'd bother about them, anyway, exceptin' it might be the Old Man? And a man that leaves his wife around loose the way he done ain't likely to be huntin' her on snow-shoes up to another man's mine."

"I don't believe Jack 's got the coin to be meanderin' very far just about now," said the practical elder brother. "He 's staked out with a pretty short rope, unless he 's realized on some of his claims. I heard he was tryin' to dig up

a trade with a man who 's got a mine over in the Slocan country. That would be convenient over the line among the Canucks. I would n't wonder if he 's hidin' out for a spell till he gathers his senses, and gets a little more room to turn in. He can't fly far with a woman like her, unless his pockets are pretty well lined. Them easy-comers easy-goers ain't the kind that likes to rough it. I 'll bet she don't bile his shirts or cook his dinners, not much."

"It 's a wild old nest up there," said the younger and more imaginative as well as more sympathetic of the brothers—"a wild road to nowhere, only the dropping-off place."

"What gets me is that talk of Jack's last fall, when you was in the Kootenai, about his intentions to 'bach' it up there this winter, if he could coax his brother out from Manitoba to bach with him. I would n't like to think it of Jack, that he 'd lie that way, just to turn folks off the scent. But he did, sure, pack a lot of his books and stuff up to the mine; grub, too, a lot of it; and done some work on the cabin. Think he was fixin' up for a hide-out, in case he should need one? Or wa' n't it anything but a bluff?"

"Naw," the other drawled impatiently. "Jack 's no such a deep schemer as all that comes to. More 'n likely he seen he was workin' the wrong lead, and concluded 't was about time for him to be driftin' in another direction. 'T ain't likely he give in to such foolishness without one fight with himself. And about when he had made up his mind to fire himself out, and quit the whole business, the Old Man puts out for London, stuck on sellin' his mine, and can't leave unless Jack stays with it. And Jack says to himself, 'Well, blast it all, I done what I could! What is to be will be.' That 's about the way I put it up."

"I would n't be surprised," the other assented; "but what 's become of the brother, if there ever was a brother in it at all?"

"Why, Lord! a man can change his mind. But I guess he did n't tell his brother about this young madam he was lookin' after along with the rest of the Old Man's goods. I hain't got nothin' against Jack Waring; he 's always been square with me, and he 's an awful good minin' man. I 'd trust him with my pile, if it was millions, but I would n't trust him, nor any other man, with my wife."

"Sho! she was poor stuff; she was light, I tell ye. Think of some of the women we 've known! Did they need watchin'? No, sir; it ain't the man, it 's the woman, when it 's between a young man and a married woman. It 's her foolishness that gits away with them both. Girls is different. I 'd skin a man alive that set the town talkin' about my sister like *she 's* bein' talked about, now."

The brothers stepped outside, and stood awhile in silence, regarding the night, and breathing the pure, frosty air of the forest. A commiserating thankfulness swelled in their breasts with each deep, clean inspiration. They were poor men, but they were free men—free, compared with Jack. There was no need to bar their door, or watch suspiciously, or skulk away and hide their direction, choosing the defense of winter and the deathlike silence of the snows to the observation of their kind.

They stared with awe up the white, blank road that led to the deserted mine, and they marveled in homely thinking: "Will it pay?" It was "the wrong lead this time, sure."

The brothers watched the road from day to day, and took note that not a fresh track had been seen upon it; not a team, or a traveler on snow-shoes, had gone up or down since the night when the bob-sleigh with its silent passengers had creaked up it in the moonlight. Since that night of the full moon of January not another footprint had broken the smoothness of that hidden track. The snow-tides of midwinter flowed over it. They filled the gulch, and, softly mounting, snow on snow, rose to the eaves of the little cabin by the buried road. The Bruce boys dug out their window; the hooded roof protected their door. They walked about on top of the frozen tide, and entered their house, as if it were a cellar, by steps cut in a seven-foot wall of snow.

One gray day in February a black dog, with a long nose and bloodshot eyes, leaped down into the trench, and pawed upon the cabin door. Opening to the sound, the Bruce boys gave him a boisterous welcome, calling their visitor by name. The dog was Tip, Jack Waring's clever shepherd spaniel, a character as well known in the mountains as his master. Indeed, he was too well known, and too social in his habits, for a safe member of a household cultivating strict seclusion; therefore, when Tip's master went away with his neighbor's wife, Tip had been left behind. His reappearance on this road was regarded by the Bruce boys as highly suggestive.

Tip was a dog that never forgave an injury or forgot a kindness. Many a good bone he had set down to the Bruce boys' credit in the days when his master's mine was supposed to be booming, and his own busy feet were better acquainted with the Dreadnaught road. He would not come in, but stood at the door, wagging his tail inquiringly. The boys were about to haul him into the cabin by the hair of his neck, or shut him out in the cold, when a shout was heard from the direction of the road above. Looking out, they saw a strange young man, on snow-shoes, who hailed them a second time, and stood still, awaiting their

response. Tip seemed to be satisfied now; he briskly led the way, the boys following up the frozen steps cut in their moat-wall of snow, and stood close by, assisting, with all the eloquence his honest, ugly phiz was capable of, at the conference that ensued. He showed himself particularly anxious that his old friends should take his word for the stranger whom he had introduced and appeared to have adopted.

Pointing up the mountain, the young man asked, "Is that the way to the Dreadnaught mine?"

"There ain't nobody workin' up there now," Jim Bruce replied indirectly, after a pause in which he had been studying the stranger's appearance. His countenance was exceedingly fresh and pleasing, his age about twenty years. He was buttoned to the chin in a reefing-jacket of iron-gray Irish frieze. His smooth, girlish face was all over one pure, deep blush from exertion in the cold. He wore Canadian snow-shoes strapped upon his feet, instead of the long Norwegian skis on which the men of the Cœur d'Alène make their winter journeys in the mountains; and this difference alone would have marked him for a stranger from over the line. After he had spoken, he wiped away the icy moisture of his breath that frosted his upper lip, stuck a short pipe between his teeth, drew off one mitten, and fumbled in his clothing for a match. The Bruce boys supplied him with a light, and as the fresh, pungent smoke ascended, he raised his head and smiled his thanks.

"Is this the road to the Waring mine—the Dreadnaught?" he asked again, deliberately, after a pull or two at his pipe.

And again came the evasive answer: "Mine's shut down. Ain't nobody workin' up there now."

The youngster laughed aloud. "Most uncommunicative population I ever struck," he remarked, in a sort of humorous despair. "That's the way they answered me in town. I say, is this a hoodoo? If my brother is n't up there, where in the devil is he? All I ask is a straight answer to a straight question."

The Bruce boys grinned their embarrassment. "You'll have to ask us somethin' easier," they said.

"This is the road to the mine, ain't it?"

"Oh, that's the road all right enough," the boys admitted; "but you can see yourself how much it's been traveled lately."

The stranger declined to be put off with such casual evidence as this. "The wind would wipe out any snow-shoe track; and a snow-shoer would as soon take across the woods as keep the road, if he knew the way."

"Wal," said Jim Bruce, conclusively, "most of the boys, when they are humpin' themselves

to town, stops in here for a spell, to limber up their shins by our fire; but Jack Waring hain't fetched his bones this way for two months and better. Looks mighty queer that we hain't seen track nor trace of him if he's been livin' up there since winter set in. Are you the brother he was talkin' of sending for to come out and bach it with him?"

The boys were aware of their own uneasy looks as the frank eyes of the stranger met theirs at the question.

"I'm the only brother he's got. He wrote to me last August that he'd taken a fit of the sulks, and wanted me to come and help him work it off up here at his mine. I was coming, only a good job took me in tow; and after a month or so the work went back on me, and I wrote to Jack two weeks ago to look out for me; and here I am. And the people in town, where he's been doing business these six years, acted as if they distantly remembered him. 'Oh, yes,' they say, 'Jack Waring; but he's gone away, don't you know? Snowed under somewhere; don't know where.' I asked them if he'd left no address. Apparently not. Asked if he'd seemed to be clothed in his proper senses when last seen. They thought so. I went to the post-office, expecting to find his mail piled up there. Every scrap had been cleaned up since Friday last; but not the letter I wrote him, so he can't be looking for me. The P. M. squirmed, like everybody else, when I mentioned my brother; but he owned that a man's mail can't leave the box without hands, and that the hands belonged usually to some of the boys at the Mule Deer mine. Now, the Mule Deer is next neighbor to the Dreadnaught, across the divide. It's a friendly power, I know; and that confirms me that my brother has done just what he said he was going to do. By the tone of his letter I judged that he was feeling a bit seedy. He seemed to have soured on the town for some reason, which might mean that the town has soured on him. I don't ask what it is, and I don't care to know, but something has queered the whole crowd. I asked Clarkson to let me have a man to show me the way to the Dreadnaught. He calmly lied to me a blue streak, and he knew that I knew he was lying. And then Tip, here, looked me in the eye, with his head on one side, and I saw that he was on to the whole business."

"Smartest dog that ever lived!" Jim Bruce ejaculated. "I would n't wonder if he knew you was Jack's brother."

"I won't swear that he could name the connection; but he knows that I'm looking for his master, and he's looking for him too; but he's afraid to trail after him without a good excuse. See? I don't know what Tip's been up to, that

he should be left with a man like Clarkson; but whatever he's done, he's a good dog now. Ain't you, Tip?"

"He done!" Jim Bruce interrupted sternly. "Tip never done nothing to be punished for. Got more sense of what's right than most humans, and lives up to it straight along. I'd quar'l with any man that looked cross at that dog. You old brute, you rascal! What you doin' up here? Ain't you 'shamed, toin' folks 'way up here on a wild-goose chase? What you doin' it fer, eh? Pertendin' you're so smart! You know Jack ain't up here. Jack ain't up here, I say. Go along with ye, tryin' to fool a stranger!"

Tip was not only unconvinced by these unblushing assertions on the part of a friend whose word he had never doubted: he was terribly abashed and troubled by their manifest disingenuousness. From a dog's point of view it was a poor thing for the Bruce boys to do, to try to pass upon him like this. He blinked apologetically, and licked his chaps, and wagged the end of his tail, which had sunk a trifle from distress and embarrassment at his position.

The three men stood and watched the workings of his mind, expressed in his humble, dog-gish countenance; and a final admission of the truth that he had been trying to conceal escaped Jim Bruce in a burst of admiration for his favorite's unswerving sagacity.

"Smartest dog that ever lived!" he repeated, triumphant over his own defeat; and the brothers wasted no more lies upon the stranger.

There was something uncanny, thought the young man, in this mystery about his brother that grew upon him, and waxed formidable, and pursued him even into the depths of the snow-buried wilderness. The breath of gossip should have died on so clean an air, unless there had been more than gossip in it.

The Bruce boys ceased to argue with him on the question of his brother's occupancy of the mine. They urged other considerations by way of delaying him. They spoke of the weather; of the look of snow in the sky, the feeling of snow in the air, the yellow stillness of the forest, the creeping cold. They tried to keep him over-night, on the offer of their company up the mountain in the morning, if the weather should prove fit. But he was confident, though graver in manner than at first, that he was going to a supper and a bed at his brother's camp, to say nothing of a brother's welcome.

"I'm positive he's up there. I froze on to it from the first," he persisted. "And why should I sleep at the foot of the hill when my brother sleeps at the top?"

The Bruce boys were forced to let him go

on, with the promise, merely allowing for the chance of disappointment, that if he found nobody above he would not attempt to return after nightfall by the Dreadnaught road, which hugs the peak at a height above the valley where there is always a stiff gale blowing, and the combing drifts in midwinter are forty feet high.

"Trust Tip," they said; "he'll show you the trail across the mountain to the Mule Deer"—a longer but far safer way to shelter for the night.

"Tip is fly; he'll see me through," said Jack's brother. "I'd trust him with my life. I'll be back this way possibly in the morning; but if you don't see me, come up and pay us a visit. We'll teach the Dreadnaught to be more neighborly. Here's hoping," he cried, and the three drank in turn out of the young fellow's flask, the Bruce boys almost solemnly as they thought of the forthcoming meeting between the brothers, the sequel to that innocent hope. Unhappy brother, unhappy Jack!

He turned his face to the snows again, and toiled on up the mountain, with Tip's little figure trotting on ahead.

"Think of Jack's leavin' a dog like that, and takin' up with a woman!" said Jim Bruce, as he squared his shoulders to the fire, yawning and shuddering with the chill he had brought with him from outside. "And such a woman!" he added. "I'd want the straight thing, or else I'd manage to get along without. Anything decent would have taken the dog too."

"T was mortal cute, though, of the youngster to freeze on to Tip, and pay no attention to the talk. He knows a dog, that's sure. And Tip knowed him. But I wished we could'a'blocked that little rascal's game. T was too bad to let him go on."

"I never see anybody so stuck on goin' to a place," said the elder Bruce. "I calc'late we'll see him back in the morning; but I'll bet he don't jaw much about brother Jack."

THE manager's house at the Dreadnaught had been built in the time of the mine's supposititious prosperity, and was the ideal log cabin of the Cœur d'Aléne. A thick-waisted chimney of country rock buttressed the long side-wall of peeled logs chinked with mud. The front room was twenty feet across, and had a stone hearth and a floor of dressed pine. Back of it were a small bedroom and a kitchen into which water was piped from a spring higher up on the mountain. The roof of cedar shakes projected over the gable, shading the low-browed entrance from the sun in summer, and protecting it in winter from the high-piled snows.

Like a swallow's nest it clung in the hollow of the peak, which slopes in vast, grand con-

tours to the valley, as if it were the inside of a bowl, the rim half broken away. The valley is the bottom of the bowl, and the broken rim is the lower range of hills that completes its boundary. Great trees, growing beside its hidden streams far below, to the eye of a dweller in the cabin are dwarfed to the size of junipers, and the call of those unseen waters comes dreamily in a distant, inconstant murmur, except when the wind beats up the peak, which it seldom does, as may be seen by the warp of the pines and tamaracks, and the drifting of the snows in winter.

To secure level space for the passage of teams in front of the house, an embankment had been thrown up, faced with a heavy retaining-wall of stone. This bench, or terrace, was now all one with the mountain-side, heaped up and smoothed over with snow.

Jack, in his winter nest-building, had cleared a little space for air and light in front of each of the side windows, and with unceasing labor he shoveled out the snow which the wind as constantly sifted into these pits, and into the trench beneath the hooded roof that sheltered the gable entrance. The snow walls of this sunken gallery rose to the height of the door-frame, cutting out all view from without or within. A perpetual white twilight, warmed by the glow of their hearth-fire, was all that the fugitives ever saw of the day. Sun or stars were alike to them. One link they had with humanity, however, without which they might have suffered hardship, or even have been forced to succumb to their savage isolation.

The friendly Mule Deer across the mountain was in a state of winter siege, like the Dreadnaught, but had not severed its connections with the world. It was a working-mine, with a force of fifty or more men on its pay-roll, and regular communication on snow-shoes was had with the town. The mine was well stocked as well as garrisoned, and Jack was indebted to the friendship of the manager for many accustomed luxuries which Esmée would have missed in the new life that she had rashly welcomed for his sake. No woman could have been less fitted than she, by previous circumstances and training, to take her share of its hardships, or to contribute to its slender possibilities in the way of comfort. A servant was not to be thought of. No servant but a Chinaman would have been impersonal enough for the situation, and all heathen labor has been ostracized by Christian white labor from the Cœur d'Aléne.

So Jack waited upon his love, and was inside man and outside man, and, as he expressed it, "general dog around the place." He was a clever cook, which goes without saying in one who has known good living, and has lived eight years a bachelor on the fron-



tier; but he cleaned his own kitchen, and washed his own skillets, which does not go without saying, sooner than see Esmée's delicate hands defiled with such grimy tasks. He even swept, as a man sweeps; but what man was ever known to dust? The house, for all his ardent, unremitting toil, did not look particularly tidy.

Its great, dark front room was a man's room, big, undraped and uncurtained, strongly framed,—the framework much exposed in places,—heavy in color, hard in texture, yet a stronghold, and a place of absolute reserve: a very safe place in which to lodge such a secret as Esmée. And there she was, in her exotic beauty, shivering close to a roaring fire, scorching her cheeks that her silk-clad shoulders might be warm. She had never before lived in a house where the fires went out at night, and water froze beside her bed, and the floors were carpetless, and as cold as the world's indifference to her fate. She was absolutely without clothing suited to such a change, nor would she listen to sensible, if somewhat unattractive, suggestions from Jack. Now, least of all times, could she afford to disguise her picturesque beauty for the sake of mere comfort and common sense, or even to spare Jack his worries about her health.

It was noon, and the breakfast-table still stood in front of the fire. Jack, who since eight o'clock had been chopping wood and "packing" it out of the tunneled snow-drift which was the wood-shed into the kitchen, and cooking breakfast, and shoveling snow out of the trenches, sat glowing on his side of the table, farthest from the fire, while Esmée, her chair drawn close to the hearth, was sipping her coffee, and holding a fan spread between her face and the flames.

"Jack, I wish you had a fire-screen — one that would stand of itself, and not have to be held."

"Bless you! I'd be your fire-screen, only I think I'm rather hotter than the fire itself. I insist that you take some exercise, Esmée. Come, walk the trench with me ten rounds before I start."

"Why do you start so early?"

"Do you call this early? Besides, it looks like snow."

"Then why do you go at all?"

"You know why I go, dearest. The boys went to town yesterday. I've had no mail for a week."

"And can't you exist without your mail?"

"Existence is just the hitch with us at present. It's for your sake I cannot afford to be overlooked. If I fall out of step in my work, it may take years to get into line again. I can't say, like those ballad fellows:

"Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.

"I wish I had. We'll put some money in our purse, and then we'll make ourselves a home where we please. Money is the first thing with us now. You must see that yourself."

"I see it, of course; but it does n't seem the nearest way to a fortune, going twice a week on snow-shoes to play solo at the Mule Deer mine. Confess, Jack dear, you do not come straight away as soon as you get your mail."

"I do not, of course. I must be civil, after a fashion, to Wilfrid Knight, considering all that he is doing for me."

"What is he doing for you?"

"He's working as hard as he can for me in certain directions. It's best not to say too much about these things till they've materialized; but he has as strong a backing as any man in the *Cœur d'Alène*. To tell you the truth, I can't afford *not* to be civil to him, if it meant solo every day in the week."

Esmée smiled a little, but remained silent. Jack went around to the chimneypiece, and filled his pipe, and began to stalk about the room, talking in brief sentences as he smoked. "And by the way, dearest, would you mind if he should drop in on us some day?" Jack laughed at his own phrase, so literally close to the only mode of gaining access to their cellarage in the snow.

Esmée looked up quickly. "What in the world does he want to come here for? Does n't he see enough of you as it is?"

"He wants to see something of you, and it's howling lonesome at the Mule Deer. Won't you let him come, Esmée?"

"Why, do you want him, Jack?"

"I want him! What should I want him for? But we have to be decent to a man who's doing everything in the world for us. We could n't have made it here, at all, without the aid and comfort of the Mule Deer."

"I'd rather have done without his aid and comfort, if it must be paid for at his own price."

"Everything has got to be paid for. Even that inordinate fire, which you won't be parted from, has to be paid for with a burning cheek."

"Not if you had a fire-screen, Jack," Esmée reminded him, sweetly.

"We will have one—an incandescent fire-screen on two legs. Will two be enough? A Mule Deer miner shall pack it in on his back from town. But we shall have to thank Wilfrid Knight for sending him. Well, if you won't have him here, he can't come, of course; but it's a mistake, I think. We can't afford,



in my opinion, not to see the first hand that is held out to us in a social way—a hand that can help us if it will, but one that is quite as strong to injure us."

"Have him, then, if he's so dangerous. But is he nice, do you think?"

"He's nice enough, as men go. We're not any of us any too nice."

"Some of you are at least considerate, and I think it very inconsiderate of Mr. Wilfrid Knight to wish to intrude himself on me now."

"Dearest, he has been kindness itself, and delicacy, in a way. Twice he has sent a special man to town to hunt up little dainties and comforts for you when my prison fare—"

"Jack, what do you mean? Has Wilfrid Knight been putting his hand in his pocket for things for me to eat and drink?"

"His pocket's not much hurt. My own has suffered to the same extent quite frequently; but it is something to send a man fifteen miles down the mountain to pack the stuff. You might very properly recognize that, if you chose."

"I recognize nothing of it. Why did you not tell me how it was? I thought that you were sending for those things."

"How can I send Knight's men on my errands, if you please? I don't show up very largely at the mine in person. You don't seem to realize the situation. Did you suppose that the Mule Deer men, when they fetch these things from town, know whom they are for? They may, but they are not supposed to."

"Arrange it as you like, but I will not take presents from the manager of the Mule Deer."

"He has dined at your table, Esmée."

"Not at *my* table," said Esmée, haughtily averting her face.

"But you have been nice to him; he remembers you with distinct pleasure."

"Very likely. It is my rôle to be nice to people. I should be nice to him if he came here now; but I should hate him for coming. If *he* were nice, he would not dream of your asking him or allowing him to come."

"Darling, darling, we can't keep it up like this. We are not lords of fate to that extent. Fellows will pay you attention; they always have and they always will; but you must not, dearest, imply that I am not sensitive on the point of what you may or may not receive in that way. I should make myself a laughing-stock before all men if I should begin by resenting things. I could not insult you so. I will resent nothing that a husband does not resent."

"Jack, don't you understand? I could have taken it lightly once; I always used to. I can't take it lightly now. I cannot have him come here—the first to see us in this *solitude à deux*, the most intimate, the most awful."

"Of course, of course," murmured Jack. "It

is awful, I admit it, for you. But it always will be. Ours is a double solitude for life, with the world always eying us askance, scoring us, or secretly envying us, or merely wondering coarsely about us. It takes tremendous courage in a woman; but you will have the courage of your honesty, your surpassing generosity to me."

"Generosity!" Esmée repeated. "We shall see. I give myself just five years of this 'generosity.' After that, the beginning of the end. I shall have to eliminate myself from the problem, to be finally generous. But five years is a good while," she whispered, "to dare to love my love in, if my love loves me."

There could be no doubt of this as yet. Esmée could afford to toy sentimentally with the thought of future despair and final self-elimination.

"Come, come," said Waring; "this will never do; we ought to get some fresh air on this." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, pocketed it, and marched into an inner room, whence he fetched a warm, loose cloak and a pair of carriage boots.

"Fresh air and exercise!"

Esmée, seeing there was to be no escape from Jack's favorite specific for every earthly ill, put out her foot, in its foolish little slipper, and Jack drew on the fur-lined boots, and laced them around the silken ankles.

He followed her out into the snow-walled foss, and fell into step beside her.

"May I smoke?"

"What affection! As if you did n't always smoke."

"Well, hardly, when I have a lady with me, in such a public place."

"Oh me, oh me!" Esmée suddenly broke forth, "why did I not meet you when you were in New York the winter before! Well, it would have settled one or two things. And we might be walking like this now, before all the world, and every one would say we were exactly suited to each other. And so we are—fearfully and wonderfully. Why did that fact wait to force itself upon us when to admit it was a crime? And we were so helpless *not* to admit it. What resources had I against it?"

"God knows. Perhaps I ought to have made a better fight, for your sake. But the fight was over for me the moment I saw that you were unhappy. If you had seemed reasonably content with your life, or even resigned, I hope I should have been man enough to have taken myself off and had it out alone."

"I had no life that was not all a pretense and a lie. I began by thinking I could pretend to you. But you know how all that broke down. Oh, Jack, *you* know the man!"

"I would n't go on with that, Esmée."

"But I must. I must explain to you just once, if I can."

"You need not explain, I should hope, to me."

"But this is something that rankles fearfully. I must tell you that I never, never would have given in if I had n't thought there was something in him, really. Even his peculiarities at first seemed rather picturesque; at least they were different from other men's. And we thought him a great original, a force, a man of such power and capacity. His very success was supposed to mean that. It was not his gross money that appealed to me. You could not think that I would have let myself be literally sold. But the money seemed to show what he had done. I thought that at least my husband would be a man among men, and especially in the West. But—"

"Darling, need we go into all this? Say it to yourself, if it must be said. You need not say it to me."

"I am saying it, not you. It is not you who have a monstrous, incredible marriage to explain. I must explain it as far as I can. Do you think I can afford to be without your respect and comprehension simply because you love me?"

"But love includes the rest."

"Not after a while. Now let me speak. It was when he brought me out here that I saw him as he is. I measured him by the standards of the life that had made him. I saw that he was just a rough Western man, like hundreds of others; not half so picturesque as a good many who passed the window every day. And all his great success, which I had taken as a proof of ability, meant nothing but a stroke of brutal luck that might happen to the commonest miner any day. I saw how you pretended to respect his judgment while privately you managed in spite of it. I could not help seeing that he was laughed at for his pretensions in the community that knew him best. It was tearing away the last rag of self-respect in which I had been trying to dress up my shameful bargain. I knew what you all thought of him, and I knew what you must think of me. I could not force myself to act my wretched part before you; it seemed a deeper degradation when you were there to see. How could I let you think that *that* was my idea of happiness! But from the first I never could be anything with you but just myself—for better or for worse. It was such a rest, such a perilous rest, to be with you, just because I knew it was no use to pretend. You always seemed to understand everything without a word."

"I understood *you* because I gave my whole

mind to the business. You were in my thoughts night and day, from the moment I first saw you."

"Yes," said Esmée, passing over this confession as a thing of course in a young man's relations with his employer's wife. "It was as if we had been dear friends once, before memory began, before anything began; and all the rest came of the miserable accident of our being born—mis-born, since we could not meet until it was too late. Oh, it was cruel! I can never forgive life, fate, society—whatever it was that played us this trick. I had the strangest forebodings when they talked about you, before I saw you—a premonition of a crisis, a danger ahead. There was a fascination in the commonest reports about you. And then your perfectly reckless naturalness, of a man who has nothing to hide and nothing to fear. Who on earth could resist it?"

"I was the one who ought to have resisted it, perhaps. I don't deny that I was 'natural.' We're neither of us exactly humbugs—not now. If the law that we've broken is hunting for us, there will be plenty of good people to point us out. All that we shall have to face by and by. I wish I could take your share and mine too; but you will always have it the harder. That, too, is part of the law, I suppose."

"I must not be too proud," said Esmée. "I must remember what I am in the eyes of the world. But, Jack dear, if Wilfrid Knight does come, do not let him come without telling me first. Don't let him 'drop in on us,' as you said."

"He shall not come at all if it bothers you to think of it. I am not such a politic fellow. It's for your sake, dearest one, that I am cringing to luck in this way. I never pestered myself much about making friends and connections; but I must not be too proud, either. It's a handicap, there's no doubt about that; it's wiser to accept the fact, and go softly. My heavens! have n't I got you?"

"I suppose Wilfrid Knight is a man of the world? He'll know how to spare the situation?"

"Quite so," said Jack, with a faint smile. "You need n't be uneasy about him." Then, more gravely, he added:

"He knows this is no light thing with either of us. He must respect your courage—the courage so rare in a woman—to face a cruel mistake that all the world says she must cover up, and right it at any cost."

"That is nonsense," said Esmée, with the violence of acute sensitiveness. "You need not try to doctor up the truth to me. You know that men do not admire that kind of courage in women—not in their own women. Let us be plain with each other. I don't pretend that

I came here with you for the sake of courage, or even of honesty."

Esmée stopped, and turned herself about, with her shoulders against the wall of snow, crushing the back of her head deep into its soft, cold resistance. In this way she gained a glimpse of the sky.

"Jack, it does look like a storm. It's all over gray, is it not? and the air is so raw and chilly. I wish you would not go to-day."

"I'll get off at once, and be back before dark. There shall be no solo this afternoon. But leave those dishes for me. I despise to have you wash dishes."

"I hate it myself. If I do do it, it will be to preserve my self-respect, and partly because you are so slow, Jack dear, and there's no comfort in life till you get through. What a ridiculous, blissful, squalid time it is! Shall we ever do anything natural and restful again, I wonder?"

"Yes; when we get some money."

"I can't bear to hear you talk so much about money. Have I not had enough of money in my life?"

"Life is more of a problem with us than it is with most people."

"Let us go where nature solves the problem. There was an old song one of my nurses used to sing to me—

"Oh, islands there are, in the midst of the deep,  
Where the leaves never fade, and the skies  
never weep.

"Can't we go, Jack dear? Let us be South Sea Islanders. Let's be anything where there will be no dishes to wash, or somebody to wash them for us."

"We will go when we get some money," Jack persisted hauntingly.

"Oh, hush about the money! It's so uncomplimentary of you. I shall begin to think—"

"You must not think. Thinking, after a thing is done, is no use. You must 'sleep, dear, sleep.' I shall be back before dark; but if I am not, don't think it strange. One never knows what may happen."

When he was gone Esmée was seized with a profound fit of dawdling. She sat for an hour in Jack's deep leather chair by the fire, her cloak thrown back, her feet, in the fur boots, extended to the blaze. For the first time that day she felt completely warm. She sat an hour dreaming, in perfect physical content.

Where did those words that Jack had quoted come from, she mused, and repeated them to herself, trying their sound by ear.

Then sleep, dear, sleep!

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They gathered meaning from some fragmentary connection in her memory.

If thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love, and all its smart—  
Then sleep, dear, sleep!

And not a sorrow—

She could recall no more. The lines had an echo of Keats. She looked across the room toward the low shelves where Jack's books were crammed in dusty banishment. It was not likely that Keats would be in that company; yet Jack, by fits and starts, had been a passionate reader of everybody, even of the poets.

She was too utterly comfortable to be willing to move merely to lay the ghost of a vanished song. And now another verse awoke to haunt her:

But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love, and all its smart—  
Then die, dear, die!

'T is deeper, sweeter—

Than what? She could not remember. She had read the verses long ago, as a girl of twenty measures time, when the sentiment had had for her the palest meaning. Now she thought it not extravagant, but simply true.

Then die, dear, die!

She repeated, pillowing her head in the silken lining of her cloak. A tear of self-forgiving pity stole down her cheek. Love of her own fair, sensitive self; love of the one who could best express her to herself, and magnify her day by day, on the highest key of modern poetic sympathy and primal passion and medieval romance—this was the whole of life to her. She desired no other revelation concerning the mission of woman. In no other sense would she have held it worth while to be a woman. Yet she, of Beauty's daughters, had been chosen for that most fatal of all the stupid world's experiments in what it calls success—a loveless marriage!

When at length the fire went down, and the air of the drafty room began to change, Esmée languidly bestirred herself. The confusion that Jack had left behind him in his belated departure began to afflict her—the unwashed dishes on the table, the crumbs on the floor, the half-emptied pipe and ashes on the mantel, the dust everywhere. She pitied herself that she had no one at her command to set things right. At length she rose, reluctantly dispensing with her cloak, but keeping the fur boots on her feet, and began to pile up the breakfast dishes, and carry them by separate journeys to the kitchen.

The fire had long been out in the cook-stove; the bare little place was distressingly cold;

neither was it particularly clean, and the nature of its disorder was even more objectionable than that of the sitting-room. Poor Jack! Esmée had profoundly admired and pitied his struggles with the kitchen. What man of Jack's type and breeding had ever stood such a test of devotion? Even young Sir Gareth, who had done the same sort of thing, had done it for knighthood's sake, and had taken pride in the ordeal. With Jack such service counted for nothing except as a preposterous proof of his love for her.

Suppose she should surprise him in housewifely fashion, and treat him to a clean kitchen, a bright fire, and a hot supper on his return? The fancy was a pleasing one; but when she came to reckon up the unavoidable steps to its accomplishment, the details were too hopelessly repellent. She did not know, in fact, where or how to begin. She mused forlornly on their present situation, which, of course, could not last; but what would come next? Surely, without money, plucked of the world's respect and charity, they were a helpless pair. Jack was right: money they must have; and she must learn to keep her scruples out of his way; he was sufficiently handicapped already. She hovered about the scene of his labors for a while, mourning over him, and over herself for being so helpless to help him. By this time the sitting-room fire had gone quite down, and she put on a pair of gloves before raking out the coals, and laying the wood to rebuild it. The room had still a comfortless air, now that she was alone to observe it. She could have wept as she went about moving chairs, lifting heavy bearskins, and finding dirt, ever more dirt, that had accumulated under Jack's superficial house-keeping.

Her timid attempt at sweeping raised a hideous dust. When she tried to open the windows every one was frozen fast, and when she opened the door the cold air cut her like a knife.

She gave up trying to overhaul Jack's back accounts, and contented herself with smoothing things over on the surface. She possessed in perfection the decorative touch that lends an outward grace to the aspect of a room which may be inwardly unclean, and therefore unwholesome, for those who live in it.

It had never been required of her that she should be anything but beautiful and amiable, or do anything but contribute her beauty and amiability to the indulgent world around her. The hard work was for those who had nothing else to bestow. She laid Jack's slippers by the fire, and, with fond coquetry, placed a pair of her own little mouse-colored suèdes, sparkling with silver embroidery, close beside them. Her velvet wrap with its collar of ostrich plumes she

disposed effectively over the back of the hard-wood settle, where the shimmering silk lining caught a red gleam from the fire. Then she locked the outer door, and prepared to take Jack's advice, and "sleep, dear, sleep."

At the door of her bedroom she turned for a last survey of the empty room—the room that was to live in her memory as the scene of the most fateful chapter of her life. That day, she suddenly remembered, was her younger sister's wedding-day. She would not permit the thoughts to come. All weddings, since her own, were hateful to her. "Hush!" she inwardly breathed, to quell her heart. "The thing is done. All that was left was dishonor, either way. This is my plea, O God! There was no escape from shame! And Jack loved me so!" About five o'clock of that dark winter day Esmée was awakened from her warm sleep by a loud knocking on the outside door. It could not be Jack, for he had carried with him the key of the kitchen door, by which way he always entered on his return. It was understood between them that in his absences no stranger could be admitted to the house. Guests they did not look for; as to friends, they knew not who their friends were, or if, indeed, they had any friends remaining since their flight.

The knocking continued, with pauses during which Esmée could fancy the knocker listening for sounds within the house. Her heart beat hard and fast. She had half risen in her bed; at intervals she drew a deep breath, and shifted her weight on its supporting arm.

Footsteps could be heard passing and re-passing the length of the trench in front of the house. They ceased, and presently a man jumped down into the pit outside her bedroom window; the window was curtained, but she was aware that he was there, trying to look in. He laid his hand on the window-frame, and leaped upon the sill, and shook the sash, endeavoring to raise it; but the blessed frost held it fast. The man had a dog with him, which trotted after him, back and forth, and seconded his efforts to gain entrance by leaping against the door, and whining, and scratching at the lock.

The girl was unspeakably alarmed, there was something so imperative in the stranger's demand. It had for her startled ear an awful assurance, as who should say, "I have a right to enter here." Who was it, what was it, knocking at the door of that guilty house?

It seemed to Esmée that this unappeasable presence had haunted the place for an hour or more, trying windows, and going from door to door. At length came silence so prolonged and complete that she thought herself alone at last.

But Jack's brother had not gone. He was



standing close to the window of the outer room, studying its interior in the strong light and shadow of a pitch-pine fire. The room was confiding its history to one who was no stranger to its earlier chapters, and was keen for knowledge of the rest.

This was Jack's house, beyond a doubt, and Jack was its tenant at this present time, its daily intimate inhabitant. In this sense the man and his house were one.

The Dreadnaught had been Jack's first important mining venture. He had sunk in it his share of his father's estate, considerable time and reputation, and the best work he was capable of; and he still maintained, in accordance with his temperament, that the mine was a good mine, only present conditions would not admit of the fact being demonstrated. The impregnable nature of its isolation made it a convenient cache for personal properties that he had no room for in his quarters in town, the beloved impedimenta that every man of fads and enthusiasms accumulates even in a rolling-stone existence. He was all there; it was Jack so frankly depicted in his belongings that his young brother, who adored him, sighed restlessly, and a blush of mingled emotions rose in his snow-chilled cheek.

What is so characteristic a likeness of a man as the shoes he has lately put off his feet? And, by token, there were Jack's old pumps waiting for him by the fire.

But now suspicion laid its finger on that very unnamed dread which had been lurking in the young man's thoughts. Jack, the silent room confessed, was not living here alone. This could hardly be called "baching it," with a pair of frail little feminine slippers moored close beside his own. Where had Jack's feet been straying lately,—on what forbidden ground,—that his own brother must be kept in ignorance of such a step as this? If he had been mad enough to fetch a bride to such an inhuman solitude as this—if this were Jack's honeymoon, why should his bliss be hedged about with an awkward conspiracy of silence on the part of all his friends?

The silent room summoned its witnesses: one by one each mute, inanimate object told its story. The firelight questioned them in scornful flashes; the defensive shadows tried to confuse the evidence, and cover it up.

But there were the conscious slippers reddening by the hearth. The costly Paris wrap displayed itself over the back of Jack's honest hardwood settle. On the rough table, covered with a blanket wrought by the hands of an Indian squaw, glimpsed a gilded fan, half-open, showing court ladies, dressed as shepherdesses, blowing kisses to their ephemeral swains. Faded hot-house roses were hanging their heads—

shriveled packets of sweetness—against the brown sides of a pot-bellied tobacco-jar, the lid of which, turned upside down, was doing duty as an ash-receiver. A box of rich confectionery imported from the East had been emptied into a Dresden bowl of a delicate, frigid pattern, reminding one of such pure-bred gentlewomen as Jack's little mother, from whom he had coaxed this bit of the family china on his last home visit.

We do not dress up our brother's obliquity in euphemistic phrases. Jack might call it what he pleased; but not the commonest man that knew him had been willing to state in plain words the manner of his life at present, snowed in at the top of the Dreadnaught road. Behold how that life spoke for itself; how his books were covered with dust; how the fine, manly rigor of the room had been debased by contact with the habits of a luxurious dependent woman!

Here Jack was wasting life in idleness, in self-banishment, in inordinate affection, and in deceits of the flesh. The brother who loved him too well to be lenient to his weakness turned away with a sob of such indignant heart-break as only the young can know. Only the young and the pure in heart can have such faith in anything human as Jack's brother had had in Jack.

Esmée, reassured by the long-continued silence, had ventured out, and now stepped cautiously forward into the broad, low light in the middle of the room. The fireshine touched her upraised chin, her parted lips, and a spark floated in each of her large, dark, startled eyes. Tip had been watching as breathless and as motionless as his companion, but now at sight of Esmée he bounded against the sash, and squealed his impatience to be let in. Esmée shrank back with a cry; her hands went up to her breast and clasped themselves. She had seen the face at the window. Her attitude was the instinctive expression of her convicted presence in that house. And the excluded pair who watched her were her natural judges: Fidelity that she had outraged, and Family Affection that she had wronged.

Tip made further demonstrations at the window, but Esmée had dragged herself away out of sight into her own room.

The steps of the knocker were heard, a few minutes later, wandering irresolutely up and down the trench. For the last time they paused at the door.

"Shall we knock once more, Tip? Shall we give her one more chance? Any honest woman would ask a stranger's business, at least, on such a night, in such a place, as this. She has seen that I am no ruffian; she knows that you are a friend. For the last time, then!"

A terrific peal of knocking shocked the si-



lence. Esmée could have screamed, there was an accent so scornfully accusative in this last ironical summons. No answer was possible. The footsteps turned away from the door, and did not come back.

## II.

THE SNOW that had begun to fall softly and quietly about the middle of the afternoon had steadily increased until now in the thickening dusk it spread a white blindness everywhere. From her bedroom window Esmée looked out, and though she could not see the sky, there were signs enough to tell her what the night must be. Fresh snow lay piled in the trench, and snow was whirling in. There was a blast outside that wailed in the chimney, and shook the house, and sifted snow in beneath the outer door.

Esmée was not surprised that Jack, when he came home, should be as dismal and quiet as she was herself; but it did surprise her that he should not at once perceive that something had happened in his absence.

At first there was supper to cook, and she could not talk to him then. Later, when they were seated together at the table, she tried to speak of that ghostly knocking; but Jack seemed preoccupied and not inclined to talk, and she was glad of an excuse to postpone a subject that had for her a peculiar terror in its suggestions.

It was nine o'clock before all the little house tasks were done, and they drew up to the fire and sought in each other's eyes the assurance that both were in need of, that nothing of their dear-bought treasure of companionship had altered since they had sat that way before. But it was not quite the same Esmée, not the same Jack. They were not thinking exclusively of each other.

"Why don't you read your letters, dear?"

"I can't read them," said Esmée. "They were not written to me—the woman I am now."

These were the home letters, telling of her sister's coming wedding festivities, that Esmée could not read, especially that one from Lilla—her last letter as a girl to the sister who had been a bride herself, and would know what a girl's feelings at such a time must be.

"I have tried to write to mama," said Esmée; "but it's impossible. Anything I could say by way of defense sounds as if I were trying to lay the blame on some one else; and if I say nothing, but just state the facts, it is harsh, as if I were brazening it out. And she has never seen you, Jack. You are my only real defense. By what you are, by what you will be to me, I am willing to be judged."

"Dearest, you make me ashamed, but I can say the same of you. Still, to a mother, I'm

afraid it will make little difference whether it's 'Launcelot or another.'"

"It certainly made little difference to her when she made her choice of a husband for me," said Esmée, bitterly. One by one she dropped the sheets of her letters in the fire, and watched them burn to ashes.

"When they know—if they ever write to me after that, I will read those letters. These have no meaning." They had too much meaning, was what Esmée should have said.

After a silence Jack spoke somewhat hoarsely: "It's a beastly long time since I have written to any of my people. It's a pity I did n't write and tell them something; it might have saved trouble. But how can a fellow write? I got a letter to-day from my brother Sid. Says he's thinking of coming out here."

"Heaven save us!" cried Esmée. "Do write at once—anything—say anything you like."

Jack smiled drearily. "I'm afraid it's too late. In fact, the letter was written the day before he was to start, and it's dated January 25. There's a rumor that some one is in town, now, looking for me. I should n't be surprised if it were Sid."

"What if it were?" asked Esmée. "What could you do?"

"I don't know, indeed," said Jack. "I'm awfully cut up about it. The worst of it is, I asked him to come."

"You asked him!"

"Some time ago, dearest, when everything was different. I thought I must make the fight for both our sakes, and I sent for Sid, thinking it might help to have him here with me."

"Did you, indeed," said Esmée, coldly. "What a pity he did not come before it was too late; he might have saved us both. How long ago was it, please?"

"Esmée, don't speak to me like that."

"But do you realize what you are saying?"

"You should not mind what I say. Think—what shall we do if it should be Sid? It rests with you, Esmée. Could you bear to meet him?"

"What is he like?" said Esmée, trembling.

"Oh, he's a lovely fellow. There's nobody like Sid."

"What does he look like?"

"He's good-looking, of course, being my brother," said Jack, with a wretched attempt at pleasantry, which met with no response. Esmée was staring at him, a strange terror in her eyes. "But there is more to his looks, somehow, than to most pretty boys. People who are up in such things say he's like the Saint George, or Saint somebody, by Donatello. He's blond, you know; he's as fresh as a girl, but he has an uncommonly set look at times, when

he's serious or a bit disgusted about something. He has a set in his temper, too. I should not care to have Sid hear our story—not till after he had seen you, Esmée. Perhaps even then he could not understand. He has never loved a woman, except his mother. He does n't know what a man's full-grown passion means. At least, I don't think he knows. He was rather fiercely moral on some points when I talked to him last; a little bit inhuman—what is it, Esmée?"

"There is that dog again!"

Jack looked at her in surprise at her shocked expression. Every trace of color had left her face. Her eyes were fixed upon the door.

"What dog? Why, it's Tip."

A creature as white as the storm sprang into the room as he opened the door, threw himself upon Jack, and whimpered and groaned and shivered, and seemed to weep with joy. Jack hugged him, laughing, and then threw him off, and dusted the snow from his clothing.

Tip shook himself, and came back excitedly for more recognition from his master. He took no notice at all of Esmée.

"Speak to him, won't you, dear? It's only manners, even if you don't care for him," Jack prompted gently. But Tip refused to accept Esmée's sad, perfunctory greeting; his countenance changed, he held aloof, glancing at her with an unpleasant gleam in his bloodshot eyes.

He had satisfied the cravings of affection, and now made it plain that his visit was on business that demanded his master's attention outside of the house. Jack knew the creature's intelligent ways so well that speech was hardly needed between them. "What's the racket, Tip? What's wrong out there? No, sir; I don't go back to town with you to-night, sir. Not much. Lie down! Be quiet, idiot!"

But Tip stood at the door, and began to whine, fixing his eyes on his master's face. As nothing came of this, he went back and stood in front of him, wagging his tail heavily and slowly; troubled wrinkles stood out over his beseeching eyes.

"What under heaven's the matter with you, dog? You're a regular funeral procession." Jack shoved the creature from him, and again he took up his station at the door. Jack rose, and opened it, and playfully tried to push him out. Tip stood his ground, always with his eyes on his master's face, and whimpered under his breath with almost tearful meaning.

"He's on duty to-night," said Jack. "He's got something on his mind, and he wants me to help him out with it. I say, old chap, we don't keep a life-saving station up here. Get out with your nonsense."

"There was some one with him when he

was here this afternoon," Esmée forced herself to say.

"Has Tip been here before?"

"Yes, Jack. But a man was with him—a young, strange man. It was about four o'clock, perhaps five; it was getting dusk. I had been asleep, and I was so frightened. He knocked and knocked. I thought he would never stop knocking. He came to my window, and tried to get in, but the sash was frozen fast." Esmée paused, and caught her breath. "And I heard a dog scratching and whining."

"Did you not see the man?"

"I did. I saw him," gasped Esmée. "It was all quiet after a while. I thought he had gone. I came out into the room, and there he stood close by that window, staring in; and the dog was with him. It was Tip."

"And you did not open the door to Tip?"

"Jack dear, have you not told me that I was never to open the door when you were away?"

"But did n't you speak to the man? Did n't you ask him who he was or what he wanted?"

"How could I? He did not speak to me. He stared at me as if I were a ghost, and then he went away."

"I would have questioned any man that came here with Tip. Tip does n't take up with toughs and hobos. What was he like?"

Esmée had retreated under this cross-questioning, and stood at some distance from Jack, pale, and trembling with an ague of the nerves.

"What was he like?" Jack repeated.

"He was most awfully beautiful. He had a face like—like a death-angel."

Jack resented this phrase with an impatient gesture. "Was he fair, with blue eyes, and a little shade of a blond mustache?"

"I don't know. The light was not good. He stood close to the window, or I could not have seen him. What have I done? Was it wrong not to open the door?"

"Never mind about that, Esmée. I want you to describe the man."

"I can't describe him. I don't need to. I know—I know it was your brother."

"It must have been; and we have been sitting here—how many hours?"

"I did not know there could be anybody—who—had a right to come in."

"Such a night as this? Get away, Tip!"

Jack had risen, and thrown off his coat. Esmée saw him get down his snow-shoe rig. He pulled on a thick woolen jersey, and buttoned his reefer over that. His foot-gear was drying by the fire: he put on a pair of German stockings, and fastened them below the knee, and over these the India-rubber buskins which a snow-shoer wears.

"Tip had better have something to eat before we start," he suggested. He did not look at Esmée, but his manner to her was very gentle and forbearing; it cut her more than harsh words and unreasonable reproaches would have done.

"He seems to think that I have done it," she said to herself, with the instinct of self-defense which will always come first with timid natures.

Tip would not touch the food she brought him. She followed him about the room meekly, with the plate in her hand; but he shrunk away, lifting his lip, and showing the whites of his blood-rimmed eyes.

Except for this defect, the sequel of distemper or some other of the ills of puppyhood, Tip had been a good-looking dog. But this accident of his appearance had prejudiced Esmée against him at first sight. Later he had made her dislike and fear him by a habit he had of dogging his master to her door, and waiting there, outside, like Jack's discarded conscience. If chidden, or invited to come in, the unaccountable creature would skulk away, only to return and take up his post of dumb witness as before; so that no one who watched the movements of Jack's dog could fail of knowing how Jack bestowed his time. In this manner Esmée had come almost to hate the dog, and Tip returned her feeling in his heart, though he was restrained from showing it. But to-night there was a new accusation in his gruesome eye.

"He will not eat for me," said Esmée, humbly.

"He must eat," said Jack. "Here, down with it!" The dog clapped his jaws on the meat his master held out to him, and stood ready, without a change of countenance, at the door.

"Can't you say that you forgive me?" Esmée pleaded.

"Forgive you? Who am I, to be forgiving people?" Jack answered hoarsely.

"But say it—say it! It was your brother. If it had been mine, I could forgive you."

"Esmée, you don't see it as it is."

"I do see it; but, Jack, you said that I was not to open the door."

"Well, you did n't open it, did you? So it's all right. But there's a man out in the snow, somewhere, that I have got to find, if Tip can show me where he is. Come, Tip!"

"Oh, Jack! You will not go without—" Jack turned his back to the door, and held out his arms. Esmée cast herself into them, and he kissed her in bitter silence, and went out.

THESE two were seated together again by the fire in the same room. It was four o'clock in the morning, but as dark as midnight. The

floor in spots was wet with melted snow. They spoke seldom, in low, tired voices; it was generally Esmée who spoke. They had not been weeping, but their faces were changed and grown old. Jack shivered, and kept feeding the fire. On the bed in the adjoining room, as cold as the snow in a deserted nest, lay their first guest, whom no house fire would ever warm.

"I cannot believe it. I cannot take it in. Are you sure there is nothing more we could do that a doctor would do if we had one?"

"We have done everything. It was too late when we found him."

"How is it possible? I have heard of persons lost for days—and this was only such a few hours."

"A few hours! Good God, Esmée! Come out with me, and stand five minutes in this storm, if you can. And he had been on snow-shoes all day; he had come all the way up-hill from town. He had had no rest, and nothing to eat. And then to turn about, and take it worse than ever."

"It is an impossible thing," she reiterated. "I am crazy when I think of it."

Tip lifted his head uneasily, rose, and tapped about the room, his long-nailed toes rattling on the uncarpeted floor. He paused, and licked up one of the pools of melted snow. "Stop that!" Jack commanded. There was dead silence. Then Tip began again his restless march about the room, pausing at the bedroom door to whine his questioning distress.

"Can't you make him stay in the kitchen?" Esmée suggested timidly.

"It is cold in the kitchen. Tip has earned his place by my fire as long as I shall have one," said Jack, emphatically.

Down fell some crashing object, and was shivered on the floor. The dog sprang up, and howled; Esmée trembled like a leaf.

"It's only your little looking-glass," she whispered. There was no mystery in its having fallen in such a wind from the projecting log where Esmée, with more confidence than judgment, had propped it. In silence both recalled the light words that had passed when Jack had taken it down from its high nail, saying that the mirrors in his establishment had not been hung with reference to persons of her size; and Esmée could see the picture they had made, putting their heads together before it, Jack stooping, with his hands on her shoulders, to bring his face in line with hers. Those laughing faces! All smiles, all tremulous mirth, in that house had vanished as the reflections in a shattered mirror.

Jack got up, and fetched a broom, and swept the clinking fragments into the fire. The frame he broke in two, and tossed after them.

"Call me as soon as it is light enough to start," he said to Esmée.

"But not unless it has stopped snowing?"

"Call me as soon as it is light, please," Jack repeated. He stumbled as he walked, like an old man. Esmée followed him into the drear little kitchen, where a single candle on the table was guttering in the draft. The windows were blank with frost, the boards cracked with the cold. Esmée helped prepare him a bed on a rude bunk against the wall, and Jack threw himself down on his pallet, and closed his eyes, without speaking. Esmée stood watching him in silence a moment; then she fell on her knees beside him on the floor.

"Say that you can forgive me! How shall I bear it all alone!"

At first Jack made no answer; he could not speak; his breath came deep and hard. Then he rose on one elbow, and looked at her with great stern eyes.

"Have I accused you? You did not do it. I did not do it. It happened — to show us what we are. We are impossible. We have broken with all the ties of family. We can have no brother or sister — our brothers and sisters are the rebels like ourselves; the easy cynics, the reckless, the morbid, the insane; all who are tainted in reputation or maimed in character. Sooner or later we shall embrace them all. Anything healthy that comes near us must take harm from us. We are contamination to women and destruction to men. Poor Sid had better have come to a den of thieves and cut-throats than to the house of his own brother. He is dead through my sin. Now do you see what this means to me?"

"I see," said Esmée, rising from her knees. She went out of the room, closing the door gently between them.

Jack lay stretching his aching muscles in one position after another, and every way he turned his mind pursued him. The brutality of his speech to Esmée wrought its anguish equally upon him, now that it was too late to get back a single word. Still, she must understand, — she would understand, when she came to think — how broken up he was in mind and body, how insane for want of rest after that horrible night's work. This feeling of irresponsibility to himself satisfied him that she could not hold him responsible for his words at such a time. The strain he was supporting, mentally and physically, must absolve him if she had any consideration for him left.

So at length he slept. Esmée was careful not to disturb him. She had no need of bodily rest, and the beating of her heart and the ceaseless thinking went on and on.

"I am to be left here alone with it" — she glanced toward the room where the body lay

— "while he goes for help to take it to town. He has not asked me if I can go through with this. If I should say to him, 'Spare me this awful trial,' he would answer, — and of course he would be right, — 'There are only us two; one to go and one to stay. Is it so much to ask of you after what has happened?'"

"He does not ask it; he expects it. He is not my tender, remorseful lover now, dreading for me, every day, what his happiness must cost me. He is counting what I have cost him in other possessions which he might have had if he had not paid too great a price for one."

So these two had come to judge each other in the common misery that drove them apart. Toward daylight the snow ceased and the wind went down. Jack had forgotten to provide wood for Esmée's fire; the room was growing cold, and the wood supply was in the kitchen, where he slept. She sat still, and suffered mutely, rather than waken him before the time. This was not altogether consideration for him. It was partly wounded pride, and partly that humility of the flesh which comes of a moral scourging either through one's own or another's conscience.

When the late morning slowly dawned, she went to waken him, obedient to orders. She made every effort to arouse him, but in vain. His sleep was like a trance. She had heard of cases of extreme mental and physical strain where a sleep like this, bordering on unconsciousness, had been nature's cure. She let him sleep.

Seeing that her movements did not disturb him, she went cautiously about the room, trying, now in forlorn sincerity, to adapt herself to the necessities of the situation. She did her best to make ready something in the nature of a breakfast for Jack when he should at length awaken. It promised to be a poor substitute, but the effort did her good.

It was after noon before Jack came to himself. He had been awake some little time, and watching her, before she was aware of it. He could see for himself what she had been trying to accomplish, and he was greatly touched.

"Poor child!" he said, and held out his arms.

She remained at a distance, slightly smiling, her eyes on the floor.

He did not press the moment of reconciliation. He got upon his feet, and, in the soldierly fashion of men who live in camps and narrow quarters, began to fold his blankets, and straighten things in his corner of the room.

"If you will go into the sitting-room, I will bring in the breakfast, such as it is," said Esmée. Jack obeyed her meekly. The sitting-room fire had been relighted, and was burning brightly. It was strange to him to sit and see



her wait upon him. Stranger still was her silence. Here was a new distress. He tried to pretend unconsciousness of the change in her.

"It is two o'clock," he said, looking at his watch. "I'm afraid I shall be late getting back; but you must not worry. The storm is over, and I know every foot of the way."

"Did I do wrong," Esmée questioned nervously, "not to call you? I tried very hard, but you could not wake up. You must have needed to sleep, I think."

"Do you expect me to scold you every time I speak, Esmée? I have said enough, I think. Come here, dear girl. I need to be forgiven now. It cuts me to the heart to see you so humble. May God humble me for those words I said!"

"You spoke the truth. Only we had not been telling each other the truth before."

"No. And we must stop it. We shall learn the truth fast enough. We need not make whips of it to lash each other with. Come here."

"I can't," said Esmée in a choking whisper.

"Yes, you can. You shall forgive me."

She shook her head. "That is not the question. You did not do it. I did not do it. God has done it — as you said."

"Did I say that? Did I presume to preach to you?"

"If I have done what you say — if I have cut you off from all human relations, and made your house worse than a den of thieves and murderers, how can anything be too bad for me to hear? What does it matter from whom I hear it?"

"I was beside myself. I was drunk with sorrow and fatigue."

"That is when people speak the truth, they say. I don't blame you, Jack. How should I? But you know it can never be the same, after this, with you or with me."

"Esmée," said Jack, after a long and bitter silence, holding out his shaking hand, "will you come with me in there, and look at him? He knows the truth — the whole truth. If you can see in his face anything like anger or reproach, anything but peace, — peace beyond all conception, — then I will agree that we part this day, forever. Will you come?"

"Oh, Jack, you *are* beside yourself, now. Do you think that I would go in there, in the presence of *that* peace, and call on it for my justification, and begin this thing again? I should expect that peace would come to me — the peace of instant death — for such awful presumption."

"I did n't mean that — not to excuse ourselves; only to bring back the trust that was between us. Does this bitterness cure the past? Have we not hurt each other enough already?"

"I think so. It is sufficient for me. But men, they say, get over such things, and their lives go on, and they take their places as before. I want you to —"

"There is nothing for me — will you believe it? — more than there is for you. Will you not do me that much justice, not to treat this one passion of my life as — what shall I say? It is not possible that you can think such things. We must make up to each other for what we have each cost the other. Come. Let us go and stand beside him — you and I, before the others get here. It will do us good. Then we will follow him out, on his way home, as far as we can; and if there is any one in town who has an account with me, he can settle it there and then. My mother may have both her sons shipped home to her on the same train."

Jack had not miscounted on the effect of these words. They broke down Esmée's purer resolution with their human appeal. Yet he was not altogether selfish.

He held out his hand to her. She took it, and they went together, shrinkingly, into the presence of the dead. When they came out, both were in tears.

Late as it was, it was inevitable that Jack must start. Esmée watched him prepare once more for the journey. When he was ready to set out, she said to him, with an extreme effort:

"If any one should come while you are gone, I am to let him in?"

"Do as you think best, dear; but I am afraid that no one will disturb you. It will be a lonely watch. I wish that I could help you through with it."

"It is my watch," said Esmée. "I must keep it."

She would have been thankful for the company even of Tip, to answer for something living, if not human, in the house; but the dog insisted so savagely on following his master that she was forced to set him free. She closed the door after him, and locked it mechanically, hardly aware of what she did.

THERE is a growth of the spirit which is gradual, progressive, healthful, and therefore permanent. There are other psychological births that are forced, convulsive, agonizing in their suddenness. They may be premature, brought on by the shock of a great sorrow, or a sin perhaps committed without full knowledge of its nature, or realization of its consequences. Such births are perilous and unsure. Of these was the spiritual crisis through which Esmée was now passing.

She had made her choice: human love was satisfied according to the natural law. Now, in the hours of her solitary watch, that irrevocable choice confronted her. It was as a cup



of trembling held to her lips by the mystery of the Invisible, which says: Whoever will drink of this cup of his desire, be it soon, be it late, shall drain it to the dregs, and wring them out. Esmée had come very soon to the dregs of her cup of trembling.

In such anguish and abasement her new life of the spirit began. Will she have strength to sustain it, or must it pass like a shaken light into the keeping of a steadier hand?

She was but dimly aware of outward changes as the ordeal wore on. It had been pale daylight in the cabin, and now it was dusk. It had been as still as death outside after the night of storm, the cold relenting, the frost trickling like tears down the pane; but now there was a rising stir. The soft, wild gale, the chinook of the Northwest, came roaring up the peak — the breath of May, but the voice of March. The forest began to murmur and moan, and strip its white boughs of their burden, and all its fairy frost-work melted like a dream. At intervals in the deep timber a strange sound was heard, the rush and thump of some soft, heavy mass into the snow. Esmée had never heard the sound before; it filled her with a creeping dread. Every separate distinct pounce — they came at intervals, near or far, but with no regularity — was a shock to her overwrought nerves. These sounds had taken sole possession of her ear. It was hence a double shock, at about the same hour of early twilight when her visitor had come the night before, to hear again a man's feet in the trench outside, and again a loud knock upon the door.

Her heart with its panting answered in her breast. There was a pause while the knocker seemed to listen, as he had done before. Then the new-born will of the woman fearfully took command of her cowering senses. Something that was beyond herself forced her to the door. Pale, and weak in every limb, she dragged herself to meet whatever it was that summoned her. This time she opened the door.

There stood a mild-faced man in the dress of a miner, smiling apologetically. Esmée simply stared at him, and held the door wide. The man stepped hesitatingly inside, taking off his hat to the pale girl who looked at him so strangely.

David Bruce modestly attempted to give an accidental character to his visit by inventing an errand in that neighborhood.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said. "I was goin' along over to the Mule Deer, but I thought I'd just ask if Mr. Waring's brother got through all right yesterday evenin'. It was so ugly outside."

The girl parted her lips to speak, but no sound came. The light shone in her ashy face. Her eyes were losing their expression. Bruce saw that she was fainting, and caught her as she fell.

The interview begun in this unpromising manner proved of the utmost comfort to Esmée. There was nothing in Bruce's manner to herself, nothing in his references to Jack, that implied any curiosity on his part as to the relation between them, or the least surprise at their being together at the Dreadnaught. He had "spared the situation" with an instinct that does not come from knowledge of the world.

He listened to her story of the night's tragedy, which she told with helpless severity, almost with indifference, simply as if it had happened to himself.

He appeared to be greatly moved by it personally; its moral significance he did not seem to see. He sat and helplessly repeated himself, in his efforts to give words to his sorrow for the "kid." His vocabulary being limited, and half composed of words which he could not use before a lady, he was put to great inconvenience to do justice to his feelings.

He blamed himself and his brother for letting the young man go by their cabin on such a threatening day.

"Why, Jim and me we could n't get to sleep for thinkin' about him, 't was blowin' such a blizzard. Seemed like we could hear him a-yellin' to us, 'Is this the way to the Dreadnaught mine?' Wished the Lord we 'd 'a' said it wa'n't. Well, sir, we don't want no more such foolishness. And that's partly why I come. We never thought but what he *had* got through, for all we was pestered about it, or else me and Jim would 'a' turned out last night. But what we was a-sayin' this mornin' was this: Them folks up there ain't acquainted with this country as we be — not in the winter-time. This here is what we call snow-slide weather. Hain't you been hearing how things is lettin' go? The snow slumpin' off the trees — you must have heard that. It's lettin' go up above us, too. There's a million ton of snow up there a-settlin' and a-crawlin' in this chinook, just a-gettin' ready to start to slide. We fellers in the mountains know how 't is. This cabin has stood all right so far, but the woods above was cut last summer. Now, I want you to come along with me right now. I've got a hand-sleigh here. You can tuck yourself up on it, and we'll pull out for the Mule Deer, and likely meet with Mr. Waring on the way. And if there's a snow-slide here before morning, it'll bury the dead, and not the livin' and the dead."

At these words the blood rushed to Esmée's cheek, and then dropped back to her heart, leaving her as white as snow.

"I don't remember that I have ever seen you before," she said; "but I thank you more than I ever thanked anybody in all my life."

David Bruce thought of course that she was

going with him. But that was not what she meant. God, in his great mercy, had given her one opportunity. Her face shone. The spirit burned clear.

"This is my watch, you know. I cannot leave this house. But I don't think there will be a snow-slide. Things don't happen so simply as that. You don't know what I mean? But think a moment. You know, do you not, who I am? Should you think really that death is a thing that any friend of mine would wish to save me from? Life is what I am afraid of—long life to the end. I don't think there will be a snow-slide, not in time for me. But I thank you so much. You have made me feel so human—so like other people. You don't understand that, either? Well, no matter. I am just as grateful. I shall remember your visit all my life; and even if I live long, I doubt if I shall ever have a kinder visitor—even though I did almost faint when you first came. That was because I had been alone so long, with some dreadful thoughts for company. They are all gone now. I am much better for your coming, though you may think you have come for nothing. Now you must go before it gets too dark. You will go to the Mule Deer, will you not, and carry this same message to—there."

"I'm goin' to stop right here till Jack Waring gets back."

"Oh, no, you're not. You are going this instant." She rose, and held out her hand. She had that power over him that one so much in earnest as she will always have over one who is amazed and in doubt.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" Her thrilling voice made a sort of music of the common words.

He took her hand, and wagged it clumsily in a dazed way, and she almost pushed him out of the house.

"WELL, I'll be hanged if that ain't the meanest trick since I was born—to leave a little lone woman watchin' with a dead man in a cabin, with snow-slides startin' all over the mountains! What's the matter with me, anyhow? Seem to be knocked silly with her blamed queer talk. Heap of sense in it, too. Would n't think one of her kind would see it that way, though. Durned if I know which kind she is. B'lieve I'll go back now. Why, Lord! I must go back! What'll I say to Jim?"

David Bruce had gained the top of the road leading away from the mine before he came to himself in a burst of unconscious profanity. He could hear the howling of the wind around the horn of the peak. He looked up and down, and considered a second.

In another second it was too late—too late to add his life to hers, that instant buried beneath the avalanche.

A stroke out of a clear sky; a roar that filled the air; a burst of light snow mounting over the tree-tops like steam condensed above a rushing train; a concussion of wind that felled trees in the valley a hundred yards from the spot where the plunging mass descended—then the chinook eddied back, across the track of the snow-slide, and went storming up the peak.

*Mary Hallock Foote.*

## SEPTEMBER IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS.

ALREADY Winter in his somber round  
 Before his time hath touched these hills austere  
 With lonely flame. Last night, without a sound,  
 The ghostly Frost walked out by wood and mere;  
 And now the sumac curls his frond of fire,  
 The aspen-tree reluctant drops his gold;  
 And down the gullies the North's wild, vibrant lyre  
 Rouses the bitter armies of the cold.  
 O'er this short afternoon the night draws down  
 With ominous chill across these regions bleak;  
 Wind-beaten gold, the sunset fades around  
 The purple loneliness of crag and peak;  
 Leaving the world an iron house wherein  
 Nor love nor life nor hope hath ever been.

*William Wilfred Campbell.*



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

CACHES.

## HUNTING CUSTOMS OF THE OMAHAS.

### PERSONAL STUDIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

IN the life of the American Indian so much has ever depended upon the skill of the hunter that in the hazards of the chase he has sought supernatural aid to supplement his own inadequate powers; thus, in every tribe, we find rites connected with hunting carefully observed, and frequently forming an important part of the tribal ceremonies.

Mention has been made, in my previous papers, of the Indian's custom of retiring into the forest or to the mountain to fast, that there might come to him in a vision some manifestation of the powers of nature. Whatever appears in this vision,—beast or bird, or symbolic form,—the man makes diligent search for its natural counterpart, and secures it as an amulet; or, in some tribes, he makes a model in wood or stone, which he carries always with him, to bring the game near while he recruits his strength in sleep or needed rest. Songs also which come in dreams are believed to be able to beguile by their mysterious power the deer and the elk, and to entice the beaver to enter the trap; but notwithstanding this dependence upon the supernatural for aid, the Indian hunter does not neglect expedients of a very practical sort. He resorts to strategy: he covers

himself with the skin of a deer, and, fastening the branching antlers upon his head, creeps among the unsuspecting herd, and sends his keen arrow with fatal precision; he entices the eagle to its prey, beneath which he lies concealed; he brings the elk within his reach by imitating the cries of its young; he spreads honey before the covert where he hides waiting for the bear to be attracted by the fragrant bait; and in regions where the antelope and deer once abounded earth inclosures have been discovered into which it is probable the game was driven to meet a certain death. When hunting the buffalo no mystery-songs were used, as when trapping smaller game; no decoy calls, as for deer and elk. Success in taking the buffalo depended upon the skill and the supernatural favor received through the leader. The power otherwise gained through mystery-songs here came through a regular ceremonial in charge of a gens and an authorized leader, who became for the time being something of a priest.

The physical training of the hunter was a part of the education of every Indian boy, and different tribes had different modes of developing the powers of endurance. Among the Omahas

the youth were taught to run — not so much to run rapidly for a short distance, as to keep up an even pace for many miles; and the habit of careful observation was also inculcated. The runners' services on the tribal hunt were important: it was necessary for them to be able to travel far in search of the buffalo, and to return quickly, so that the tribe could go forward, and the hunters encompass the herd before it could move any great distance. They must also closely note the topography of the country as they ran here and there in search of the game, so as to be able to direct the tribe to the herd over the shortest route, which they might not themselves have traveled. They must also be constantly on the watch for tracks or signs of an enemy, lest they should bring the tribe into danger. It was not uncommon for these young men to run from seventy to one hundred miles within twenty-four hours, taking very little rest and food.

Among the Nez Percé Indians of Idaho a part of the training of the hunters and fishermen was to plunge into the river in mid-winter, and struggle with the ice and the rapid current. Many of these Indians believed that meat made a man short-winded, and some of the most noted hunters lived exclusively upon fish and roots. Two methods of strengthening the body were common in all tribes: enforced vomiting and the sweat-lodge bath. A concoction of herbs was taken as an emetic, or the result was reached by thrusting peeled willow twigs down the throat. This practice required considerable resolution, and was associated somewhat with the notion that a plan or purpose strongly conceived at the time of the operation would surely come to pass. Heaps of stones were raised where this ordeal took place, and the willow twigs used were inserted in a split pole firmly set in the center of the pile of stones, to remain as a memorial until the winds and the frosts of years should destroy the witness of the man's endurance. The sweat-lodge was a place of purification and physical refreshment. Water was thrown upon heated stones within the lodge, where the men sat crouching and perspiring in the steam; they afterward plunged into a running stream even in the winter season.

The strength of the hunter was often severely taxed, not only in the chase proper, but in encountering fierce animals by the way. The bear figures largely in hunting-tales told around the camp-fire to a group of interested listeners, among whom sits the boy longing for the time

to come when, like some well-remembered hero of the tribe, he shall be able to grapple single-handed with the powerful grizzly bear, and tear its fearful jaws asunder.<sup>1</sup> Men of great strength became famous, as the man who could carry three deer, one on his back and one with each arm; or he who, unaided, could bring an elk in from the forest.

In couples and in small companies the Indians hunted the deer, elk, and antelope; and while danger was always present, tragedies sometimes occurred in which neither wild beasts nor inimical tribes had part, but which arose from feelings and impulses common to human nature:

The following well-authenticated adventure took place in the last century. Two brothers loved the same woman. She favored the younger, but by some means the elder took her to wife. They were married in the fall of the year, and winter passed by, and one day in spring the brothers went forth to hunt together. Walking near the breaks of the Clearwater, the elder stopped to look over the edge of the cañon, where, a thousand feet below, the river glistened in the morning sun. Half-way down the rocky wall, upon a ledge that jutted out from the sheer face of the precipice, he saw a nest of young eagles. He called to his brother, who returned, and looked down upon the nest. "I know what I will do," he said; "I will make a rope." So the two set to work. They stripped the bark from young willows, and plaited it into a rope strong enough to hold a man. This done, they threw one end over the precipice to see if it was long enough to reach the nest; but it fell far short. Then they worked on, lengthening the rope until finally it rested upon the ledge. They agreed that one was to let the other down to secure the eagles. The elder tied the rope about his body, and the younger lowered him carefully until his feet were well on the ledge. As he walked along toward the nest he saw the rope suddenly tossed over the cliff; instinctively he steadied himself, caught the rope, and pulled it in. He was alone, with a precipice above and a precipice below, on a narrow ledge, with no living thing but himself and the half-grown eagles. By and by the old eagles returned, and, seeing the intruder, were inclined to be hostile; but the man was careful not to anger them, and when they went away again he secured a part of the game they had brought to their young. Days wore on, and the man's life was sustained by the food the old eagles brought;

<sup>1</sup> The niece of a noted Nez Percé Indian hunter, now a very old woman, relates that her uncle performed this feat, and her story is well corroborated in the tribe. Attacked suddenly by the huge animal, the man seized it with one hand by an ear, into which he

thrust his fingers, while with the other hand, at the expense of a thumb, he tore apart the muscles of the jaws, and left the helpless beast to die on the steep mountain-side.

but his distress from thirst was great, so he cleared out the little hollows in the rock to catch the rain, covering them carefully to prevent evaporation. The young eagles became accustomed to his companionship and the touch of his hand; but by and by the time came when they were ready to fly, and death looked the lonely man in the face. He resolved to make an effort to reach the ground. He had hidden his rope in a crevice in the rock to keep it from drying; he now tied it firmly about his body, fastening each end strongly to an eagle, leaving sufficient length between the birds and himself to give full play for their wings. He reasoned that if the eagles were not able to fly with his weight, they would break his fall by their endeavors to save themselves. At all events, it was death to remain upon the ledge after they had gone. When all was ready, with his bow and quiver fastened upon his back, he pushed the wondering eagles off their nest over the cliff, and they bore their strange burden down, down the cañon, and finally, weary with their enforced flight, alighted upon a tree at the bottom. The man took a feather from each of his preservers, and released them; then he swung himself down through the branches to the ground, and, taking the shortest trail to his home, came upon his brother and his wife sitting together outside the tent. It took but a moment to send an arrow through the unsuspecting man who had so cruelly betrayed him; then, confronting the woman, in intensity of hope he asked, "Are you glad I have come?" She was silent, but her face told him the truth, and a second arrow pierced her heart. Her body fell over the prostrate form of the younger brother before any one in camp realized that he who had long been given up as dead had returned to avenge his grievous wrongs.

The wild animals of the country were to the Indian the symbols of the permeating life of the universe, and as such were objects of his reverent wonder; but they were also actually necessary to his existence, and he slew them. Every bird or beast killed by him served only for food, clothing, or ceremonial. Long centuries of his occupancy of the continent had not lessened the vast herds of buffalo, or driven the bear and cougar to the fastnesses of the mountains; but with the advent of our race came the trader, who looked upon the game as a source of revenue, and the Indian was induced to slay for new motives—motives which have been potent in crushing out his ancient arts and customs.

In the early settlement of the country the men who traded with Indian hunters not only influenced the relations between different tribes, but affected the attitude of the tribes toward the colonies, and toward the government itself. During the Revolution the British traders rallied

the Indians under his control to the cause of the king, as in like manner, at an earlier date, the French trader had turned certain tribes against the English. For nearly two centuries Indian traders kept alive on this continent the rivalry of foreign nations, playing Indian against Indian, and Indian against white man. Their influence was potent in the border disputes, both prior to 1812 and during the war of that year, as well as in the later controversies over the Canadian boundary line and on the North Pacific coast, where Indian tribes became involved in wars with us and with each other upon issues foreign to the Indians themselves.

The political importance of making the traders directly responsible to the government was early recognized by the United States. In 1795 Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the purchase of goods to be sold to the Indians under the direction of the President; and in the following year Washington suggested the establishment of trading-houses, which Congress afterward authorized. For twenty-five years these "factories" were under the charge of a superintendent of Indian trade, with headquarters at Georgetown, D. C. The government then retired from direct business contact with the Indian hunter, leaving the field to private individuals or companies legally licensed. Treaties made with various tribes bear ample testimony to the extent and importance which the trade in pelts had assumed. A large proportion of the money received by Indians from the sale of their lands passed directly to the trader for "debts." And these "debts" in several instances led to new cessions, and the consequent removal of Indians from their old homes. Thus the Indian hunter has played no small part, directly and indirectly, in bringing about the present conditions of his race.

The customs of tribes living in the country over which the buffalo roamed were largely influenced by the habits of this animal. Its movements in vast numbers necessitated the adoption of elaborate rules to systematize the hunt, so as to prevent a few men, while securing their own supply of food, from scattering the herd beyond the reach of the many, thus leaving the greater part of the tribe to suffer from hunger.

The Omaha hunting-grounds lay between the Platte and the Niobrara rivers, and extended from the Missouri nearly to the present western boundary of the State of Nebraska. Upon the south lay the land of the Pawnees; to the west dwelt the warlike Padoukas; the Dakotas hunted to the north of the Niobrara River, and often trespassed upon the tempting Omaha range, when warlike encounters were sure to take place. Upon their extensive range the Omahas often traveled many hundred miles



from the time they left their village by the bluffs of the Missouri until they returned to it laden with the trophies of their annual chase.

When on the hunt the position of the Omaha tents in the tribal circle, or Hoo-thu-ga, was in the order of their gentes or clans. The Hun-ga gens had charge of two sacred tents, which stood a short distance in front of the lodges of this gens; the one nearest the opening of the Hoo-thu-ga had red spots painted on the tent-cover, representing the buffalo-wallow, and it contained the pole; the other, upon which cornstalks bearing ears were painted, contained the hide of a white buffalo cow, and it was from this tent, in the spring, that kernels from a red ear of corn were distributed to the families of the tribe as a signal that the time for planting had arrived. Later, when the corn was well up, and it had been hoed twice, preparations for the tribal hunt were in order.

The office of leader of the hunt was held in great honor because of its grave responsibilities, which demanded a man of high character and recognized ability. He must be of undoubted valor, a good hunter, a man reverent and just. The entire tribe was placed under his control, the principal chiefs acting as counselors, but complying with his instructions. He directed the march of the people, and selected their camping-places; he chose and despatched the runners in search of the buffalo, and organized and directed the hunt when the game had been found. If the tribe encountered enemies, he was the leader of the warriors, taking his place at the post of greatest danger, and he was held responsible for everything that occurred, from the successful pursuit of the buffalo, and the health and welfare of the people, down to the quarreling of children and dogs.

He who desired to fill the office of leader was required to procure a buffalo-hide from which the hair had been removed, a crow, a golden and a bald-headed eagle, a shell disk, a quantity of sinew for thread, a red-stone pipe

with its flat stem ornamented with porcupine-quill embroidery, and a kettle. These he presented to the Hun-ga gens, through the keepers of the two sacred tents, after he had been appointed to the office by the chiefs. If there was no candidate for the position, the chiefs appointed a man from a sub-gens of the In-kae-tha-bae gens.

The leader having been secured, the principal chiefs, with the newly appointed leader, met in council to decide upon the time of moving out, and the direction to be taken upon the annual hunt. Before the sun was up the food to be used at this council, which must be either buffalo-meat or maize, had been cooked. As the sun rose, the sacred pipes were filled, during the chanting of the appropriate ritual by a member of the In-shta-sunda gens.<sup>1</sup> At this council every man wore an entire buffalo-hide, the hair side outward, the head upon the left and the tail upon the right arm, and sat with bowed head and arms crossed over the breast, this attitude bringing the robe upon the head like a hood. No feathers were worn, and no ornament or article pertaining to war was allowed in the tent. When the council was seated, the sacred pipes were smoked, being passed with much ceremony by two bearers from the Thatada gens—one pipe starting from the head chief, and the other from the official herald, who sat directly opposite at the other side of the lodge. The smoking was in silence, with bowed heads, and after the circle had been completed by both pipes they were handed to the keeper of the ritual, who alone had the right to clean them. Much circumspection was used in handling the pipes, for if by any chance they should fall, death would come to the man who caused the accident.<sup>2</sup> The council was opened by the head chief, who mentioned the terms of relationship between himself and each one present; each man, as he was designated, responding by the term of assent or approval, "Hough!"<sup>3</sup> He then discoursed upon the duties and obliga-

<sup>1</sup>The two sacred tribal pipes in charge of the In-kae-tha-bae gens were always used together. Each had a bowl of red catlinite, and upon the bare, flat stem of one were seven woodpecker heads tied on in line; these represented the seven chiefs comprising the oligarchy. The stem of the other pipe, also flat, was ornamented with porcupine embroidery and one woodpecker head with its bill opened and the upper mandible turned back; and falling from the under side of the stem was a tuft of buffalo hair. This single woodpecker's head represented the unit of authority. As indicated in the mythology of the tribe, the woodpecker was associated with the sun. For the unanimity of authority, see *THE CENTURY* for January, 1893, page 441 *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup>This misfortune happened to the last keeper of the ritual; he died within a fortnight, and the ritual died with him. This man had two sons, to whom the ritual would have been intrusted; but they were hasty of

speech and action, and the father hesitated to place within their keeping so sacred a charge. While he hesitated death overtook him, and this ancient ritual, requiring several hours to recite, and containing much of linguistic historical value (as many of its words and phrases have long been obsolete), is now forever lost to the student. It may be interesting to note in this connection that the sub-gens in the In-shta-sunda gens, to which this tribal ritual was confided, survives in only two representatives—a father and son.

<sup>3</sup>Indian custom forbids the mentioning of a person's name in his presence, and no one is ever so addressed. The only exception to this rule among the Omahas is in this particular council to fix the time for the hunt, when the head chief, speaking to the two men from the Thatada gens, calls upon them by name to pass the sacred tribal pipes.

tions of chiefs, and the gravity and importance of the subject they had met to consider, and called upon his associates for their opinions. If, since the last council of this nature, any chief had given way to violence, he did not speak lest he should bring disaster on the people. So long as he remained silent his unchief-like conduct would bring trouble only upon himself, whereas any official act might transfer it to the people. After all who desired had spoken, with long intervals of silence, the chosen leader was called upon; his words were generally the consensus of all the others. If there was any difference of opinion, the men must remain in council until unanimity was reached. The official herald then went out and proclaimed the day of departure, while the chiefs remained in their bowed attitudes, and partook of the sacred food served in seven wooden bowls, which passed successively four times around the circle of the company, each man taking a mouthful from a black horn spoon, no one being allowed to touch the food with anything else, not even with his fingers. The sun must go down before this ceremony could be closed and the chiefs could lift their heads (which had remained bowed during the entire council) and go out to their homes. The day for starting out, once fixed, could not be changed, as it would be a lie, and Wakanda would be angry.

Throughout the village the bustle of preparation would set every one stirring, from the old grandfather looking over his odds and ends of possessions, and the busy housewife putting the surplus food and family treasures into rawhide packs and storing them in caches, down to the children and dogs running hither and thither in the way of everybody. The entire tribe was expected to go out, with the exception of the very old and the sick, who remained at home protected by a few warriors left behind for that purpose.

On the appointed day the boys are off by dawn, scouring the hills, and driving in the ponies, and the sun rises on the busy scene of breaking camp. The first to move out is the leader; he advances slowly, carrying no weapons, but only the *wa-sha-bae*, or staff of his office, its feathers fluttering in the morning breeze.<sup>1</sup> He walks apart in reverent supplication for power to guide the people aright, and lead them by a peaceful way to the prosperity of success.

Then the keepers of the two sacred tents start out with their charge, and decorum marks

the movements of those bearing the pole and the white buffalo-hide in its pack. Care is taken by the families which follow next in line not to press too closely; for, should anything brush against the consecrated articles, disaster would ensue, unless at the first halt the offending thing should be brought with a gift to the sacred tent containing the thing profaned, and there be sprinkled by the keeper with warm water thrown from a spray of artemisia.

Thus led by those dedicated to religious service, the tribe leaves its village, the people by families dropping into line — men, well mounted, bearing their weapons ready for use; women, in gala dress, riding their decorated ponies, older ones leading the pack-horses; little children in twos and threes upon the backs of steady old nags, or snugly stowed away in the swinging pouch between the tent-poles; and the dogs trotting complacently everywhere. Here and there along the line of the cavalcade is a lad being initiated into individual responsibility. He has been upon the hunt before, as one of the family, but this is the first step toward going independently, uncared for as a child. The father has lassoed a wild horse, saddled and bridled him, and now bids his son mount the animal. The boy hangs back; the colt is a fiery creature, and already restive under restraint. The father tells his son that the horse shall be his own when he has conquered it, but the lad does not move. The lookers-on are smiling, and the cavalcade does not wait. "Get up," says the father. The boy slowly advances, and the colt quickly recedes; but the boy, grasping his mane, swings himself into the saddle. The father lets go, and so does the colt — rears, jumps, wriggles, humps his back like an infuriated cat, stands on his fore legs and kicks at his own tail, paws the air and stamps the earth; but the boy clings to him until with a sudden jerk the saddle-girth is broken, and he is landed over the head of the excited creature, which runs for dear life and liberty. Brought back, protesting by twists and shakes of his head, he is again mounted, and again frees himself. After two or three repetitions of this sort of thing, the boy becomes angry, and the mother grows anxious. She runs to her son as he is scrambling up from the ground, feels him all over, and moves his legs and arms to see if he is hurt. He is impatient at the delay; he is going to master that pony now or die, for it. This time he stays on. In vain the animal lashes himself into foam

<sup>1</sup> The *wa-sha-bae* is a staff, or badge of office, about eight feet in length, shaped like a shepherd's crook. It is cased in buffalo-hide dressed without the hair, and sewed together with threads of sinew. At the end of the crook hangs a bunch of white feathers from

the bald-headed eagle, and along the staff are fastened golden-eagle and crow feathers. The materials for the *wa-sha-bae* are furnished by the leader, but the Hunga gens alone has the right to manufacture it.

and fury; the boy sticks to him like the shirt of Nessus, and the father at last leads the indivisible pair between the tent-poles which trail behind a sophisticated family horse, and there, fenced in, they journey all day, trying to get used to each other. The pony does not see his way out of the poles, and is forced to keep up with the procession. At the first halt strife is renewed. The pony jumps over a nest of children slung between tent-poles, and rouses the ire of the dogs. With them at his heels, and the boy on his back, he is an object of terror as well as of mirth to the camp. He goes where he likes. All the boy can do is to hold on; but hold on he does, until at nightfall he dismounts without the aid of the pony. The animal recognizes this as a defeat, and the struggle is over. An admiring uncle presents the boy with a whip, the handle of which, decorated in porcupine-quill work, is terminated by a tassel of elk teeth; and thenceforth he rides his pony with the pride of a conqueror, while the pony himself prances along as if he too were proud of his own part of the performance.

Many similar scenes occurred along the line of march, when more than a thousand men, women, and children, with many more ponies and colts, stretched out over the prairie. The line was guarded on both sides by warriors appointed by the leader to act as soldiers, whose office was not simply to protect, but to prevent any slipping out on a private adventure of any sort.

At the close of a day's journey, at a point designated by the leader, the tribe halted, the tent-poles dropped from the sides of the ponies, and each woman, according to the gens of her husband, set up her tent in its relative position in the Hoo-thu-ga, which shaped itself with marvelous precision and rapidity. The girls ran to the creek for wood and water, men and boys unpacked the ponies and staked them outside the camp, and in an incredibly short time smoke rose from the numerous tents, and the evening meal was ready for the tired multitude.

If it was decided to continue the journey on the morrow, the smoke curled up from the circle of tents beneath the morning stars, and breakfast was over before the half-opened eye of the sun on the horizon line looked along the prairie upon the pleasant scene. Pack-horses were waiting for their loads; the youngsters were impatiently running here and there, intent upon the performance of their little parts. Tent-pins had been loosened, the fronts unfastened, and outside each tent stood a woman grasping the long poles that held the smoke-flaps. The impatient, fluttering canvas broke the slanting sunlight, and every one watched the tent of the leader. When that fell, down dropped the tent covering of the entire camp,

and the naked poles stood stark against the brightening sky, with the busy hives beneath, where all were at work tying up bundles and babies and other items of the family belongings.

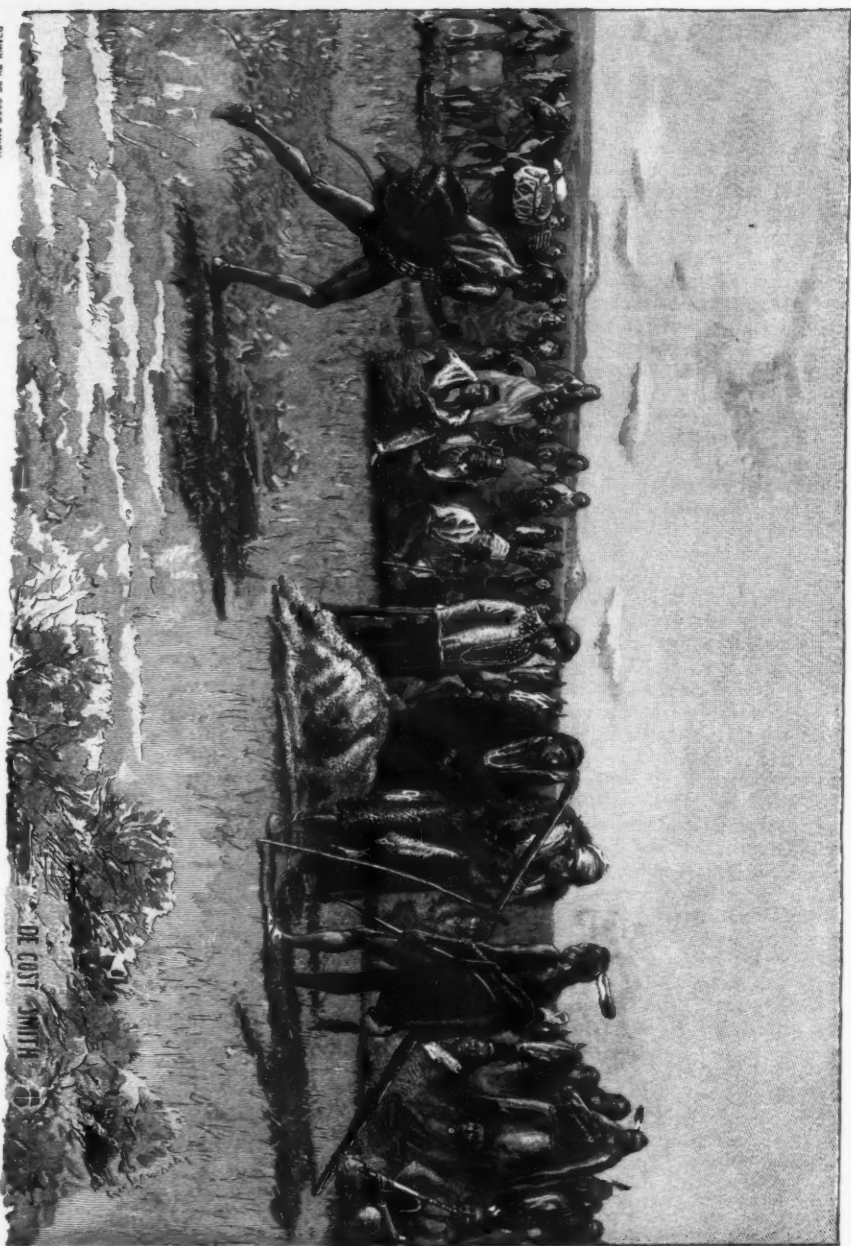
When the leader judged that the buffalo were not far off, he selected a number of young men swift of foot and cautious in action, the sons of noted persons, and sent them out as runners to find the game. The herd found, they hastened back, and, coming in sight of the tribe, signaled the people by peculiar waving movements of their robes. If the tribe chanced to be moving, an immediate halt was ordered, and if the signals indicated a favorable report, the wife of the keeper of the pole, wearing the buffalo-robe ceremonially (with the hair outside), took the pole upon her back, and the wife of the keeper of the white buffalo-hide, similarly clothed, took its pack, and the two together went out to meet the runners, who were coming in one at a time. The official herald, also ceremonially clothed, went with them. Arrived beyond the line of the camp, they halted, and the women set up the pole and the pack on their respective supports, and the herald, stepping in front of the pole, sat down with crossed arms and bowed head. The foremost runner arrived and whispered to the pole, over the shoulder of the herald, then stepped aside to the right. A second runner approached and repeated the tidings. Meanwhile a messenger had sped to the leader, who immediately retired to his tent, and remained there until he heard the herald making his way toward the sacred tent of the white buffalo-hide, shouting as he went:

"It is reported that smoke is rising from the earth as far as eye can reach!"

Then the leader also went to the tent to meet the Hun-ga, who had already gathered there with the seven principal chiefs and the herald. Within the sacred tent the chiefs sat with bowed heads, while the leader gave his commands to the herald. The hunters were to go forth; two men were designated to precede the hunters, one to carry the wa-sha-bae, the other the pipe to which the shell disk had been tied;<sup>1</sup> and the herald left the tent, turned to the left, and circled the camp, calling out as he went, in the name of the leader, the command:

"You are to go upon the chase; bring in your horses.

<sup>1</sup> This pipe and the shell disk were provided by the leader when a candidate for the office; the pipe is smoked with religious ceremonial in the sacred tent by the leader, the Hun-ga, and the principal chiefs. The leader did not go personally to the hunt proper, but sent the wa-sha-bae as the badge of his office, and the pipe to symbolize his dependence upon Wakanda; in a word, the two stood for the temporal and spiritual power of his office.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

THE RETURN OF THE RUNNERS.

DE COST SMITH

ENGRAVED BY C. H. CHADWICK.



"Braves of the In-stha-sunda, Hun-ga-chey-nu,<sup>1</sup> pity me who belong to you!

"Soldiers of the In-stha-sunda, Hun-ga-chey-nu, pity me who belong to you!

"Women of the In-stha-sunda, Hun-ga-chey-nu, pity me who belong to you!"

If the buffaloes had been descried at a distance, the women with the pole and the hide stood in their places until the tribe was ready to move, and then they, with the seven principal chiefs, wearing their robes ceremonially, led the advance to the designated camp. If, on the contrary, the runners had detected the herd in the near vicinity, the women returned to their respective sacred tents, and the soldiers rode about the camp enjoining silence and holding the excitement in check, ordering all dogs to be tied up. If the dogs should bark they must be killed, and if the boys should shout they must be whipped by these officers of the law.

In silence the hunters make ready, every one helping to speed their departure. Each man is attended by one or two mounted boys who lead the fast hunting-horses and the steady old ones to bring in the meat. The bearers of the wa-sha-bae and the pipe are the first to leave the camp, going on together until they come within sight of the herd, where they dismount and sit waiting for the hunters to come up. The soldiers are also there to prevent any one from passing beyond. When all have assembled, the hunters divest themselves of their clothing, with the exception of the breech-cloth and moccasins, toss their discarded garments to the attendant boys, mount their fresh, fleet horses, and are ready to follow the wa-sha-bae and pipe bearers, who now advance, running against the wind, diverging from each other, and, one going to the right and the other to the left, passing entirely around the herd. The hunters, in two parties, follow. When the two bearers meet, the wa-sha-bae is thrust into the ground and the pipe tied to it; this is the signal to the soldiers, who give the word "Go!" and the hunters, with shouts and yells, rush upon the bewildered buffaloes from all sides, shooting, and driving the herd toward the camp. Up to this time, if any one had broken from the ranks, the soldiers would have scourged him back by a whip of small cords on his bare body.<sup>2</sup>

Two boys appointed by the leader have been sitting at the spot where the hunters divided, waiting for the signal of attack.\* As soon as the

first buffaloes fall they rush toward them, dodging in and out among the men and animals, and in a peculiar manner cut out the tongues and hearts. When they have secured as many as they can string upon their bows, they start for the camp, running a race to the sacred tent of the buffalo-hide, where they deposit their burden, which is to be cooked and eaten at a ceremony to take place that night. Four times during the annual hunt these boys, on foot, with unstrung bows and no arrows, must perform their hazardous task to provide for this repeated ceremony.<sup>3</sup>

The day's hunt over, mingled emotions excited by its changing scenes still linger, to be revived again and again around the camp-fire. The sunlight and shadow on the rolling prairie where the peaceful herd is grazing; the unsuspected environment of the horsemen; the sudden wild tumult of the onslaught; the trampled grass covered with the dead and dying; here a wounded bull shielding with his huge body the frightened cow from a persistent hunter who has spent his quiverful of arrows upon the faithful guardian, and now waits a chance to send his last shaft into the coveted game; yonder the crying calves, seeking their lost mothers — these scenes, compelled by man's necessity, exercise no small influence upon the mind of the Indian, binding, as they do, life and death together in one inexorable bond, and tincturing his thought with a tinge of fatalism. But the practical work of securing the results of the chase is now all-absorbing.

No man was in haste to claim his game the moment it fell, because his arrows had some peculiarity in their decoration by which they could be identified, and later his bullets were marked. The Omahas were expert hunters, and many a man could boast of having sent an arrow clean through one buffalo to lodge in a second beyond.

The flaying and cutting up of the animal takes place upon the field, and the meat and pelts are packed upon the ponies in charge of the boys. The method of skinning and dividing the buffalo, elk, and deer is according to fixed rules: there are twelve cuts, four specified ones, with the hide, belonging to the slayer of the animal. The first man who comes to assist in the cutting up of the game is entitled to his choice of two of the remaining pieces, with the exception of "the breast," which is always the

<sup>1</sup> In-stha-sunda, Hun-ga-chey-nu, are the names of the two sides of the Hoo-thu-ga. This was the manner of addressing the entire tribe. The cry, "Pity me who belong to you," was an appeal to the honor and compassion of the people to avoid all dissensions and imprudences that might bring disaster, since any trouble would fall upon him, the leader, who by virtue of his office represented the people, suffered for them, and was responsible for their welfare even to the sacrifice of his own life.

<sup>2</sup> These soldiers were men known to be intrepid and impartial; no leniency was shown to any one breaking the rules of the hunt; any resistance to the soldiers was severely punished, and cases have occurred where a hunter has been so severely whipped as to be paralyzed.

<sup>3</sup> If one of these boys is seen running toward a fallen buffalo, the slayer of it may not touch his game until the heart and tongue have been secured, as they are to serve a sacred purpose.





DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

THE HUNTERS DIVIDING INTO TWO PARTIES TO CIRCLE THE HERD OF BUFFALO.

ENGRAVED BY H. HARRIS.

property of the last to give his services. This disposition of the pieces gives opportunities to the poor and the luckless to obtain provision for themselves and their families. If a hunter has borrowed a horse or a weapon, half of his share must go to the owner.

Women never go upon the hunting-field

preferred because of its weight, and the animal is cut and flayed differently from the others.

The tribe was absent upon its hunting expedition about two months, during which time there were many separate hunts,—always four, if possible,—and they were all conducted in the same ceremonial manner.<sup>1</sup> After each



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

AN OMAHA INDIAN.

unless to assist a childless husband in taking care of the game. After the laden ponies have reached the camp, the duties of the women begin in the preservation of the meat. They cut the hind quarters into thin slices, and hang them upon frames to dry; the muscle over the ribs is cut in strips, dried, and braided; and when the meat is well cured pemmican is made. The drying or tanning of the skins then requires attention: the summer pelts are used for moccasins, clothing, and tent-covers; for robes and for bedding only the winter skins are used. For the latter purpose the hide of the bull is

hunt the men whose tribal duty it was to serve the sacred tents went out and brought in the wa-sha-bae and the pipe, and delivered them to the leader. When the final hunt was over the wa-sha-bae was left standing in the ground. Its purpose accomplished, it became meaningless.

The annual hunting expedition was full of vicissitudes; the journeys and the camp gave opportunities to the young folk for sports and friendly intercourse not possible at other times. The invisible line dividing the In-stha-sunda

<sup>1</sup> The Omaha hunted the buffalo in this manner on foot before the introduction of horses.

side of the Hoo-thu-ga from the Hun-ga-chey-nu was very clearly defined in the eye of the small boy; it was dangerous to cross that line—it could not be done without a skirmish. If a lad was sent with a message to the opposite side of the camp, his first duty was to collect a strong body-guard; and even with that he sometimes failed to fight his way through. When these juvenile battles waxed too violent, the timely approach of a soldier would cause a scurry to cover to escape his inexorable whip. Good-natured kicking-matches often occurred, in which no boy could kick below the waist, or use his hands either for offense or defense. When outside the camp circle these belligerent boys would join in an amicable chicken-hunt, roasting their game and having a love-feast in some cozy nook beside an improvised camp-fire.

During the journeys it was interesting to note how many saddles would slip on the horses of the young women, and how instantly young men appeared to adjust them, and how exceedingly slow was the operation; or to observe the frequency with which, in the movements of the multitude, certain couples would happen to be thrown together. The shadow of ever-impending danger seemed never to fall upon the young. War-parties might fall upon the people as they traveled, or the camp be attacked, or the horses stampeded; so it behooved the elder man to be always ready, unencumbered, as he rode, of all but his weapons.

When disasters were frequent, or sickness or dissensions came among the people, and there was much trouble, they appealed to the chiefs, saying: "The way is bloody; give us another leader"; and the man was obliged to retire from the office: the favor of Wakanda was not with him. Sometimes the buffalo was hard to find, and the people suffered for food; this also gave cause to depose the leader.

During a certain hunt a half-century ago, the runners could find no buffaloes, and there was nothing to eat. The crying of the hungry children went to the hearts of the chiefs, and sent them to the sacred tent, where, in their ceremonial robes, with bowed heads, they counseled together to find a new leader. They sent for man after man, but no one would take the responsibility. Finally one of the chiefs, noted as a quiet, reverent man, said without raising his head, "It is very hard, but I accept it." At dawn he ordered the camp to go forward and meet the buffalo, while he remained behind

wrapped in the skin of a buffalo calf. No one was there to know what appeals he made, clad in this strange guise, as he wrestled in faith for his people; but the tribe had not gone more than a few miles when they came in sight of a herd. The people made haste to be ready; but the buffaloes came upon them in such numbers that the hunters slew them right and left all that day, until they had more meat than they could cure, and the flies appeared in such swarms that they call the spot to this day "the place where the maggots frightened us."

This leader has been dead forty years. His name and story were told me ten years ago by trusty Indians who knew the man, and shared not only in this experience, but in a similar one when this same man again came to the relief of the tribe. He never served as leader except in such extremities. Occurrences like these threw a glamour about the office of leader, and seemed to give miraculous testimony to the truth of the Indian's belief that whatever happened to a man was in some way the result of his character; consequently, if a man assumed official responsibilities, any good or ill fortune which befell the people was due to the personal relation between their leader and Wakanda. For instance, a man was once leader, and the tribe had nothing but ill fortune under him. After he had been deposed it was discovered that he had committed a murder which had never been atoned for,<sup>1</sup> and this explained to them why no good thing could come to the people through such a man.

The hunts over, the tribe turned homeward; and when within about four days' march of their village the annual ceremony of thanksgiving took place. Sometimes friendly tribes would hunt together, when the invited Indians would fall into the customs, and be present at the public religious ceremonies, of the tribe.

Hunting the deer, elk, or other solitary game, while it developed individual prowess, did not call for associated effort, and consequently had little, if any, influence on the growth of the organization of the tribe; on the other hand, the habits of the buffalo were such as to invite and necessitate the combined action of the people depending upon it for their food. As a result, the tribes living in the buffalo country reached a higher social organization than those outside its limits. The Omaha tribe bore proof within itself that its government had been modified and developed since it came to dwell within the range of the buffalo. From the supremacy of the warrior

<sup>1</sup> Murder was atoned for in two ways: by large and valuable gifts, which were bestowed with certain ceremonies upon the near of kin of the deceased by the offender and his immediate relatives; or else the murderer must suffer exclusion from the tribe for a term of years, living apart, sewed up in hide, and not permitted

to speak to any one but his wife, who could share his exile. He could wear nothing that might wave in the wind, since such movements would attract the attention of the spirits, and trouble that of the man he had murdered.



DRAWN BY DE COET SMITH.

AN OMAHA HUNTER.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

chief it passed to the rule of an oligarchy, in which the attainment of a place was dependent upon the accumulation of property; and those chiefs who reached this high position ceased to be warriors, and became the conservers of peace. The laws which grew up around the buffalo hunt, bred of the exigencies of the tribe and the habits of the animal, were based upon the recognized fact that the rights of the whole people were greater than those of the individual. These laws bore equally upon all, and the Indian comprehended that the con-

tinued existence of the community rested upon the impartial execution of them. It is one of the peculiarities of the American Indian that in grasping the idea of the authority of law, he did not centralize and embody it in a despotic form, but kept it in the ideal, as something to be administered by him only who possessed the requisite ability.

The study of Omaha hunting reinforces the testimony given by other races as to how great a factor the method of obtaining the food-supply has been in the development of social order.

*Alice C. Fletcher.*



## THE MOON-FLOWER.

THE sun has burned his way across the sky,  
 And sunk in sultry splendor; now the earth  
 Lies spent and gray, wrapped in the grateful dusk;  
 Stars tremble into sight, and in the west  
 The curvèd moon glows faintly. 'T is the hour!  
 See! Flower on flower the buds unfold, until  
 The air is filled with odors exquisite  
 And amorous sighs, and all the verdurous gloom  
 Is starred with silvery disks.

Oh, Flower of Dreams!—

Of lover's dreams, where bliss and anguish meet;  
 Dreams of dead joys, and joys that ne'er have been;  
 Keenest of all, the joys that ne'er shall be!

*Julia Schayer.*

## THE NATIONAL MILITARY PARK.

(EMBRACING THE CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA BATTLE-FIELDS.)



THE Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park, which is to be dedicated with imposing ceremonies on September 19 to 21, is the first project of its kind in any land. Some of its distinguishing features have been followed upon other fields, but as a whole it has no parallel.

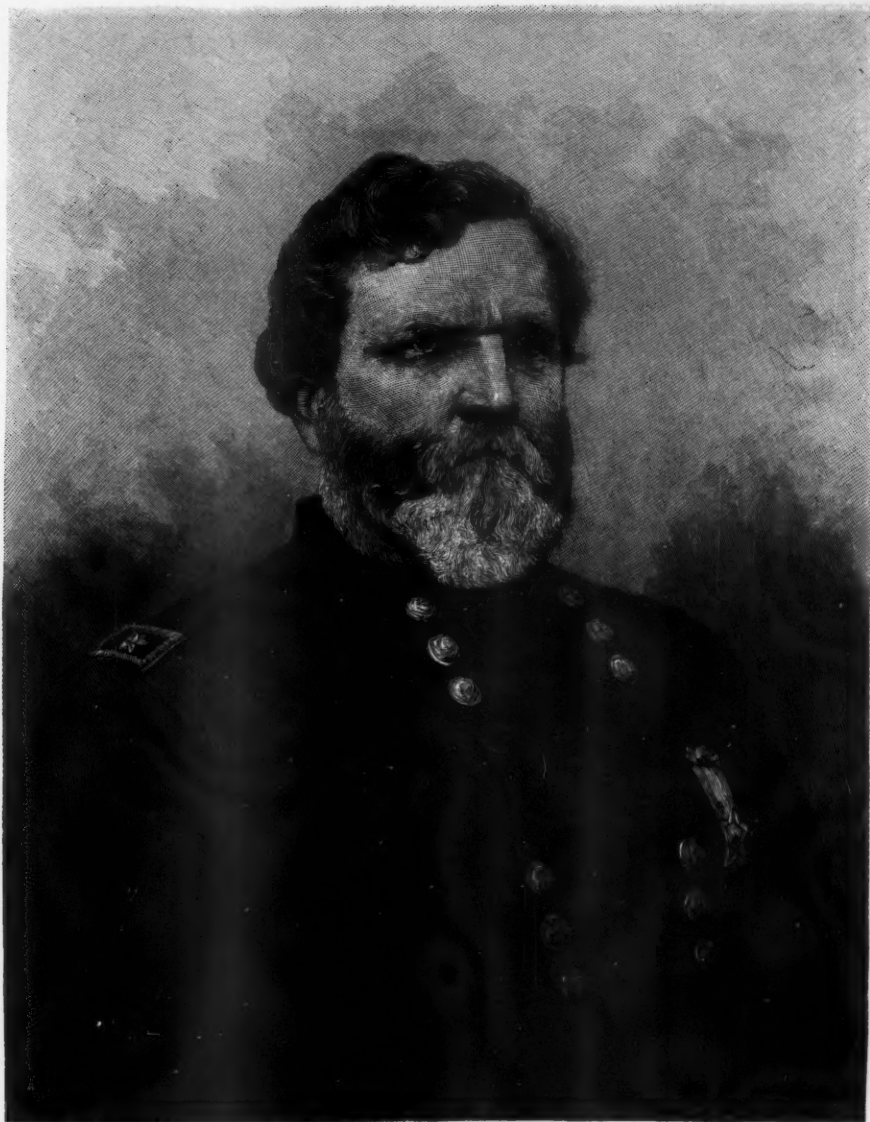
The main body of the park embraces the battle-field of Chickamauga. The legal boundaries, as authorized by Congress and ratified by the States of Georgia and Tennessee, contain fifteen square miles, of which eleven have already been acquired. About 5000 acres of the latter, or eight square miles, are forest, and of this 3500 acres have been so cleared of underbrush and the smaller timber that carriages may be driven through every portion of the tract.

Besides the main body of the park, there is now included a tract—Orchard Knob—of

about seven acres and a half, which was at first the strongest point of the Confederate lines through the center of the plain about Chattanooga, and, after its capture, Grant's and Thomas's headquarters during the battle of Missionary Ridge. A considerable area about Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge has been purchased, and also a jutting spur, a mile or more farther north, which commands a view of those central slopes of the ridge which the Army of the Cumberland assaulted. The ground of Sherman's assault and of Hardee's defense at the north end of Missionary Ridge has also been purchased. In Lookout Valley, upon Hooker's battle-ground, several sites for monuments have been acquired, and Congress has given authority to buy enough of Lookout Mountain to illustrate fully Hooker's bold assault upon that stronghold and Walthall's brilliant defense.

In addition to the lands here specified, the





ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS, U. S. A. ("THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA").

Government has acquired by cession the roads along the entire length of Missionary Ridge and over Lookout Mountain, and most of those by which both armies reached and left the Chickamauga field. These are known as approaches, and many miles of them have been improved in the most substantial manner. About forty-five miles of these roads have been completed. The Government has no-

where built roads of such extent equal to these.

The municipal and county authorities at Chattanooga have improved the main avenues from the city to their junctions with the park roads, and by formal action have granted permission for the erection of monuments, markers, and historical tablets at convenient points in and about the city. Many such have already

been set up in the city. The practical result of this liberal action has been virtually to add to the National Park the entire city of Chattanooga and its surroundings, which were all a part of great battle-fields. The central drive of the park, extending along the crest of Missionary Ridge upon Bragg's line of battle from Tunnel Hill to Rossville, and thence through the Chickamauga field to Bragg's left at Glass's Mill, is twenty miles, and eighteen miles of it are completed. From these elementary dimensions the magnitude of the park project will sufficiently appear.

The battle-fields, either within the park or along the approaches, the lines of which will be marked by monuments, historical tablets, and the location of batteries at the fighting positions of artillery, are Chickamauga (three days' operations), Wauhatchie, Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold, one of the approaches of the park extending from the Chickamauga field to the latter town. These battles comprised eight days' operations, in five of which great armies were engaged. The infantry organizations under Rosecrans at Chickamauga numbered only two less than those under McClellan during the Seven Days' Battles, while Bragg's infantry regiments were only three less than those on the Confederate side in the engagements on the Peninsula; and when Sherman's and Hooker's troops arrived at Chattanooga, they added eighty-eight regiments to the Union strength.

Standing upon the point of Lookout Mountain, the eye plainly follows twelve miles of battle-lines from Wauhatchie to Sherman's left beyond the north point of Missionary Ridge. Starting at Glass's Mill (which, as to the infantry, was the Confederate left and Union right in the battle of Chickamauga), it is a drive of twenty-two miles to Sherman's point of crossing the Tennessee for his attack on Missionary Ridge at Tunnel Hill. The cavalry lines extended much farther on the Glass's Mill flank. The entire route is over battle-fields. Four miles of it are through the ground of the heaviest fighting at Chickamauga. Seven miles lie directly along Bragg's final line of battle on Missionary Ridge.

These facts will make clear the extent of the military operations which it is the purpose of the park project to illustrate fully upon the exact ground where they occurred.

For this extended government work Congress has already appropriated \$725,000. The States have added \$400,000 for monuments and the expenses of their commissions.

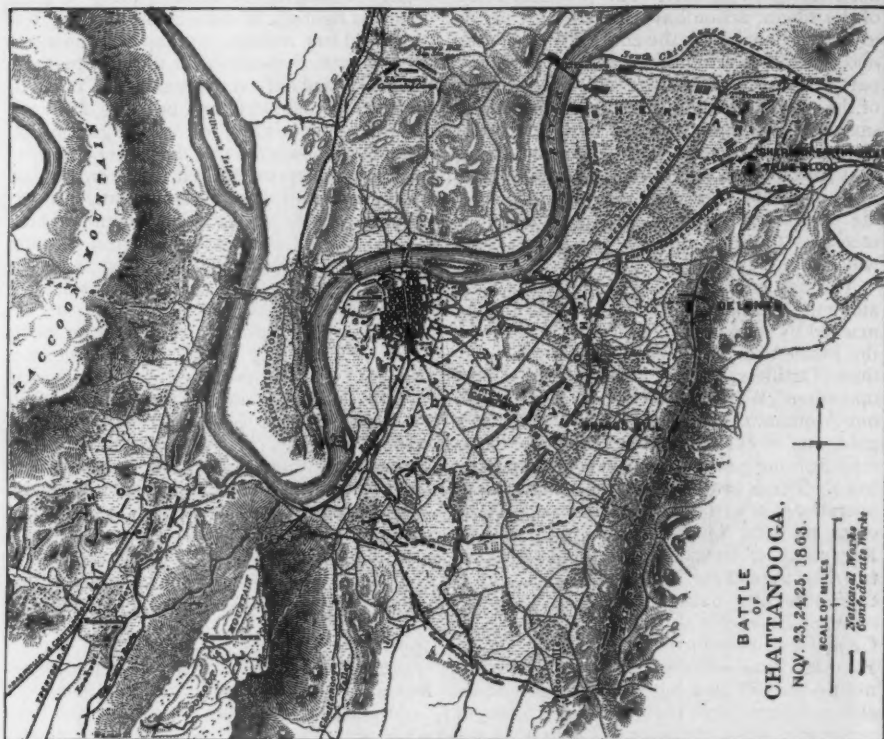
It is not a park in the sense of being an ornamented pleasure-ground. Its objects are simply the restoration of battle-fields, so far as possible, to their condition at the time of the

engagements, and the erection along the lines of actual fighting, of such comprehensive historical tablets, monuments, and other markers as shall make it possible for a visitor to trace the movements of every organization down to the units of regiments and batteries, from the opening to the close of the engagements. When it is considered that the great operations thus fully illustrated embraced the crossing of a wide river and three mountain-ranges in the enemy's country, scaling a lofty mountain held by the enemy in force, assaulting and carrying a formidable ridge five miles in length, much fighting in the open field, engagements in force in extensive forests, Longstreet's assaults on Snodgrass Hill (lasting throughout an afternoon), the opening of river communication (which had been closed by the enemy posted on Lookout Mountain), the siege of a city, and the raising of that siege by defeating the investing army, it will be seen that such an object-lesson illustrating actual battle has never before been set up on the world's theater of war.

Union and Confederate lines are marked with equal care. The same exhaustive study is given to the positions and movements of the one as to those of the other. There are historical tablets for armies, wings, corps, divisions, brigades, and batteries. Upon these plates appear the names of the commanders of each organization, and text setting forth the movements at all points where they were engaged.

An impressive feature of marking the lines is the restoration of the field batteries on each side at the several points where each was engaged. The guns are such as were actually used in the war, and those selected for each battery are of the same patterns as the guns which composed it. These are mounted on cast-iron carriages which in design are a reproduction of those used on the field. Including the duplication of batteries which fought at several positions, there will be over four hundred guns thus mounted on the Chickamauga field alone. Siege-pieces will be put up on Lookout Mountain and at several points about Chattanooga.

Imposing markers of large shells are erected on the spots where those exercising the command of a general officer were killed. These are eight in number, four for Union and four for Confederate officers. Three lofty steel observation towers rise above the forests on the Chickamauga field at its most prominent elevations. These are in sight of one another and of Lookout Mountain, and of two similar towers on Missionary Ridge. Thus the relative positions of all points of the great field are seen at a glance, as well as the mountain-ranges and the rivers which reveal the outlines of the grand strategy of each army. From these



MAP OF THE NATIONAL MILITARY PARK NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

NOTE: This map and the Chickamauga map on the opposite page show the positions of the opposing troops in the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. The maps may be compared conveniently by taking Rossville, at the lower margin of the left-hand map and at the upper left-hand corner of the right-hand map, as the key-point.

The reservations at Chattanooga, as indicated by the black rectangles, are: Orchard Knob (Grant's headquarters), 7.4-10 acres; Bragg's Hill (or

headquarters), 2 x 2 acres; De Long's, 5 x 4 acres; and Trueblood, 50 acres. The National Cemetery lies between Bragg's Hill and the city.

On the field of Chickamauga the heavy continuous line marks the boundaries of the land actually secured for the National Military Park, while the heavy dash line, which on the east follows the banks of Chickamauga Creek, indicates the legal limits within which additional land may be acquired.

towers the tactical movements of the battles can be followed to the smallest details.

Union and Confederate movements and fighting are set forth with absolute impartiality. The controlling idea upon which it was founded, and which has shaped every feature of the project, has been to restore and preserve the accurate history of these famous fields, and by the means employed to illustrate the prowess of the American soldier in battle.

Twenty-five States, including all the Southern States, have commissions at work assisting the National Commission in locating the fighting lines of their troops. Half of them have ascertained these positions, and their States have made liberal appropriations for monuments. Seventy-nine monuments and fifty granite markers are now in place. One hundred and six monuments and one hundred and fifty granite markers are under contract to be finished and set up before the dedication.

As the park itself is something entirely new in military history, and would be an impossible scheme in any other country, so the national dedication, authorized by act of Congress, and to take place during the present month under the direction of the Hon. Daniel S. Lamont, Secretary of War, will be an event without precedent, and one which would not be possible under any other government than ours. To this dedication, by express authority of Congress, the three coördinate branches of the Government have been invited, and each will be prominently and impressively represented. Under the same authority, Secretary Lamont has invited the Governors of all the States with their staffs, the Lieutenant-General of the Army and the Admiral of the navy, and lastly, and with still greater significance, the attendance of all veterans, both Union and Confederate. Including the dedication of State monuments and the reunion of the Society of the Army of the





Cumberland, to which all other army societies will be invited, the ceremonies will continue a week. The park dedication proper will occupy two days and two evenings, during which there will be four public assemblages. These will be

addressed by the most prominent public men of the nation and by noted veterans of the opposing armies. Thus it will be seen that, in every element, both the project and the event of dedication are essentially national.

*H. V. Boynton.*

## THE BALLAD OF CHICKAMAUGA.

BY Chickamauga's crooked stream the martial trumpets blew;  
The North and South stood face to face, with War's dread work to do.  
O lion-strong, unselfish, brave, twin athletes battle-wise,  
Brothers yet enemies, the fire of conflict in their eyes,  
All banner-led and bugle-stirred, they set them to the fight,  
Hearing the god of slaughter laugh from mountain height to height.

The ruddy, fair-haired, giant North breathed loud and strove amain;  
The swarthy shoulders of the South did heave them to the strain;  
An earthquake shuddered underfoot, a cloud rolled overhead,  
And serpent-tongues of flame cut through and lapped and twinkled red,  
Where back and forth a bullet-stream went singing like a breeze,  
What time the snarling cannon-balls to splinters tore the trees.

"Make way, make way!" a voice boomed out, "I'm marching to the sea!"  
The answer was the rebel yell and Bragg's artillery.  
Where Negley struck, the cohorts gray like storm-tossed clouds were rent;  
Where Buckner charged, a cyclone fell, the blue to tatters went;  
The noble Brannan cheered his men, Pat Cleburne answered back,  
And Lytle stormed, and life was naught in Walthall's bloody track.

Old Taylor's Ridge rocked to its base, and Pigeon Mountain shook;  
And Helm went down, and Lytle died, and broken was McCook.  
Van Cleve moved like a hurricane, a tempest blew with Hood,  
Awful the sweep of Breckinridge across the flaming wood.  
Never before did battle-roar such chords of thunder make,  
Never again shall tides of men over such barriers break.

"Stand fast, stand fast!" cried Rosecrans; and Thomas said, "I will!"  
And, crash on crash, his batteries dashed their broadsides down the hill.  
Brave Longstreet's splendid rush tore through whatever barred its track,  
Till the Rock of Chickamauga hurled the roaring columns back,  
And gave the tide of victory a red tinge of defeat,  
Adding a noble dignity to that hard word, retreat.

Two days they fought, and evermore those days shall stand apart,  
Key-notes of epic chivalry within the nation's heart.  
Come, come, and set the carven rocks to mark this glorious spot;  
Here let the deeds of heroes live, their hatreds be forgot.  
Build, build, but never monument of stone shall last as long  
As one old soldier's ballad borne on breath of battle-song.

*Maurice Thompson.*



## LIFE IN THE TUILERIES UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.

BY AN INMATE OF THE PALACE.



IN December, 1852, Napoleon III. was proclaimed Emperor. A month later, in January, 1853, the announcement of his marriage to Eugénie de Montijo astonished the world, and none more than his most faithful and devoted adherents, among whom were the whole family de Tascher de la Pagerie, his oldest friends and relatives.

The Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie, first cousin to the Empress Josephine, had been called to the court of Napoleon I. when scarcely more than a boy in years, and soon became a great favorite, not only of Josephine, but also of the great Emperor himself, whom he followed in his campaigns, though more especially under the command of his cousin, Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, son of Josephine by her first marriage with the Comte de Beauharnais, who was guillotined in the Revolution.

The affection of both Napoleon and Josephine for the spirited and chivalrous young officer survived their divorce, and at the time of Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise the young Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie was betrothed, with the Emperor's approval, to the Princess Amélie von der Leyen, daughter of the mediatized<sup>1</sup> Prince von der Leyen. The marriage took place, but under particularly disastrous circumstances.

It may be remembered that the ball given by the Austrian ambassador, Prince Schwarzenberg, in honor of the imperial nuptials, was the scene of a frightful catastrophe. The hangings of the ball-room having caught fire, the flames spread to the whole building, and many victims perished, among whom were the Princess Schwarzenberg herself and the Princess von der Leyen, both in the attempt to save their daughters. The Princess Amélie was dancing with her future husband when the fire broke out. He at once placed her in safety, returning to seek her mother, who, meanwhile, had been taken away from the ball-room, but, like the Princess Schwarzenberg, rushed back into the flames to find her daughter. A burning beam had fallen on her, and when found

her condition was absolutely hopeless. She was extricated with the greatest difficulty; the heat around her had been so intense that the silver setting of her diamonds had melted into the burned flesh! Strange to say, a few flowers of a wreath she wore had escaped the flames, and the writer of these pages has often seen them, set in a frame under a portrait of the unfortunate princess, in the bedchamber of her daughter. She lived two or three days in fearful suffering, but insisted on the marriage ceremony taking place at once: and in the presence of the dying mother, who had sacrificed her life for her daughter's safety, was Amélie von der Leyen united to Louis de Tascher de la Pagerie.

The fall of the First Empire destroyed the brilliant prospects of the young pair. Louis XVIII. offered an important post at his court to the Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie; but imbued with the principle expressed in his family motto, "*Honori fidelis*," he rejected all advances, even from those who, as legitimate possessors, filled the throne of the Emperor to whom he had sworn allegiance, and chose to follow his cousin Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, who, having married a princess of Bavaria, had elected Munich as his residence in exile. The sister of Prince Eugène, Hortense (who was separated from her husband Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland), had accepted the title of Duchesse de Saint-Leu, and wandered from one place of residence to another with her two sons, the younger of whom was afterward known as Napoleon III.

Louis de Tascher remained on terms of the greatest affection and intimacy with the ex-queen, and after the death of her brother Prince Eugène he became her most trusted friend and counselor. His sons and daughters, who were often invited to stay at Arenenberg on the Lake of Constance, where she finally resided most habitually, were the playfellows of her sons in their childhood, and the friends of Louis Napoleon when, by the death of his elder brother, he became the head of the Bonaparte family, and the representative of what they held to be their rights. The light-hearted girls and merry boys of the de Tascher family brought some

<sup>1</sup> The mediatized princes of the Holy Roman Empire had yielded their petty states by the Rhine treaties,

but retained the social rank and privileges of independent sovereigns.

life to the too quiet home of Queen Hortense, where the future Emperor, always absorbed in thought, was then, as in after life, a gentle dreamer, scarcely roused to a smile by the vivacious ways and lively jests of his young cousins; who, as they afterward acknowledged, could not help even then feeling inwardly a sort of awe in his presence, as in that of a superior being.

When the end of Queen Hortense drew near, she summoned the Comte de Tascher to her bedside to receive her last instructions and hear her last wishes. He it was who attended to all that was needful after her death, who obtained from the government of Louis Philippe the requisite permission to bring back the remains of the exiled queen to her native land, and who followed them to their last resting-place at Reuil, near Paris. There was, consequently, a strong tie of affection, confidence, and respect between Prince Louis Napoleon and his mother's trusted friend and counselor. When his strangely varied fortunes brought him to that supreme position which he had always anticipated in what seemed idle dreams, he immediately called the Comte de Tascher and his surviving son to his bachelor court at the Elysée, the ladies of the family remaining temporarily at Munich.

The Comte de Tascher had always felt the importance of a suitable marriage for Prince Louis Napoleon, and had greatly exerted himself to negotiate several which he approved, and which had been nearly concluded. One, in the early youth of the prince, with the Princess Mathilde, his cousin, sister of Prince (Jerome) Napoleon, had been settled by family arrangements, but was broken off after the failure of the Strassburg conspiracy. Other negotiations undertaken by the Comte de Tascher personally, in the hope of obtaining the hand of several German princesses, had fallen through in consequence of the ill will of their respective courts.

The Comte de Tascher still hoped, nevertheless, that the rising fortunes of the prince, now President of the French Republic, would finally conquer all difficulties; but the mere idea that, as Emperor (a destiny which all foresaw), he would marry the beautiful Spanish girl with whom, as President, he flirted at Compiègne never seriously dwelt in the mind of the devoted friend of early days. When, immediately after the proclamation of the Empire, the intentions of the new Emperor were communicated to the Comte de Tascher and his son, they were so painfully astonished that they warmly remonstrated as to the complications which would be added to his already difficult position by the act of raising to the throne of France a private gentlewoman, however attractive she might be, without consulting the will of the nation. They

even declared that, if he did so, they would leave him and return to Germany.

The Emperor would listen to no expostulations, and made a strong appeal to their feelings of old friendship and personal attachment, to induce them not only to welcome his bride, but to accept the two most important posts in her future court. The General, Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie, was appointed "Grand Master of the Empress's Household," and his son, then called Count Charles, "First Chamberlain."

The Empress was fully aware of their conscientious opposition to her marriage, which, naturally, caused some constraint at first; but her own sincere nature soon appreciated the noble and chivalrous character of the old count, and the honest devotedness of his son, when once they had given their allegiance. The ladies of the family then came to the Tuileries, where apartments were provided for them, and where the Emperor received them on their arrival with the most unaffected kindness, recalling heartily old times and bygone memories.

The Comte Charles de Tascher de la Pagerie had already inherited the title of duke through his German mother, from her uncle the Duke of Dalberg, Prince-Primate of Germany; but his deep respect for his father had prevented him from taking precedence as duke till, at a later period, the count himself insisted on his doing so — when a decree, signed by the Emperor, authorized the Comte Charles de Tascher de la Pagerie to bear henceforward the title of duke.

To prevent confusion I shall at once use the title, although, chronologically, it was not yet adopted. Three years had elapsed since the arrival of the family at the Tuileries, when I was informed that the future Duchesse de Tascher de la Pagerie wished to meet with a lady, accustomed to good society, who would be capable of entirely filling her place by her daughters, and who would constantly be their friend and guide. She would be governess only in the court sense of the function, not as teacher, but as governing their education, superintending their studies, directing their reading, and accompanying them wherever they went. The German lady who had begun their education was about to be married, and the elder daughter being now sixteen, it was thought desirable to make a new choice, with a few modifications as to requirements. Some of my friends had thought of proposing me to fill this exceptional post. The circumstance that members of my family were intimate with cousins of the de Tascher family would, it was considered, facilitate an introduction.

Finally, after much discussion, I was taken to the Tuileries, and presented to the duchess. The sentinels — the servants in imperial liv-

ery — had made me feel sufficiently nervous, but when I entered the private apartments occupied by the family, and, after passing through lugubrious dark passages with lamps in midday, suddenly found myself in broad daylight, and within the rooms which, I was informed, would be mine if matters were favorably settled, my alarm increased to a painful degree. I felt that a new life, quite unknown, was opening before me; and its very brilliancy was startling to one who had always lived in retirement. My future pupils came forward to meet me; the elder, a blooming girl of sixteen, as fresh as a rose, but more womanly in appearance than I had expected, and with the graceful ease of manner which indicates the habit of general society; the younger, a pretty child of eleven, shyer than her sister. The rooms, plainly furnished in bright chintz, looked comfortable and homelike.

After a few minutes of general conversation, the door suddenly opened, and the duchess came in quickly,—a tall, graceful figure, very commanding in appearance,—the court lady from head to foot, very beautiful, and most elegantly dressed. Being very near-sighted, she drew close to me, with half-shut eyes, and peered down very much as if she were trying to find a fly on the carpet; but in the conversation that followed after we had resumed our seats her manner was most courteous, and even a little embarrassed through the evident fear of giving offense by expressing her wishes too plainly. Altogether, she left upon me the full impression of that considerate good-breeding which is generally, but not always, the characteristic of distinguished rank. I remained, however, some days in doubt as to my final acceptance, being told by my friends that, although everything had been found very satisfactory, there was some hesitation on account of my youth, the position being one of absolute trust, which was thought to require the experience of riper years. However, other applicants, although older than I, seemed to present fewer guarantees. I was, therefore, finally engaged; and I hope I may be permitted to add that the decision never caused any regret.

It was late in the afternoon when, on the appointed day, I entered the palace where I was fated to reside for nine years — during the most prosperous time of the Second Empire. As yet all was unknown, therefore necessarily uncertain, and the nervous anxiety that I could not repress, though only natural under the circumstances, was a very disagreeable beginning. Some married daughters of the Comte de Tascher, with their children, were on a visit to their father, and the whole party came to my apartments soon after my arrival, escorted

by the duchess, who introduced me. They encouraged me with so much unaffected good-nature and friendliness that I felt somewhat comforted, but fully recognized the truth of their parting remark, as they went off laughingly: "You will feel happier a week hence." As they left me, I was told to dress quickly, as "mon père" had military habits, and was mercilessly punctual; so, giving my keys to the confidential maid sent to assist me, I begged her to select what I ought to wear, hastily changing my attire according to her instructions. A fresh ordeal now awaited me—presentation to the Comtesse de Tascher, Princesse Amélie von der Leyen, the *Durchlaucht*, or Serene Highness, as the German servants always called her. My pupils came to fetch me, leading the way down a dark, narrow, winding staircase, then through a wide passage paved in white and black marble, and through folding-doors, which my elder pupil opened, drawing back courteously, to leave me full precedence. I then entered a large, handsome room, hung with pictures and richly furnished, where stood a group of ladies elegantly dressed; one of whom, the duchess, came forward immediately and led me to a dignified elderly lady, seated in a deep window, whose features at once reminded me vividly of all the historical portraits of German princesses I had seen in picture-galleries. Next I made my obeisance to her husband, the General, Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie, one of the most distinguished men in appearance that I had ever seen, whose eagle eye and aquiline profile recalled the Duke of Wellington. There was no time for conversation, the folding-doors being thrown open and dinner announced.

The large, handsome dining-room where the numerous members of the family took their seats, the servants in and out of livery, the display of plate, and all the ceremony of a formal dinner-party, although no strangers were present, made me feel more than ever like a poor little sparrow which had strayed alone into an aviary of tropical birds. Conversation was general and very animated; I was seated next to the (Princesse) Comtesse de Tascher, who from time to time spoke to me kindly, and urged me to partake of the dishes handed about. When the dinner was concluded, all rose and moved to the door, where they stood in two lines while the *Durchlaucht* passed out first, the others following her in couples, my pupils coming last. I was then allowed to retire, for this first evening, and was thankful to do so after taking leave of the visitors, who were returning to Germany by the night train.

The next morning, of course, I found the family much reduced in number, when I went down to the *déjeuner*, or luncheon, and al-

though the same stateliness was observed in the arrangements, everything looked less formidable. The countess asked me kindly, "Are you less afraid of us now?" and the count, with smiling benevolence, inquired if my first night at the Tuileries had brought pleasant dreams. The duke was *de service*, or "in waiting," so I scarcely saw him, but he too welcomed me cordially, telling me "not to spoil his girls."

After luncheon my two pupils and their brother, then a schoolboy of fifteen,<sup>1</sup> led me through the various rooms, pointing out the historical portraits of the Bonapartes and the Beauharnais: those of the princes and princesses allied to their family; the portrait of their great-grandmother the unfortunate Princess von der Leyen, and the flowers which she had worn at the fatal ball; also the portrait of the Prince-Primate of Germany, Duke von Dalberg, from whom their father inherited his title, and proudly explained the privilege of the Dalbergs to be knighted at the coronation of the Emperors of Germany, where the herald called three times, "Ist kein Dalberg da?"<sup>2</sup>

Then they showed me many treasures kept in handsome cabinets. One interested me particularly — a large, plain gold ring containing the hair of Marie Antoinette, a thick lock of lovely golden hair, braided into a close plait, not the rich auburn hue of the Empress Eugénie's, but a sweeter, paler color, usually seen only in childhood.

We then returned to our apartments, where the day was spent in putting all that I had brought with me in due order, and the evening at the opera, where I accompanied the Comtesse Stéphanie, an unmarried sister of the duke, who lived at the Tuileries. We went in one of the Emperor's carriages, with coachman and groom in imperial livery, for which the police made room when needful. "*Livrée de l'Empereur!*" — this sufficed to cut through all files of carriages, and to pass everywhere, when proclaimed by the coachman in sonorous tones. We were conducted to the box called *de service*, devoted to the household, passing before bowing officials, and much stared at by spectators.

The next day was Sunday, with mass in the imperial chapel; but on Monday I began fully the duties of my position, which I soon found was no sinecure, though made as pleasant as possible by the friendly kindness and courtesy of all about me. But from the moment when I was awakened in the morning till a late hour at night there was not an interval of time to spare. The two girls being of to-

tally different ages, the professors, classes, lectures, etc., were also totally different; so my days were spent in rushing out with one, and then rushing back to take the other somewhere else. I was on foot in all kinds of weather, which the duchess considered necessary for the health of my pupils; but as I had two journeys to make the fatigue was doubled. During these lectures, etc., I had to take notes incessantly, and to prepare the work of the girls. Often I was obliged to dress in ten minutes for a dinner-party, because some professor had unduly prolonged his lesson. The constant mental strain, added to the physical fatigue, was almost more than I could endure, and my health suffered so severely that I greatly feared the impossibility of continuing such an arduous task. In the evening there were dancing-lessons three times a week; one at the English Embassy, from which we returned at a late hour, and two others at the Tuileries in the apartments of the Duchesse de Bassano, our next neighbor. On the remaining evenings I frequently accompanied the (Princess) Countess or the Comtesse Stéphanie to theaters or operas, which, though very agreeable, added considerably to the overwhelming fatigue of the day. As to my own private correspondence, I was obliged to write necessary letters often very late at night, to the great indignation of the duchess, who rightly declared that I was wearing myself out; but I had no other resource. But as time went on matters happily became easier; and after the marriage of my elder pupil to Prince Maximilian von Thurn und Taxis, my task was considerably diminished. The work of the first year, however, was absolutely crushing.

I had seen the Empress Eugénie pass by in her carriage more than once before I entered the Tuileries, and although I could not but think her beautiful, still, like most of those who saw her only under such circumstances, I had no idea of her real attractions. A few days after my arrival at the palace, as I was crossing the large courtyard with the future Princess von Thurn und Taxis, I suddenly saw her stop short and perform the court courtesy, — a downward plunge instead of the usual bend, — while the sentinel presented arms as she hastily whispered; "*L'Impératrice!*"

There was the Empress, standing before us at a large window on the ground floor, a vision robed in pale blue silk; the sun, forming a sort of halo around her, rested on her hair, which seemed all molten gold. I was absolutely startled, and my impression was that I had never before seen such a beautiful creature. I fully understood at that moment the enthusiasm which I had supposed to be exaggerated. Her face was beaming with smiles as she recognized

<sup>1</sup> Now Duc de Tascher de la Pagerie, and head of the family.

<sup>2</sup> "Is there no Dalberg here?"





ENGRAVED BY H. G. TIETZE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO.  
EMPERESS EUGÉNIE IN SPANISH MANTILLA.

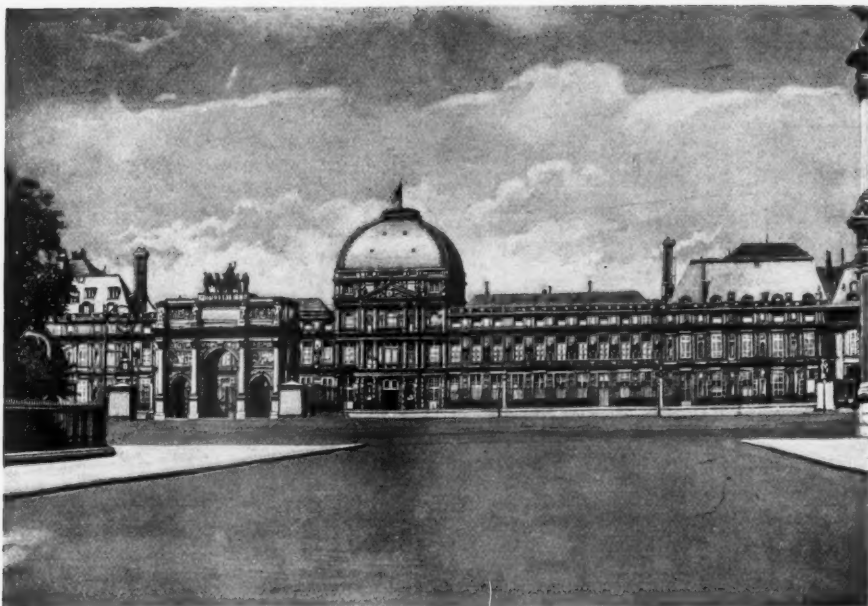
my pupil, to whom she nodded with the most unpretending good-nature. I remarked, after we had passed on, that I had supposed her hair to be of a darker hue, whereupon I was told not to judge till I had seen her in the shade instead of the sun.

I soon had an opportunity of seeing her in the chapel, as she passed before me on her way to the imperial gallery, bareheaded, as was her custom when not in the lower part of the building, where she condescended to wear a bonnet; and now her hair looked a dark, rich chestnut color, instead of the golden shade, like ripe wheat, which I had seen before. The habit which the Empress had adopted of wear-

ing no covering on her head during the Sunday high mass was a sore grievance to the clergy, who in vain quoted the instructions of St. Paul addressed to women. But she listened to no remonstrance; as, indeed, was usually the case when anything suited her fancy or her convenience.

The opportunities of seeing the Empress were of almost daily occurrence when she was at the Tuileries; for although we inhabited another part of the palace, she passed before our windows in her carriage when she went out for her usual drives, and in the lower part of the chapel we were placed very near to her seat. The unfortunate Archbishop of





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE TUILERIES FROM THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL.

Paris, who was shot during the Commune, usually attended the imperial mass, and was so near to me that the golden tassels of his vestment rested upon the desk of the pew where I knelt with my pupils and Mesdemoiselles de Bassano. The Empress, who was just before us with the Emperor (and at a later period with the Prince Imperial), never forgot, as she rose from her knees to go down the aisle, to turn toward our group with a gracious smile and bend; the deep courtesy in reply was not easy to perform in the narrow space allotted to us.

The first time that I was able to see the Empress in private life was at St. Cloud, where the de Tascher family occupied a villa adjoining the palace, with an entrance to the private grounds, of which we had a key.

One evening I had taken a drive with the duchess, and on our return she had gone into the garden with her elder daughter to enjoy the fresh air, requesting me to order the lamps for the drawing-room. I had just laid my hand on the bell when I heard a voice asking for the duchess, and, the door suddenly opening, I saw a lady standing in the entrance. Supposing her to be a visitor from Paris, I immediately went toward her, begging her to come in while I called the duchess, who was in the garden; but I saw some hesitation, and although the room was nearly dark a ray of moonlight resting on her face revealed the

Empress Eugénie. I was startled, and hardly knew what I ought to do, so paused for a moment; whereupon she hastily took flight, closing the door. I ran to the duchess, saying: "Madame! The Empress is here!" She hastily came forward, when the door opened again, and the Empress, accompanied by the Duc de Tascher and a numerous suite, came in quickly, with extended hands, which the duchess kissed. She had previously run on alone, leaving the others behind her, and in the anteroom had asked the servant on duty if the duchess was at home, wishing to surprise her. The man, who was half asleep, sprang to his feet with evident trepidation; on seeing which she exclaimed, "Do you know me?" "Certainly. I have the honor of knowing Your Majesty." "Oh! how tiresome!" she cried ("*Comme c'est ennuyeux!*"); "everybody knows me!" She then hastily opened the door before her, and saw that I too recognized her, on which she flew to the duke, saying: "Tascher! Tascher! I cannot go in—there is a strange lady!" He answered, laughing, that he thought he knew who that strange lady must be, and that Her Majesty need not be alarmed; on which she consented to return. As the duchess welcomed her warmly, she said that she had felt quite shy (*intimidée*) when she saw "madame," with a smiling bend toward me, on which I was presented in due form to her very gracious Majesty. The whole party then went on the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEVITSKY.  
COMTE DE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEVITSKY.  
PRINCESS AMÉLIE VON DER LEVEN, COMTESSE DE TASCHER  
DE LA PAGERIE.

terrace before the house, and after assisting in providing seats I withdrew, fearing to intrude on their privacy. But in a few minutes one of my pupils came running in; the Empress had asked why I had retired, and had expressed a particular wish that I should join them. It was rather an ordeal to go through, when I found myself standing at the top of a flight of steps, which I had to descend in full view of the large court circle before me; the more so as there was bright moonlight, and I knew that I must remain standing till permission was given to sit down. But the Empress saw me immediately, and with her usual grace of manner desired me to be seated, using her usual polite circumlocution — "Will you not sit down?" I obeyed, with the requisite low courtesy, and a most pleasant evening followed, the Empress chatting gaily and familiarly, as she energetically dug up the gravel at her feet with a tall walking-

stick that she held in her hand, repeatedly addressing me personally, with marked courtesy. When an opportunity occurred, she called me to her side, and gave me a chair with her own hand. In short, it was impossible to show more kindness and consideration than I noticed toward every one present and experienced personally. She spoke French with a marked Spanish accent, and, to my surprise, her voice had the harsh guttural sounds so frequent among Castilians, but which seemed strangely foreign to that sweet face, so delicate in its loveliness.

My feminine readers will perhaps wish to know how she was dressed on this occasion, and I can only answer, as simply as possible. She wore a dress of a soft gray summer stuff over a striped blue and white silk underskirt; a loose mantle of the same pale gray was thrown over all. She held a tall walking-stick in her hand, and wore a straw



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO.  
DUC DE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-ORDENI.  
NAPOLEON III., EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, AND PRINCE IMPERIAL.

hat of the Tyrolese shape, with a Tyrolese plume of black and white feathers.

The duchess offered tea, which was accepted, and the whole party adjourned to the villa, where it was immediately served. The Empress was in high spirits, laughing and talking merrily, and seeming thoroughly to enjoy her escape from her usual trammels, when, to the consternation of her hostess, and her own very evident annoyance, the door opened, and a lady inhabiting a neighboring villa sailed in, followed by her daughter, both in full toilet. She held a high post at court, but nothing on this occasion called for her presence, which was flagrantly intrusive. She explained that she had heard the voices in the garden, and begged "to be allowed a share in the good fortune of her neighbors." A chill had fallen on the whole party; the Empress, suddenly silent and cold, played with her teaspoon, looking grave and displeased, while the intruder talked

of her "beautiful dahlias," which she wished so much to show to Her Majesty (at nearly eleven o'clock at night!). It was *so* near; would not Her Majesty stop on her way back to the palace and see the dahlias?

The Empress evidently wished particularly to be let alone, but at last she rose with an air of weary resignation, saying, "Well, let us go and see the dahlias!"

The pleasant evening was over, and the momentary freedom which had made it so agreeable was cut short merely because one court lady was determined to enjoy the same mark of favor that had been bestowed on another court lady. It is said that in the early years of her reign Queen Victoria exclaimed, "What is the use of being a queen if one cannot do as one likes?" She soon was obliged to learn that of all women queens are those who least do as they like. The Empress Eugénie had wished to enjoy royal honors, and she too had to learn that restraint for which she was ill prepared by a life of absolute liberty was necessary in her high position. Etiquette, though much modernized, and therefore made less irksome than it was in the days of poor Marie Antoinette, still stood in her way on every side. She could not risk giving offense, and she must court popularity. The bird which had always flown freely wherever the wish of

the hour guided its flight was now in a gilded cage, tied down by silken threads as difficult to break as iron chains.

She would have wished to walk about freely without state or ceremony, except on official occasions, when she did not dislike playing the part of Empress; but she could not leave the palace without a numerous suite, in a carriage and four with outriders; nor get rid of the necessity of incessantly bowing to the spectators, which she performed both graciously and gracefully, but with unavoidable weariness. She had twelve ladies-in-waiting, some of whom were her personal friends; others had been chosen for political reasons, and she did not particularly care for them; but she could show no preference. Two ladies at a time were in waiting: in Paris for a week, at the country residences for a month. Each lady in turn was *de grand service*, as it was called, or in full waiting; that is, she had a right to go with

the Empress in her carriage and take precedence on all occasions, while the other followed in the second carriage, with the chamberlain-in-waiting. The next day matters were reversed, and the other lady was de grand service, whether or not the Empress liked the change. The ladies did not sleep at the Tuileries when the court was in Paris, but were fetched in a carriage devoted to their use for their hours of duty, which began at two o'clock in the afternoon. They awaited Her Majesty's pleasure in a salon where the *service d'honneur* assembled, and where the ladies kept their books, writing materials, and needlework. After their usual drive with the Empress they were taken to their homes for their evening toilette, and returned to the palace in full dress for their dinner, which was served at half-past seven. The *déjeuner* was at half-past eleven; in Paris the Emperor and Empress partook of it alone till the Prince Imperial was old enough to join them; but at the country residences the *service d'honneur* were admitted to both meals, as were also the guests staying there on a visit. After the *déjeuner* the Emperor usually followed the Empress to her private room, where the little prince was brought, and where they enjoyed family life like ordinary mortals for a short respite. The Empress then admitted her private secretary, and examined with him the innumerable petitions received daily. Both the Emperor and Empress were generous in their charities, the Emperor even to excess. It has been stated that his various gifts and grants amounted to a daily sum of 10,000 francs.

When the time came for dinner, after the usual drive, the *service d'honneur* assembled in the Salon d'Apollon (where the evenings were habitually spent), to await the Emperor and Empress, who came in together, and took their seats side by side at the center of the dinner-table, when the silent bend of an official had announced that all was ready. The Emperor gave his arm to the Empress, and both walked out first, the others following according to rank and etiquette. The gentlemen wore either their uniforms or the court-dress, which differed but little from the ordinary evening coat, but with a lining of



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISSER.

PRINCESS CLOTILDE AND PRINCE NAPOLEON.

white moiré silk. The ladies wore low-made evening dress, but there was greater indulgence on the part of the kind imperial hosts than is usually found in courts; if really needful, in consequence of indisposition, a pelerine of white quilted satin, and sleeves of the same, were tolerated as a protection for the shoulders and arms. The Empress usually wore velvet of rich, dark colors, which were particularly becoming to her exquisitely fair complexion. The Emperor liked to see her richly dressed, and often objected to the extreme simplicity of her morning attire, which, it must be acknowledged, was often too fanciful to be appropriate to her high position. Everything she wore was well made and perfectly neat; her hair was beautifully dressed; but she liked the comfort of loose garibaldi bodices of red flannel with a plain black silk skirt over a red flannel underskirt, all of which was concealed when she went out by



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.  
PRINCESS MATHILDE.

a handsome cloak and the fur coverings of the open carriage. I have seen her wear, within the palace, a tight jacket of knitted black wool, with a gray border, over the silk and crape dress which she wore as second mourning for her sister, the Duchess of Alva. It was a sort of wrap which one would expect to see on the shoulders of some old crone bending over her fire rather than on the graceful figure of the beautiful Empress of the French. I might quote other instances: such as a loose jacket of a small black and white check bordered with red flannel, etc.

After dinner the court adjourned to the splendid room called Salon d'Apollon, where coffee was handed about; the Emperor took his cup standing, with cigarettes, which it was his habit to smoke incessantly. The ladies present remained standing till they were requested to sit down, but the Emperor's courtesy did not allow them to wait long before receiving the requisite authorization. The gentlemen, however, stood upright during the whole evening, and many found this a trial. In general the evenings were very heavy, a fact which those admitted to them did not attempt to conceal.

In the time of Louis Philippe, Queen Marie Amélie and the princesses, her daughters-in-law, sat round a table with needlework, which at least provided occupation; but during the Empire conversation was the principal resource, and this often flagged. The Emperor was benevolent, but silent; the Empress tried

to talk incessantly, with real or feigned vivacity; sometimes in the young days of the Empire she proposed dancing, and one of the gentlemen present turned the handle of a mechanical piano, which played dance music. I remember that one evening, shortly after my arrival at the palace, we were all seated quietly in the salon of the duke's mother Comtesse de Tascher, after dinner, when suddenly the chamberlain-in-waiting appeared. The Empress wished to dance the lancers, in vogue that winter, and nobody present knew the figures. It had been suggested that Mlle. de Tascher, who habitually attended the dancing-lessons at the British Embassy, was probably initiated in the mysteries of the new dance, and she must come immediately to teach everybody. The duchess, who was going to a private ball, protested vehemently that her daughter was a mere schoolgirl, not yet introduced into society; she was not dressed appropriately for such an unexpected honor; she could not go without her mother, etc. The chamberlain, with languid good-breeding and perfect indifference, coolly answered: "All I know is that she is to come immediately, and must not stop to dress. I suppose you may come, too, if you like, but you must not keep Her Majesty waiting." So the duchess and her daughter followed the chamberlain—Mlle. de Tascher considerably vexed at having no time to change her dark green silk dress for more becoming attire; but



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.  
PRINCE JEROME.





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.  
MARSHAL MACMAHON.

there was no help for it, and she had to obey. She was warmly received by the Empress (dressed in crimson velvet and diamonds), gave the required lesson in the lancers, danced with the Emperor, who broke her fan, and apologized, while she, though a schoolgirl, replied, in courtier-like phrase, that she was "too happy to have such a remembrance of His Majesty," who, unfortunately, forgot all about it the next day, and thus omitted to send her a more pleasant remembrance. At ten o'clock, according to the usual custom, a tea-table was brought in, with a tray of cool drinks for those who preferred them. The Empress, in high spirits, made the tea herself, instead of leaving the matter to her ladies, and my schoolgirl greatly enjoyed the whole adventure.

The Empress would have liked to spend the evening sometimes with the de Tascher family, whose cheerfulness, as she said once in my presence, "would cure the jaundice"; but the question of petty court jealousies again stood in her way. She visited them at long intervals, but only when some apparent reason justified the exception. Usually, after taking tea, the Emperor retired, "to transact business with his private secretary," as was stated; what that business was, on too frequent occasions, had better not be too closely examined. The Empress usually remained till about half-past eleven, when she disappeared, and as the last fold of her train left the doorway, all the men present, who had been standing

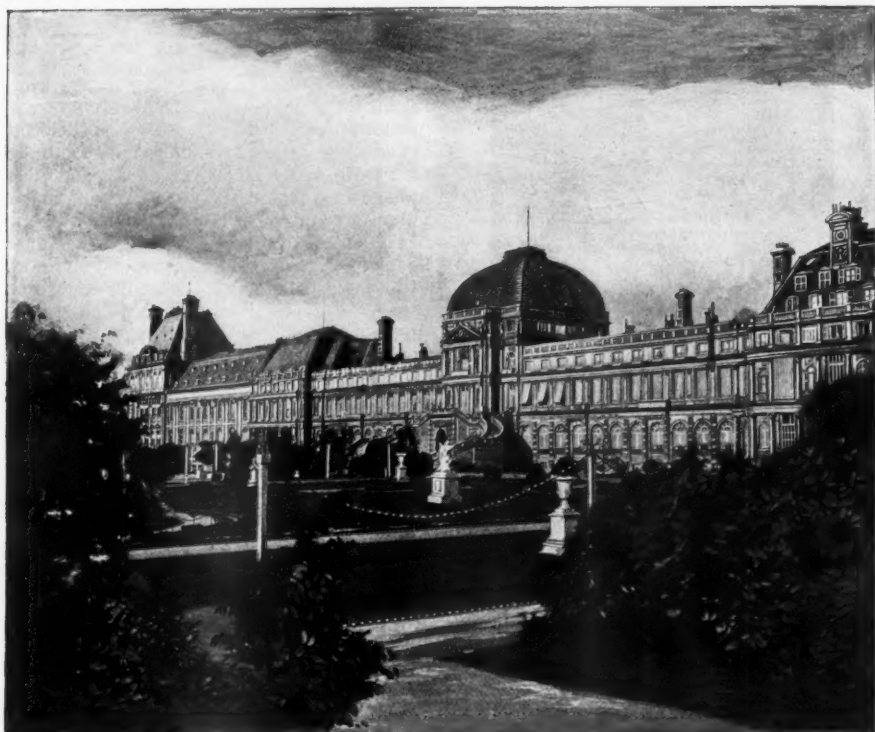
the whole evening, uttered a sigh of relief, as they threw themselves on the sofas with undisguised satisfaction.

The Duc de Tascher, who suffered from rheumatic gout, found this obligation of etiquette particularly trying, and, being privileged in many respects, he frequently slipped into the next room, where he could sit down and even indulge in a momentary doze with impunity. Often, on returning from some theater with one of the ladies of the family, I would meet him coming wearily from the imperial quarters, and, as he said "Good night," he would add with a groan, "There is no way of inducing the Empress to go to bed!" Her personal attendants could say much more on the subject, for even after retiring to her private apartments she often lingered till the small hours of the night.

One evening, as the duke afterward told me, he had escaped to the neighboring room, where he habitually took refuge, and was seated, writing a letter, when the Emperor suddenly came in. Of course the duke sprang to his feet, but the Emperor good-humoredly desired him not to disturb himself, but to go on with his letter. On such occasions the rule is to obey without any objection, the sovereign's will being considered paramount. The duke consequently sat down and quietly continued his letter, though much discomfited by the presence of the Emperor, who paced the room to and fro, smoking his cigarette and humming a tune. The duke, however, leisurely finished



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERI.  
MARSHAL CANROBERT.



GARDEN FRONT OF THE TUILERIES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

and folded his letter, sealing it deliberately with the large official seal in red wax, and carefully adding the stamp of the household. The Emperor then drew near:

"Have you finished, Tascher?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Quite finished?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Then—I may take the inkstand?"

The good-natured simplicity of the act was extremely characteristic. There never was a more amiable man in private life than the Emperor Napoleon III., or one more absolutely unpretending. His constant gentleness, his unvarying, patient kindness, were only too much preyed upon by many of those about him; but he was certainly deeply loved by all who were in habitual personal contact with him—more loved than was the Empress Eugénie, notwithstanding her personal charms. She was extremely good-natured, thoroughly natural, and devoid of haughtiness (a great merit in such a position), but impulsive and hot-tempered, too sincere and straightforward to conceal her varying impressions, and withal fanciful and tenacious in her fancies, which

often irritated those who had to yield to her wishes despite difficulties and inconvenience. "One of the Empress's whims!" was often the comment of her attendants down to the domestic servants of the palace. The Emperor, always quiet and even apathetic, disturbed no one; but if an appeal was made to his feelings he could not resist. There was a sort of tender-hearted, sentimental softness in his nature which recalled the "sensibility" of bygone days, probably inherited from his mother, Queen Hortense. This often led him astray, and is the real explanation of many errors. He was far from being deliberately false, as has so often been asserted; but unfortunately he was more a man of feeling than a man of principle. This led to weakness and vacillation, though, like many others whose natures are too yielding, when he had finally taken a decision he was firm even to obstinacy. Any one more unlike the bloodthirsty tyrant depicted by Victor Hugo and other political adversaries could scarcely be imagined. The sight of the battle-field of Solferino had left on his mind such an impression of horror as to destroy all dreams of military glory, and it

was with the greatest unwillingness that he was drawn into the wars that followed, principally, alas! through the pertinacious influence of the Empress Eugénie, who had not seen a battle-field, and who knew only the conventional pictures of glory and heroism, without their fearful cost.

The Empress was extremely agreeable and good-natured, but there was no softness in her character. Even with regard to those dearest to her,—the Emperor and her son,—she was influenced more by a chivalrous, romantic ideal than by any natural tenderness. Her aim was to show herself a Roman wife and mother, and this led her on many occasions to a sort of apparent harshness which caused her to be misjudged.

The little prince was spoiled to excess by his father; his mother naturally wished to counterbalance the latter's over-indulgence, but she was not always judicious in her energetic interference. One instance may be quoted among many. The very first time that the little prince, a mere baby between three and four years old, was seated on a pony, the equerry, M. Bâchon, was carefully holding him and leading the pony step by step, when suddenly the Empress came up, indignantly declaring that she would not have such absurd petting, and concluding by giving a cut of her whip to the pony, which started off. Bâchon, terrified, uttered an energetic expletive, succeeded in stopping the pony, and brought back the child unhurt; but he was too angry to remember official decorum, and expressed his feelings with an amount of vigor very unusual in courts, while the English nurse indulged in more respectful lamentations: "Oh, Your Majesty! You should n't, Your Majesty! You 've only *one*, you know!"

It is evident that the Empress in no way intended to risk the life of her child; but she was herself fearless to excess, and often thoughtless in the presence of danger. She was determined that her son should not be a milksop, and she did not stop to examine the "fitness of things."

The Emperor, on the other hand, shrank from giving him pain to an almost absurd degree. The child was once playing with a small mandarin orange, which he tried to get into his mouth. The Emperor, alarmed, cried: "Take it from him! He will choke himself!" The Duc de Tascher took the orange forcibly from the child, not without resistance on his part, and laughingly rallied the Emperor on his not having done so himself. "I *could* not," the Emperor exclaimed; "he would not love me!"

When the time came for putting him under the care of a tutor, one of the ladies de Tas-

cher said to the child, "Ah, Monseigneur, now you will have to be obedient, and to work hard at your lessons."

He gravely answered: "That is not so sure. Mama always says no, but then papa always says yes, and I have my own will besides — that makes three."

The tutor had no very easy task before him, and the Empress exclaimed in despair, "It is impossible to bring up that child properly!" Happily for the little prince, the policy which required that his education should have a military stamp caused him at a later period to be placed under the supreme command of General Frossard, who was appointed "Governor of the Prince Imperial," and who treated him according to military discipline, without allowing any one to interfere.

The Emperor was wise enough to feel the necessity of this firmness, and was not sorry to hand over to another the control which might make his son "love him" less. His over-tender feelings were, however, often tried severely. The young prince was heard to say on some festive occasion: "I should *so* like to stay! *He* won't let me!" The Emperor, with his usual indulgence, answered: "Give me your cap; I will put it in my pocket. You can't go without it, and that will cause some delay." The prince then said ruefully: "It is of no use. I have tried that before. *He* has got another ready." And the terrible *he* — General Frossard — marched off his imperial charge under the care of his tutor.

The Prince Imperial was, however, a very amiable and interesting child, showing a good deal of his mother's spirit, with the affectionate nature and feeling heart of his father, whom he almost worshiped and always preferred to his mother, who from first to last was too sternly a disciplinarian. To the end of his short life there was never a perfect understanding between the mother and son; the painful situation which resulted from this had certainly a great influence over his fatal determination to seek distant adventures.

But all this belongs to a much later period. As years went by the duties of my situation at the palace, though still arduous, became gradually lighter, while the kindness always shown to me from the beginning of my residence there ripened into intimacy and confidential friendship. My elder pupil, being fully introduced into society, took up less and less of my time as she shared more completely her mother's occupations and social duties, while the routine of my daily life was as agreeably diversified as possible. On innumerable occasions I shared the privileges of the household — private views of various sights or exhibitions, reserved seats at the Emperor's reviews, the

Emperor's boxes at the various operas or theaters, where I accompanied the ladies of the family once or twice every week, with all the advantages of the imperial carriage, and comfortable seats in boxes like small boudoirs. Occasionally, when some other engagement had prior claims, the entrance-ticket was handed over to me, and the private family carriage placed at my disposal, so that I could take friends with me and go independently.

When the Emperor returned from Italy, I accompanied the duchess and her elder daughter to see the great review of the victorious troops in the Place Vendôme—a splendid sight, which left a lasting impression on my mind and memory. We had seats in the space reserved for the household, next to the crimson velvet awning prepared for the Empress and her suite, opposite to the spot where the Emperor was stationed on horseback, beneath the column and the statue of the first Emperor. The whole of the Place Vendôme was filled with tiers of seats, rising one above another to the first floors of the houses, and formed a complete arena where the troops, arriving by the Rue de la Paix, turned round the column and passed before the Emperor and Empress. Scarcely had we taken our seats when the Duc de Tascher came to us, sent by the Empress to fetch his wife and daughter, whom she wished to have with her. I remained therefore under the care of the duke's son, Comte Robert de Tascher. The heat was so intense that I felt inclined to envy the shade of the awning which protected the imperial party. The Emperor was before us, however, motionless on his horse in the glaring sun, of which we had as little as possible, though still too much.

The whole scene was rather theatrical, but stirring and impressive in the greatest degree. As the regiments passed us, amid the shouts of the spectators, the vacant places were left in the lines, showing the losses sustained—a sad sight. But the excitement was so great that everything was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the present hour, as each regiment was greeted by name with loud cries and applause. As the flags passed, burned and pierced by the shots received, every one felt electrified.

Suddenly a shout arose: "Canrobert! Canrobert!" and the marshal appeared on a prancing horse, waving his sword with his usual rather theatrical air, while the cries of "Vive Canrobert!" rose louder and louder as he passed before the Emperor, and a profusion of flowers fell around him.

"MacMahon! MacMahon!" The hero of Magenta rode quietly forward, a perfect gentleman and a perfect horseman, shown even by the manner in which he held his bridle,

the hand seemed so sure, so firm, and steady. He was evidently vexed and disconcerted by the commotion which his appearance caused, and persistently looked down without seeming to accept the popular enthusiasm as addressed to himself personally. A wreath was thrown, which fell over his head down to his shoulders. He seemed to feel that he was being made ridiculous, and tore it off, hastily putting it over his horse's neck before him. MacMahon was by nature shy and unpretending; on this occasion he was evidently very anxious to get over the ordeal of the honors showered upon him.

"Les Zouaves! Les Zouaves!" There was a thundering shout, and the Zouaves, who had scaled the seemingly inaccessible heights of Solferino, thereby deciding the fate of the battle, came proudly forward, bearing high their flag, a mere remnant clinging to the staff, proving through what a struggle the glorious emblem had been carried on to victory. The whole regiment having deserved the reward of the Legion of Honor, the flag bore the red ribbon and cross. But, alas! how few followed it to share the hard-won glory! Nevertheless, the sight was not to be forgotten, and no one could help feeling the general enthusiasm.

The old Comte de Tascher, however, who had seen the victories of the first Napoleon, looked grave and anxious. The countess, in answer to my warm congratulations, said:

"The Emperor is wonderfully fortunate in all he undertakes—too fortunate. A day must come when all this will be reversed."

Happily neither saw that fatal day when it came, as they predicted.

The apartments of the palace were connected by long passages with doors of communication, so that it was possible to go all round the Tuileries and the Louvre without leaving the buildings, which led to much pleasant intercourse with our next neighbors on each side—the Archbishop of Bourges and the family of the Duc and Duchesse de Bassano, whose daughters were the intimate friends and constant companions of my younger pupil, who was of about the same age. The Archbishop held an ecclesiastical post of honor in the household, which called for his presence during a portion of the winter season; he was an intimate friend of the de Tascher family and an almost daily visitor. He was passionately fond of the game of chess, and delighted in playing with me or with one of my pupils, to whom I had taught the game; but he was so unhappy when checkmated that, according to the laughing suggestion of the old count, I habitually allowed him to get the best of the game, which, however, nothing could induce my young pupil to do. So the good Archbishop used to say ruefully, but in good faith,



that he could beat "Albion," but could not manage "little Hortense!"

Every winter fancy costume balls (particularly liked by the Emperor and Empress) were given by the Duchesse de Tascher and the Duchesse de Bassano, or by the ministers at their various official residences. I always attended these balls, accompanying the Comtesse de Tascher, wearing myself the convenient disguise of the domino. At the court official balls of the same kind I was admitted (by a special and very exceptional permission of the Empress) to the gallery surrounding the splendid "Salle des Maréchaux," where the imperial family were seated in state. I was generally there alone, or with my younger pupil, and greatly enjoyed the magnificent sight. From this gallery I also witnessed the state banquet on the marriage of the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the king of Italy, to Prince Napoleon, and the fancy costume ball which soon followed, where the young princess was dressed in a costume taken from a historical portrait in the Louvre gallery, more artistic than suitable to her girlish figure and youthful appearance. She wore such a farthingale that her ladies were obliged to spread the crimson velvet robe over three chairs. The Emperor tried to dance with her, but it was noticed by the superstitious, as an unfavorable omen with regard to the Italian alliance, that he was repeatedly obliged to stop, because the velvet folds wound round him so as to paralyze his movements, until at last he was obliged to give up the attempt in despair, and take her back to her seat with a bow and a smile. The princess was too much like her father to possess beauty, but her royal bearing and graceful figure were greatly admired. Unfortunately, the latter did not long retain the elegance of its lines.

The Palais Royal, where always resided the younger branch of the reigning family, had at all times been a focus of opposition, and although the princes who lived there during the Empire owed everything to Napoleon III., the old traditions were in this respect thoroughly revived. The poor Emperor, always kind, always gentle, always generous, was overpowered by the unpleasant relatives coming to him from his great predecessor; so that he might well answer, as he did on one occasion, when reproached by the aged Prince Jerome,<sup>1</sup> with having "nothing" of his brother the great Emperor, "I have his family!" Not one of that uncomfortable family but

caused him trouble in some way, while all clung to him, with the cry of the leech, "Give! give!" And he gave, never refusing, even when he knew that he was favoring his enemies. Prince Jerome himself, and his son, Prince Napoleon, were never satisfied; then came Pierre Bonaparte,<sup>2</sup> whose low tastes and low habits were a constant source of annoyance; always in difficulties of some kind, requiring the Emperor's help. He married a woman of very inferior position, and was never received at the court. His adventure with Victor Noir is well-known: here he seems to have really acted in self-defense, but unfortunately it was not the first affair of the kind. Then came Letitia Bonaparte,<sup>3</sup> always in debt, and always applying to the Emperor to pay her liabilities—with threats of coming out as an actress if he refused to do so. Her daughter married, first, a Hebrew banker named Solms; thenceforward she entitled herself the "Princess Solms"; then she married the Italian demagogue, Ratazzi, always engaged in conspiracies against the Emperor; finally, M. de Rute.

Prince Jerome, though far from cordial or even grateful, was, however, too insignificant to be dangerous. I remember him only as a courteous old man, very like his illustrious brother, with old-fashioned manners; holding ladies at arm's length by the tips of their fingers, and always most careful to address the Comtesse de Tascher as "Your Serene Highness." He had been king of Westphalia under the first Empire, and some people still spoke to him as "Sire" and "Your Majesty"; but he was usually addressed as "Monseigneur" and "Your Imperial Highness."

His son, Prince Napoleon, was a more formidable opponent, although heartily disliked and despised by all classes and all political opinions outside a small circle of private friends. He possessed, however, brilliant talents, which, had he chosen to develop them, might have recalled something of the Napoleonic genius; whereas, in fact, he only caricatured the worst points of the Corsican adventurer, without showing any of the grand redeeming gifts of the great Emperor.

The physical likeness was wonderful, but the expression was totally different. In the good portraits of Napoleon I. the clear eyes have a singularly piercing glance, at once conveying the idea of a commanding genius. With the same cast of features, there was something peculiarly low and thoroughly bad in the face of Prince Napoleon, which recalled, in a striking manner the stamp of the worst Cæsars. His will was despotic, his temper violent and brutal, his tastes were cynically gross, and his language was coarse beyond what could

<sup>1</sup> The youngest brother of the great Napoleon, father of the prince known by that name, and of the Princess Mathilde.

<sup>2</sup> A son of Lucien.

<sup>3</sup> A daughter of Napoleon's brother Lucien.



be imagined. While affecting tendencies of the most revolutionary and radical type, he was essentially a tyrant, and could brook no opposition to his will, always brutally expressed. He was jealous of the Emperor's preëminent position, as of something stolen from himself; but though in a state of chronic rebellion, he never hesitated to accept all the worldly advantages which the title of "cousin" could obtain for him.

The Emperor felt a sort of indulgent affection for Prince Napoleon, and had the latter chosen to make use of his undeniable talents, in accordance with the duties of the position which he had accepted, he might, during the Empire, have played an important political part, and have gathered the Emperor's inheritance at the death of the Prince Imperial.

But never were natural gifts so misapplied or so wasted. He could bear no restraint, no interruption in his life of sensual pleasures, and he never persevered in anything that he undertook when any personal sacrifice was required to carry it out. Everything that he attempted bore the stamp of sudden impulse, never followed up. He seemed to delight in outraging public opinion, and so constantly played the proverbial part of "the bull in the china shop" that the Emperor was kept in a state of constant anxiety as to what "Napoléon" would choose to do next.

His refusal to drink to the health of the Empress — in her presence — on her birthday<sup>1</sup> is one of the many instances of his utter disregard of the manners and habits of a gentleman, while his real feeling toward the Emperor was betrayed on more than one occasion. After the Pianori attempt on the Emperor's life, when Prince Napoleon came to present his official congratulations, his face was so eloquent of what lay below that the Empress, turning to one of her ladies, whispered (in English), "Look at the Prince Napoleon!"

After his famous revolutionary speech in the Senate, which brought down upon him the withering response of the Duc d'Aumale ("Letter on the History of France"), the Emperor sent for him, roused to such a pitch of indignation that his voice, usually so peculiarly soft and low, was heard, raised in anger, even in the distant waiting-room of the attendants; for he well knew what the effect would be on the Conservative Imperialists. There was a violent scene, and when Prince Napoleon returned to the Palais Royal he vented his fury on a magnificent vase of Sèvres porcelain, which he dashed to pieces. Yet I remember hearing

the Duc de Tascher (who had said to me that he "had rather serve the King of Dahomey than such a man") still acknowledge, with unwilling admiration: "But what an orator! He looked as handsome as Lucifer himself."

The opinion of his own personal friends as to what his future rule was likely to be may be gathered from the answer of one belonging to his most intimate circle,<sup>2</sup> to whom (after the fall of the Empire) Prince Napoleon said, "If ever I am emperor, you shall have an important post." "Monseigneur," was the comment, in the laughing tone needful for the acceptance of a bold remark, "if ever you should be at the head of public affairs I would take to my heels the very next day, for you would not be easy to deal with."

He was not offended at the blunt frankness of the speaker; for he was acute enough to despise sycophants, and to appreciate independence, even in those who made him understand that they would not endure his unmannerly ways. On such occasions he has been known to say by way of apology: "Oh, my dear —, excuse me; I am ill bred" ("Je suis mal élevé").

With his democratic opinions and plebeian tastes, he was, in strange contrast, extremely proud — the pride of birth, inherited from his German mother, the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg. He had royal blood in his veins, and was as determined to carry out equal-birth requirements as any prince of the German confederation.

He looked down loftily on the Emperor as the son of a private gentlewoman<sup>3</sup> and the husband of another, chosen voluntarily. "I am of too great lineage for that," was a saying of his; and his ambition was finally gratified by obtaining the hand of a king's daughter, the descendant of an ancient royal line.

Prince Napoleon's sister, the Princess Mathilde, was not likely to be a congenial friend to the young and innocent bride. With the same striking Bonaparte cast of features as her brother, she was, like him, "ill bred." In fact, the Corsican semi-barbarian, such as the great Emperor himself, has been revealed to us by contemporary memoirs. She had possessed great beauty, and in her youth was betrothed to Prince Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III. She hated the Empress Eugénie, of whom she spoke in coarsely offensive terms. As years went by, though still retaining the classical lines of her characteristic features, she had become as coarse in her personal appearance as in her language and manners. She was clever,

<sup>1</sup> The Emperor had desired him to propose the health of the Empress; he persistently "begged to be excused," notwithstanding the indignant expostulations of the Emperor. (See Mérimée's "Letters to Pazzino.")

<sup>2</sup> The late Maxime du Camps, of the Académie Française, a personal friend of the writer.

<sup>3</sup> Hortense de Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine by her first husband, married to Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland.

artistically gifted, principally surrounded by men belonging to literary and artistic sets. She was very good-natured to all about her, and a kind, sympathizing friend in need.

I had an opportunity of particularly remarking the strange contrast between the two sisters-in-law at a ball which was an event in the fashionable world about a year after the marriage of Prince Napoleon.

The Empress had built a very beautiful residence for the use of her sister, the Duchess of Alva, on her visits to Paris. This villa, or hôtel as it is called in French, with its garden had been decorated and adorned with unsparing expense, under the superintendence of the Duc de Tascher, whose artistic taste gave a character to the whole far superior to the mere upholstery prettiness which the Empress favored in her usual arrangements.

When all was ready, the Empress, by way of inauguration, chose to give a fancy ball outside of the court, "as a private individual," where only those whom she was pleased to have, would be invited. She made out the lists herself, but notwithstanding all her restrictions, the unavoidable number admitted was so considerable that it became necessary to build out into the garden a temporary room for the supper-tables. This beautiful banquetting hall was arranged by the Duc de Tascher in imitation of the great picture by Paul Veronese, "The Marriage at Cana" (in the Louvre Gallery), with most effective results. A curtain concealed the entrance till it was drawn at a given signal, when the orchestra played the march from Meyerbeer's "Prophète," while the guests descended the steps of a magnificent staircase, on which mediæval pages, dressed in the Guzman-Montijo colors, as motionless as statues, stood holding gilt candelabra.

An amusing incident occurred while the pages were rehearsing the part they had to play in these festivities. They were chosen from among the diminutive grooms in the Emperor's stables, and when the costume was ready, a pretty boy, who seemed about twelve years of age, was brought to the Empress for her examination and approval. The dress pleased her, and she turned the boy round to inspect him fully, setting his velvet cap jauntily on his curls, which she arranged to her satisfaction, adjusting his ruff, etc. Then, kindly patting his cheek, she inquired:

"How old are you, my little friend?"

"Twenty, madame!"

The scream of dismay which followed, and the amusement of the bystanders, may be imagined.

With her usual kindness, and happily in this instance with less compromising results, the Empress sent me, by the Duc de Tascher,

but from her own hand, a card of invitation to this ball, with a message that it would be worth seeing, and that she particularly wished me to be present. The (Princesse) Comtesse de Tascher immediately said that I should go with her, and that she would be glad to have my arm, while of course I was equally pleased to have her protection and chaperonage.

Accordingly, when the great day came, we went together early in the imperial carriage, for which everyone made way; and wearing masks and dominoes, we took our seats near the entrance,—where the Duc and Duchesse de Tascher, representing the Empress, received the guests,—so as to watch all the arrivals. After some time we heard peals of laughter coming from the opposite end of the gallery where we were seated, and, turning to look, we saw a woman of bold appearance and manners.

"That woman must have had a card given her by some one," remarked the Comtesse de Tascher, adding, "I hope she will be turned out—her style is dreadful."

Presently the noisy group came toward us. The countess started.

"Oh, my dear! Look! It is the Princess Mathilde!"

She came close to us, and there she was undoubtedly; but not immediately recognizable, because her skin was dyed brown. She wore the costume of an Egyptian fellah woman; very artistic, certainly, but more suitable for an artist's model than for a civilized member of society. As she stood with her circle of men around her, talking and laughing noisily,—while the dominoes, ever privileged for impertinence, pursued her unfortunate lady-in-waiting, pertinaciously inquiring, "Did *you* paint your princess?"—the Comtesse de Tascher touched my arm. I turned, and there, opposite to her sister-in-law, near an open doorway, stood the Princess Clotilde, with an expression of dismayed amazement on her grave young face. She was very simply dressed in pink and white silk as a conventional shepherdess, the only remarkable detail of her costume being a wreath of pink roses, separated by large diamonds, worn as a necklace close round her throat. No contrast could be more striking than was there presented between the gipsy woman and the fair young creature, all innocence and purity in her simple girlish attire, yet so unmistakably royal in her bearing and demeanor. She stood motionless and silent as if petrified, without any attempt at recognition from the strange group before her, and after a pause turned and walked away gravely. But the Princess Clotilde never again went to a fancy ball, and quietly expressed her determination, which was irrevocable. "No; I will go to ordinary balls, but not to costume balls." "But why, Mad-

ame?" "I will not go." This was all, and she vouchsafed no explanation. But what I had seen gave me the key to a resolution which caused general surprise.

The Empress had intended to appear as a conventional Louis Quinze Diana, with powdered hair and a profusion of diamonds; but there had been much discussion as to whether she ought to wear this dress. There was no impropriety in the arrangement of the costume itself, which I saw on another occasion worn by the young and very pretty Princess Anna Murat,<sup>1</sup> to whom the Empress had given it after being reluctantly persuaded that it was unsuitable to the dignity of her position. It was not easy to make the Empress understand that she could not do what other people did, and that many things must be abstained from,

<sup>1</sup> A descendant of the marshal, who was for some time king of Naples, and of his wife, Caroline Bonaparte, one of the first Emperor's sisters.

though unobjectionable for others. On this occasion the dress was prepared and laid out in the room reserved for her use; and while still undecided as to whether or not she would appear as Diana, she examined what was in readiness for a fancy quadrille, in which some of the dancers were to figure with the paste-board horses seen in a circus, where the apparent rider moves inside the trappings. This took her fancy, and she immediately made the trial of one herself; but once inside, she could not get out again, and none of her ladies knew how to extricate her. Finally Comte Robert de Tascher was called to the rescue, and succeeded in removing the inconvenient appendage, while the Empress was much amused by the adventure. He came to tell us of it in the ball-room, adding the information that she had decided not to wear the Diana dress, and would be present concealed in a domino.

Anna L. Bicknell.

(Conclusion next month.)



## AQUATIC GARDENING.

### WATER-PLANT CULTURE FOR THE ESTATE, THE GARDEN, AND THE HOUSE.



NOVEL and charming feature of some of the most elaborate dinner entertainments at Newport during recent summers has been the employment of night-blooming water-lilies for table decoration. Their exquisite beauty, varied and delightful fragrance, and great diversity in size, form, and color, were virtually a new revelation to many admiring guests; indeed, it was a surprise to learn that so many of the Nymphaea belonged in the night-blooming class. If these beautiful flowers could be supplied in winter at any price they would no doubt be fashion's favorites in New York. Now, one might as well seek roc's eggs in our markets as water-lilies in any but the summer months. In two or three years, however, it is not at all improbable that they may grace our Christmas tables, though necessarily at such cost as will always prevent their becoming common. For their cultivation specially constructed hot-houses would be requisite, with tanks instead of benches, taking up many times as much

space as the growth of an equal number of roses would require; and the adequate heating of such establishments would be a serious matter. It might also be found necessary, during cloudy weather and the dark days of December and January, to supply electric illumination to take the place of sunlight; and that would be by no means inexpensive. Beyond mere considerations of cost there would probably be no more difficulty in forcing water-lilies than any other flowers.

Aquatic gardening in general is very much better understood in this country now than it was a few years ago. For a long time it was here a neglected branch of horticulture, practised only by a few, and in such ways as evoked more curious surprise than emulation among the many. As early as 1839, Mr. R. Buist of Philadelphia grew *nelumbiums* (both *speciosum* and *album*); and in 1851, only two years after its discovery, that grandest of all water-lilies, the *Victoria regia*, was flowered by another Philadelphian — Mr. Caleb Cope. But ignorance of the culture of aquatic plants inspired the pop-

ular delusion that it presented great difficulties, and this error was much encouraged by the wholly unnecessary trouble lavished on those grown by professional gardeners. It was then supposed impossible to flower the *Victoria regia* except in a hothouse where a high temperature was constantly maintained, and in water not only warm, but also kept in motion by the incessant gentle turning of a small paddle-wheel, simulating the current of a tropical river. As for the lotus, which was first brought here from Calcutta, nobody doubted that a breath of cold air would be instantly fatal to it. But it has been found that the queen of water-lilies will bloom very well — better, indeed — in open-air basins of still water, warmed only by the summer sun. Mr. E. D. Sturtevant has demonstrated that the lotus is perfectly hardy at least as far north as Massachusetts, living under the ice through our hardest winters, and flourishing so rankly that if not kept in check it will speedily take entire possession of any pond in which it is introduced. These facts being established, people began to suspect that perhaps aquatic gardening might be easier than they had supposed, and that many water and bog plants already known to be very charming in their natural homes could possibly be grown without much difficulty. The numbers of those who essayed such experiments increased from year to year, but slowly. It was not until 1883 that aquatic gardening gained any considerable prominence even in Philadelphia, where it had first been introduced; not until 1886 that it was made a conspicuous feature in the parks and public squares of New York; and when, in 1888, Mr. L. W. Goodell of Dwight, Massachusetts, exhibited a tank of aquatic plants before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, they excited actual enthusiasm as much by their novelty as by their beauty. Since then, in all the public gardens of the principal cities, basins have been established wherein, during summer, varieties of the *Nymphaea* and other aquatic plants have been grown, and have proved a potent attraction for popular interest. Owners of rural estates, too, have done much to encourage development of popular taste in this direction, by transforming into water-gardens previously neglected and unsightly swamps and ponds. Generally the improvements have been limited to the extirpation of valueless weeds, and the substitution in their stead of hardy water-lilies and lotuses, which have then been left to take care of themselves; but even that much has often effected wonders.

The only aquatic garden worthy of the name near New York is at Clifton, New Jersey, which, although only a little over four acres in extent, is probably the largest, costliest, most complete and comprehensive in this country. Six

years ago it was an ugly and treacherous bog, containing several ill-defined ponds connected by spring-fed streams, the whole filled with a rank growth of deleterious weeds, and infested by musk-rats, snakes, and mosquitos. Mr. S. C. Nash, the owner of the property, determined upon its reclamation. Deep drainage, well-planned piping for control of the subterranean springs, heavy embankments and long lines of sheet-piling, thorough uprooting of the indigenous growths and deep layering of sand to smother them beyond resurrection, made the undertaking long and costly. The first season after the completion of his ponds, Mr. Nash planted them with the Egyptian lotus (*Nelumbium speciosum*) and the most charming varieties of the hardy *Nymphaea* — *N. odorata rosea* (the famous pink water-lily of Cape Cod), *N. odorata gigantea*, *N. tuberosa*, and others. In the low margins he established irises, wild rice, sedges, and the noble grasses. The higher ground, sloping up into the bordering forest, he filled in with hardy shrubs and perennial plants (mostly native) possessing special charms of foliage or bloom in season, dotting them about in such a natural way that nothing artificial was apparent in their arrangement. The next year he increased by at least a dozen the varieties of his water-lilies, and added a number of other water and bog plants. He also made further important improvements, building brick and cement basins to shield tropical lilies from the exceedingly cold spring water, and constructing a semi-subterranean boiler-house beside the largest basin, to supply sufficient heat there for carrying *Victoria regia* plants through the perilous season of spring. The first season after these preparations he flowered the *Victoria regia* in the open air, and he has continued to do so with unqualified success every summer since, at the same time making additions to and extensions of his garden in other directions, until the attainment of its present magnificent condition. What that condition is may be realized partly from the illustrations accompanying this article, all of which are from views taken in his garden by Mr. S. C. Nash himself, he being an exceptionally skilful amateur photographer as well as horticulturist.

A year ago Mr. William Tricker, who at Dongan Hills, Staten Island, had already made a reputation as a grower of aquatic plants, joined Mr. Nash, and a range of propagating-houses was constructed — adjoining Mr. Nash's extensive rose-houses — for the growing of all varieties of water and bog plants known in this country or procurable from abroad. Short as the time has been since then, surprising progress has been made toward the realization of that ambitious purpose. There



are at least sixty varieties of water-lilies, and their numbers are being increased every year by hybridization, so it would hardly be reasonable to expect them all in a single garden, even such an extensive one as this. But it is safe to say that perfectly grown and blooming specimens of all the choicest and most desirable kinds are to be found in these basins and ponds throughout the summer months; and young plants of nearly all the others are kept in the propagating-houses.

Externally these houses are of the general style of florists' hothouses; but their internal arrangement is different. Down the center of each runs a long line of wide, shallow, copper-bottomed tanks, each containing several inches of water. The space below them is inclosed by tightly fitted boards, and contains shelves for the support of very large kerosene lamps, which supply the most steady and accurately controllable bottom heat that can be given to the tanks. Along the sides—sometimes in two tiers—are placed rows of half-barrels, as many as can be accommodated, for the growth of plants that do not, either by nature or owing to their stage of growth, require bottom heat. All are nearly filled with water, which is in some cases clear, enabling one to see the earth-filled pots at the bottom, or the young plants pushing their way up to the surface, or the plants that flourish only when wholly submerged. In other cases the water is covered by a velvety carpet of minute floating plants, such as *Azolla Caroliniana*, *Salvinia natans*, or *Wolffia Columbiana*.

In the process of propagation, the thing to be started into growth, whether seed, bulb, tuber, slip, or portion of a root crown, is buried in a pot of rich soil, which is then plunged to the bottom of a tub or tank of clear water at the proper temperature for its development; the exceptions to this treatment being the floating plants, which possess such vitality that it is only necessary to throw a spray, or even a leaf, from an old plant upon the surface of the water.

From the small pots in which the young plants make their first roots they are advanced, as their development requires, to larger ones, and at the same time the depth of water over them is proportionately increased, to give room for their lengthening leaf-stems and expanding leaves. It all seems very simple, and really is so; the main requisite to success in it being maintenance of temperature in the water exactly suited to the several kinds of plants. That is the service for which the big lamps beneath the tanks come in play. The atmospheric temperature required is about the same for all,—seventy degrees Fahrenheit,—excepting the hardy *Nymphæa* and *nelumbiums*,

which are grown in cooler houses after being started in the hot ones.

As days grow longer and warmer in spring, the heat of the humid atmosphere of the houses, and of the water where the young plants are by this time flourishing luxuriantly, is gradually diminished. When the sun shines brightly the roof ventilators are opened a little more each day, that the plants may be by degrees sufficiently hardened for outdoor exposure. By the middle of May the hardy *Nymphæa* and *nelumbiums*—which, although started only in January and February, already threaten to outgrow their tankage space—may be planted in the ponds ready to receive them. Early in June all the tropical water-lilies, excepting the *Victoria regia* and *Victoria Randi*, may safely be put out and trusted to take care of themselves; and a great variety of smaller species of aquatic and bog plants adapted to outdoor cultivation may also now be assigned to their permanent locations.

But the tubs contain many exquisitely beautiful and singular plants much too dainty and delicate to be exposed in even the best-protected open-air basins, and others which, even if they survived such exposure, would be, the season through, as much lost to sight as if they had ceased to exist, their habit being to live only in total submergence. The most noteworthy of these is, no doubt, that rare and exceedingly curious plant, the *Ouvirandra fenestralis* of Madagascar, otherwise known as the "lace-leaf" or "lattice-leaf" plant. Not only does it hide itself deep in whatever water it may be placed, but it must be shielded from sunlight by shades or a mask of floating plants above it. Only in the blooming season does it shyly peep out from its seclusion. Then it timidly raises its insignificant white flowers above the surface of the water for a few hours, and again retires to its congenial obscurity. To get sight of it one must sweep aside the floating screen masking the water, and take care to stand between it and the sun. But it is worth more trouble than that to see so strange a plant. Its dark olive-green leaves are simply square meshed networks of vascular tissue, as if they had been "skeletonized," spread out horizontally, growing with symmetry, but with exceeding slowness. The smallest specimens are worth five dollars each, while old plants, with leaves eighteen inches long and six inches wide, will command almost any price. A very little chill is liable to prove fatal to it.

Mention of this strange plant suggests remembrance of another, in some respects even more odd—one so freakish and mysterious in its ways as to seem almost uncanny. Gray christens it *Wolffia Columbiana*, and says it is to be found pretty much all through our Mid-



dle States. Nevertheless, few persons have ever found it, which is not strange, in view of its habits. When it chooses to be visible, *Wolffia* appears as a sheet of bright green globules, each a little smaller than a BB grain of shot, floating on the water. Examined in the sunlight under a magnifying glass, each tiny globule is surprisingly beautiful, a semi-translucent sphere of emerald, refracting vivid green light from stellar points in its interior, as if it were crystalline. One can scarcely accept the assurance that it is a plant, not a gem. Crushed, it

There is a largely prevalent but erroneous impression that tropical water-lilies are very delicate and need much coddling. That a high temperature is desirable for the germination of their seed, and that the young plants should not be exposed to the raw winds and chilling storms of early spring, are quite true; but by the first week in June the weather is sufficiently settled and warm in this latitude to suit even those the natural habitat of which may be Mexico, India, Egypt, or Zanzibar, with the exceptions of the great rival queens of the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE POND, BEFORE TREATMENT.

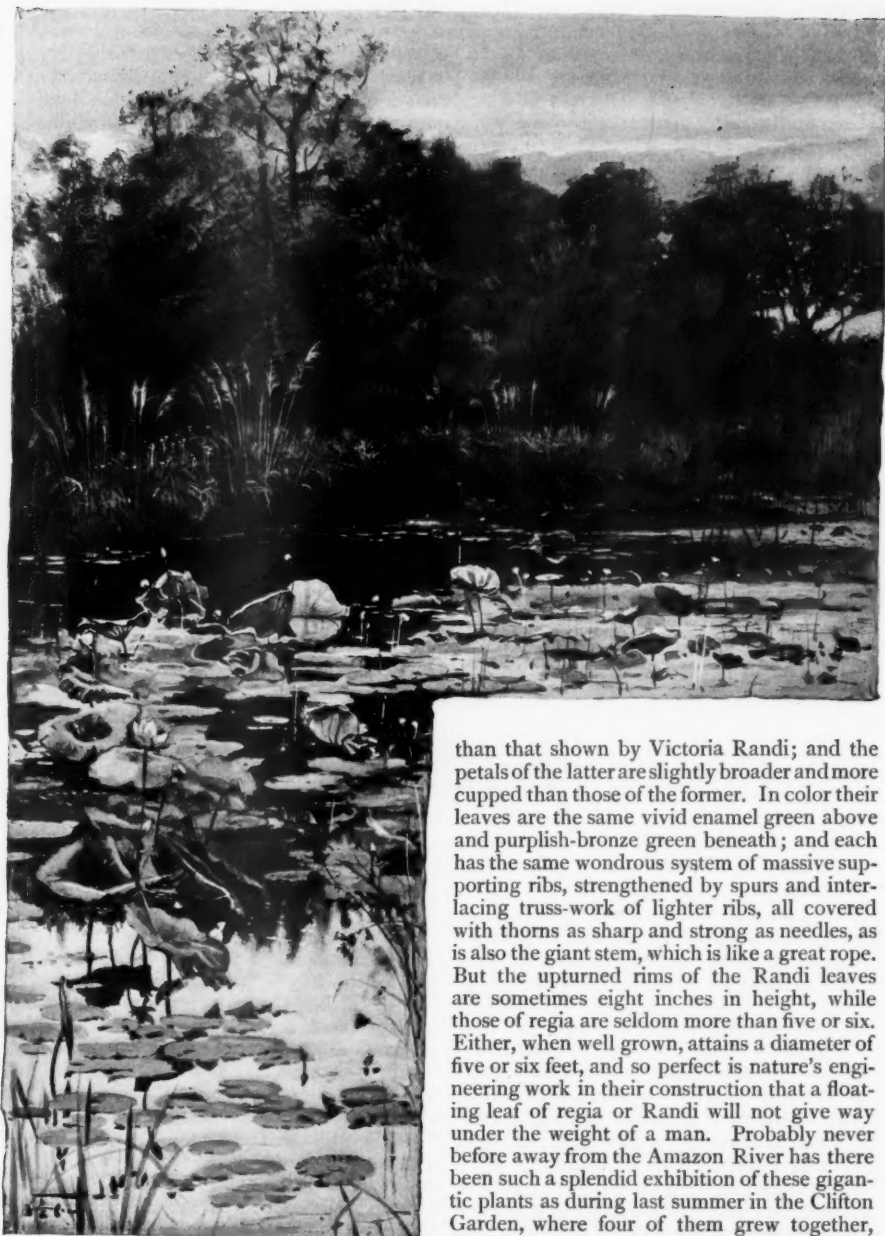
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

resolves itself into almost microscopic globules, each apparently as perfect as an uncrushed one, each with a minute bright star of green light in its center. One day *Wolffia* suddenly appeared at the Clifton Garden in a tub of water that had not been changed in months. Whence it came no one could imagine; but there were thousands of its globules that seemed to have arrived all at once. It became an interesting feature of the garden, always exciting the curiosity and admiration of visitors, and was under observation daily, until one morning when it was looked for and not found. Every globule had disappeared. Fine-meshed strainers were passed through the water, the bottom and sides of the tub were scraped, but without result. Its going was as mysterious as its coming had been. Two or three days later it reappeared in the same tub more abundantly than before; and ever since it has vanished and reappeared in the same inexplicable way.

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Amazon. Moreover, planting them is a much less painstaking operation than setting out young cabbages. Each one is dumped out of the pot in which it has been grown, with the ball of earth about its roots, and is dropped into the pond, to settle down on the muddy bottom and look out for itself.

But for the flowering of *Victoria regia* and *Victoria Randi* the program is different. A calm, sunny day in May, before they have grown too large for convenient handling, is availed of for their transference from the hothouse tanks to the outdoor basin, the water of which must first be well warmed by steam-heating pipes in the bottom. When the young plants are in place, a tight roof of glass is fitted over them, to be opened only on sunny days, a little at a time, as the season advances. Not before July is it deemed safe to give them full exposure day and night. The flowers of both are enormous, the largest of all water-lilies, and, when



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE MAIN POND—LOTUS AND GRASSES.

they first open, they are snow-white; but on the second day those of *Victoria regia* are suffused with a pinkish flush less deep in tint

than that shown by *Victoria Randi*; and the petals of the latter are slightly broader and more cupped than those of the former. In color their leaves are the same vivid enamel green above and purplish-bronze green beneath; and each has the same wondrous system of massive supporting ribs, strengthened by spurs and interlacing truss-work of lighter ribs, all covered with thorns as sharp and strong as needles, as is also the giant stem, which is like a great rope. But the upturned rims of the *Randi* leaves are sometimes eight inches in height, while those of *regia* are seldom more than five or six. Either, when well grown, attains a diameter of five or six feet, and so perfect is nature's engineering work in their construction that a floating leaf of *regia* or *Randi* will not give way under the weight of a man. Probably never before away from the Amazon River has there been such a splendid exhibition of these gigantic plants as during last summer in the Clifton Garden, where four of them grew together, three in bloom, at one time, showing simultaneously as many as five of their enormous flowers, and twice as many buds in various stages of development. Professor Morong, the curator of the botanical collection in Columbia College, who had seen thousands of these

lilies growing wild in the Amazon, affirmed that their leaves when so grown were smaller than those of cultivated plants, and that their flowers possessed no fragrance. But both regia and Randi when blooming at Clifton load the air for a hundred feet about the basin with an exceedingly delightful odor somewhat resembling the scent of pineapples. It was Professor Morong's opinion that this quality had been developed in them by cultivation.

Ten years ago nine persons out of ten in this country, if asked the color of a water-lily, would have confidently responded, "White, of course." But since then knowledge of the beautiful pink lily of Cape Cod has spread; the intense blue lily of Zanzibar has been brought to popular cognizance; and some acquaintance has been formed with the charming golden-yellow lily of Mexico. Even yet, however, it is not commonly known that among this class of flowers are pearly, snow, and creamy white; many gradations of rose-pink, red, and carmine; a great variety of shades of blue and violet; various tints of yellow and orange; and that the mysterious art of the hybridizer is constantly evoking new varieties, with novel and exquisite gradations and combinations

of those colors. In the quality of perfume water-lilies differ quite as widely as the scented blossoms of our land gardens. Rose, jasmine, heliotrope, and wallflower have odors not less alike than those of certain sorts of the *Nymphaea*. Some are cup-shaped and others star-like; some are eleven inches across, others hardly larger than a silver quarter-dollar; some spread their loveliness proudly in the sunlight, others bloom only at night. Happily, in all this wealth of choice one cannot go far astray, for none are undeserving of our loving care and admiration.

Of the hardy varieties for permanent establishment in Northern ponds, none better can be found than those already mentioned as leading Mr. Nash's original selections; but if sufficient space is at command, the list may be judiciously enlarged by the addition of *N. alba* and *N. alba candidissima* (English white water-lilies), *N. candida* (Bohemian, white), *N. Marliacea chromatella* (yellow, with orange stamens; one of M. Marliac's hybrids), and *N. pygmaea* (Chinese, white and fragrant, the smallest water-lily yet known).

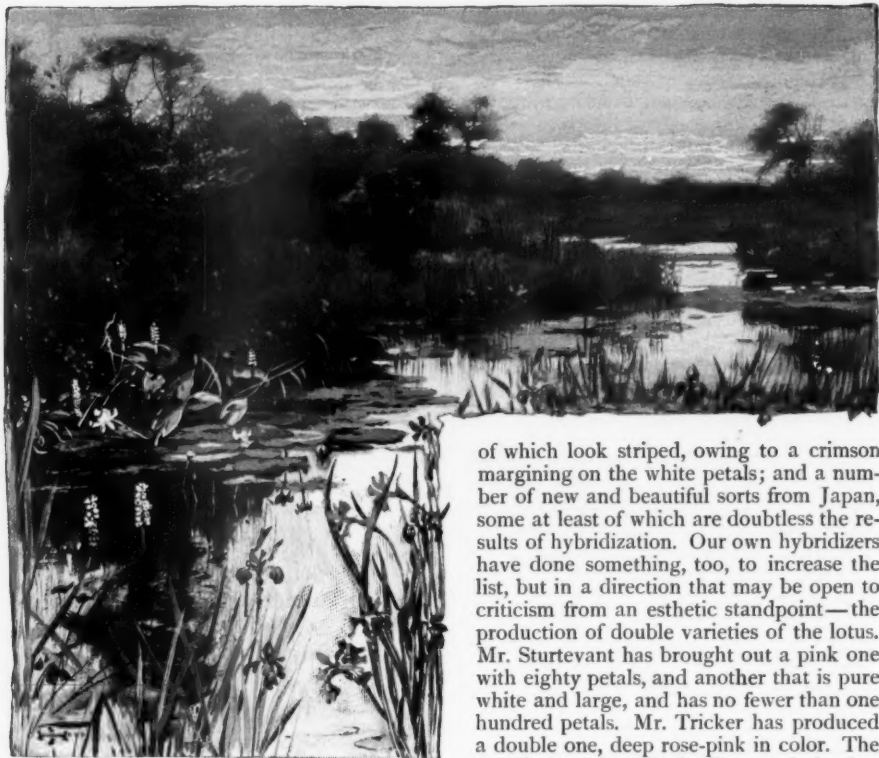
In planting nelumbiums — which will, of course, be desired among the first settlers in



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A LOTUS CLUMP IN THE VICTORIA POND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE EDGE OF THE POND—FLAGS AND ARROWHEADS.

this new garden—the cultivator will do well to see that a stout brick wall incloses the space allotted to them. If he neglects this precaution, they will invade every part of the pond, and in a surprisingly short time take entire possession of it. No room is left for anything else to grow among lotuses. They send off stolons in all directions, often to a distance of several yards, each of which, at its extremity, forms a tuber deep down in the mud, beyond the reach of frost. The next spring each tuber becomes a plant, sending off stolons on its own account, provided there are no muskrats within reach of them during winter. Until five or six years ago hardly anybody in this country, except botanists and a few professional gardeners, knew more than two varieties of nelumbiums—*speciosum* (the Egyptian lotus) and *luteum* (the American yellow lotus). Now, however, we have *N. album grandiflorum*, which bears exceedingly large white flowers; *N. roseum*, the blooms of which are of a deep rosy pink; *N. Kermesinum*, which shows a more delicate shade of pink; *N. striatum*, the buds

of which look striped, owing to a crimson margining on the white petals; and a number of new and beautiful sorts from Japan, some at least of which are doubtless the results of hybridization. Our own hybridizers have done something, too, to increase the list, but in a direction that may be open to criticism from an esthetic standpoint—the production of double varieties of the lotus. Mr. Sturtevant has brought out a pink one with eighty petals, and another that is pure white and large, and has no fewer than one hundred petals. Mr. Tricker has produced a double one, deep rose-pink in color. The double lotus is undoubtedly a curiosity, but it lacks the ethereal grace of the single varieties.

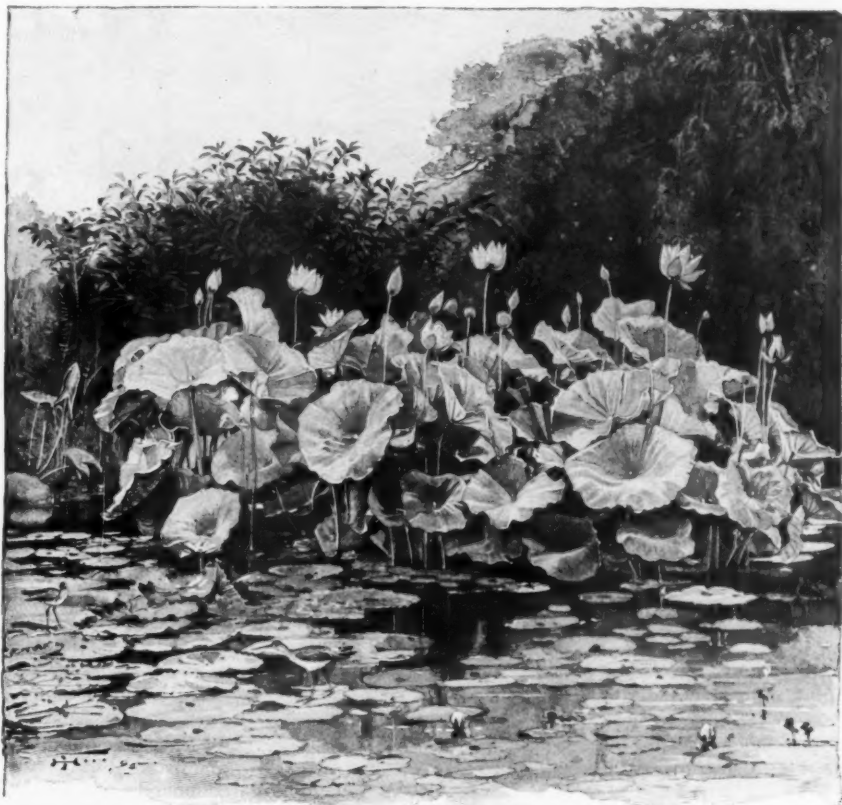
Among land or water plants there is none more magnificent than the lotus. Even if it never bloomed it would still be worthy of admiration, for in grace of form and beauty of color its foliage is unrivaled. The superior surface of its leaves is of a soft glaucous green in which light and shade play with constantly changing effect, as they sway and undulate responsive to every gentle zephyr. It repels water, and drops of rain or dew falling upon it appear like globules of quicksilver, quivering, dancing, and rolling until they gather in the depressed center, where they seem a pool of molten silver. And the leaves presenting these effects are great ones,—generally as much as three feet in diameter,—supported by stems five or six feet long, and borne in such profusion that at a little distance it is not easy to individualize one from what seems a billow of foliage. High above rise the great flowers, each curving petal of which is four or five inches in length by half as much in width, rich in perfume, so sweet, voluptuous, fascinating, that no other floral fragrance can compare with it.

The aquatic garden containing only the *Nymphaea* already mentioned and lotuses would be an ample delight to most persons, but an enthusiast in this department of horticulture would scarcely be content so long as it lacked at least a fair representation of the tropical water-lilies. These tropical *Nymphaea*, it is of course understood, are to be treated as annuals, and, excepting the requirement of heat for starting the germination of their seeds, involve no greater difficulties than any other annuals common in our gardens. For the needed warmth all that will be required for stocking any ordinary private garden may be started in vessels of moist earth over a steam-radiator in a dwelling-room, or on the back of a kitchen range.

All the night-blooming water-lilies are in the tropical or tender section. The best white one among them is *N. dentata*, a native of Sierra Leone, which has large, star-shaped, fragrant flowers and elegant buds, long and pointed.

*N. lotus*, a native of Egypt, also has white flowers, cup-shaped, with red-margined sepals. *N. rubra*, an East Indian variety, bears slightly cup-shaped flowers of bright but tender rosy tint. *N. Devonensis*, an English hybrid, but so tender as to require treatment as a tropical, has very large flowers of deeper and more brilliant rosy color than those of *N. rubra*.

Among the day-blooming tropical water-lilies the most effective is no doubt *N. Zanzibarensis*. The distinctive character of its flowers, which are star-shaped and of an intense blue color, with sepals dark green outside and purple within, commanded notice and interest wherever they were exhibited; and as the plant was introduced several years ago in the public gardens of nearly all our principal cities, this variety has been made familiar to the public generally more than any other of the tropical *Nymphaea*. Consequently it has been an exceptional favorite for experimental private cultivation; and as it has been proved one of the easi-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LOTUS AND POND-LILIES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



est to grow, flourishing and blooming even in a tub, it will, no doubt, before long become as common as any of our native water-lilies. It is well to remark, however, that all its seeds do not produce like flowers. The deep, dark blue distinctive of the type is often greatly modified, and some of the modifications give rise to permanent strains essentially different from the original. *N. Zanzibarensis azurea*, for instance, which bears beautiful flowers of bright azure blue, is a seedling which seems to have attained a fixed habit, and the same may be said of *N.*

Tricker and Mr. Sturtevant. Probably the most charming among them is *N. Laydekeri rosea*. Its flowers, upon opening, are of a delicate pink tint, with rich golden center; but on the second day the stamens deepen from gold to orange, while the petals are snow-white internally and a deeper pink externally, and on the third day all the petals are suffused with a deep rosy flush. As they are borne profusely, and consequently are shown at the same time in the different stages of development, the plant seems to produce dissimilar flowers. Mr. Sturte-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A WATER EASY—VICTORIA REGIA, MUSA, PALM, ETC.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

*Zanzibarensis rosea*, which produces flowers of deep rose-color. The finest yellow water-lily is *N. Mexicana*, from New Mexico, the petals of which seem of burnished gold. It is not one of the large sorts, seldom exceeding five inches in diameter, but the plant flowers very freely all season, until checked by frost. *N. cœrulea*, an African water-lily, is star-shaped, of clear, light-blue color; and another handsome blue is *N. scutifolia*, from the Cape of Good Hope.

Some of the handsomest water-lilies are hybrids, the results of skilfully crossing two distinct natural varieties. The greatest successes in this line have been achieved by M. B. Latour Marliac of France; and in America by Mr.

Tricker and Mr. Sturtevant. Probably the most charming among them is *N. Laydekeri rosea*. Its flowers, upon opening, are of a delicate pink tint, with rich golden center; but on the second day the stamens deepen from gold to orange, while the petals are snow-white internally and a deeper pink externally, and on the third day all the petals are suffused with a deep rosy flush. As they are borne profusely, and consequently are shown at the same time in the different stages of development, the plant seems to produce dissimilar flowers. Mr. Sturte-

vant's best hybrid is one named after him—*N. Sturtevantii*, a bright, rosy-red flower, cup-shaped, and of very large size. Mr. Tricker has produced five exceptionally fine hybrids: *N. Columbiana*, the deepest carmine water-lily yet known; *N. Smithiana*, cup-shaped, white, slightly suffused with pink; *N. Deaniana*, pink; *N. delicatissima*, an extremely light pink; and a new one, not yet named, of great size and of an exquisite shade of blue. All these hybrids save *N. Laydekeri rosea* are tender, but present no great difficulty in cultivation.

Anybody who can command a little patch of ground whereon the sun shines—even a city back yard, where earth-grown plants speedily

shudder themselves out of a poisoned existence—may cultivate, in tubs or half-barrels a superb variety of aquatic plants. Even lotuses and water-lilies can be grown in this way, and with less trouble, special knowledge, or dependence upon surrounding conditions than are involved in any other sort of gardening. When the tubs have been filled with good, rich earth, covered by an inch layer of sand or fine gravel and a proper proportion of water, and the chosen plants have been placed in them, the trouble is ended.

A very charming miniature aquatic garden may be maintained in aquariums, even in bowls, placed between sunny windows. Wherever other plants could be grown in pots, aquatic ones will flourish in anything that will hold water.

The water-lilies best adapted for cultivation in tubs are *N. Zanzibarensis*, *N. Laydekeri rosea*, *N. pygmæa alba*, *N. pygmæa helviola* (sulphur-yellow), and *N. elegans* (white, tinged with purplish blue). It must not be expected that lotuses grown in this way will attain such magnificent proportions as those in open ponds, or that bringing them into shelter will keep them growing in winter, which is their season of rest; and to have them do well, all the space possible should be given to them. A half-hogs-head would be better than a half-barrel. For them and for the water-lilies the water need be only five inches in depth, and the soil about ten, with an inch, or a little less, of sand to keep the lighter particles of fertilizing material from floating. The water should always be clear.

Decorative effect, either in open-air or indoor aquatic gardens of these minor classes, is best attained by combinations of plants made with due regard to their several habits of growth: with limited exception to this rule, of course, in the case of such as are cultivated for their flowers, and to which it is therefore desirable to accord all disposable space. Here are suggestions, illustrative of both the rule and the exception, for the planting of five tubs, any of which will give charming results.

First. In the center, *Cyperus alternifolius* (a very ornamental aquatic grass, from eighteen to twenty-four inches high), three plants of water-hyacinth and three of water-lettuce (*Pistia stratiotes*) alternated, with *Azolla Caroliniana* (a lovely little floating moss) sprinkled between. Parrot's-feather (*Myriophyllum proserpinacoides*) may be put around the edge, and trained to throw its delicate whorls of greenery over the sides of the tub, which it will soon cover completely; but care must be taken to prevent its spreading to the interior also. Four inches of water and eight of soil will suffice for these plants.

Second. In the center, one to four plants, ac-

ording to their strength, of *Cyperus papyrus* (the "Egyptian paper-plant"), which grows four or five feet tall; four of *Peltandra Virginica* (sometimes called "water-arum") disposed about it, with parrot's-feather allowed to fill the spaces between. The water-arum has calla-like leaves, growing twelve to fifteen inches out of the water, and bears greenish flowers of the calla type. Three inches of water over the soil will be enough in this tub, as these plants require much earth.

Third. This may be given up entirely to *Aponogeton distachyon* (Cape pondweed), a charming plant, not yet as well known as it should be, which grows luxuriantly, and produces, winter and summer, curious white flowers which have a delightful hawthorn fragrance. If desired, *Azolla Caroliniana* or *Salvinia natans* (another beautiful little floating plant) may be scattered among the *Aponogeton*, to mask the water until the latter covers it, as they flourish anywhere, accommodate themselves to circumstances, and are always admirable. Equal proportions of soil and water will be best for this tub.

Fourth. This should have ten or a dozen plants of *Limnanthemum Indicum* (water-snowflake) surrounding a central mass of the grand *Thalia dealbata*. The flowers of *Limnanthemum* are the daintiest, most exquisite little white stars imaginable, seemingly covered with frost-work or snow crystals, and the leaves are like those of a water-lily, though only four or five inches wide; while the *Thalia* is an imposing plant, three or four feet high, with big leaves on long petioles. Four or five inches of water and eight or nine of soil are sufficient.

Fifth. This may be like the preceding, except that for the water-snowflake should be substituted the water-poppy (*Limncharis Humboldtii*), and, instead of *Thalia*, the giant arrowhead (*Sagittaria Montevidiensis*), which carries huge leaves on tapering stalks four or five feet high, and bears large white flowers. The bloom of the water-poppy is yellow, with black stamens.

As a sort of appendix to this incomplete list, I may mention *Hydrocharis morsus-ranae* (frogbit), a British aquatic plant which has beautiful foliage of a very pleasing shade of green, and bears pretty white heart-shaped flowers. It is a floating plant, requiring no soil to root in, and may therefore be used with excellent effect in aquaria containing submerged plants.

Fish should always be kept with plants in an aquarium, not simply because their colors and motion add a pleasing effect, but for their service in devouring insects; and in open-air ponds they are quite indispensable.

J. H. Connelly.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPER.

“‘I COULD BUY HIM AN’ SELL HIM TWICE OVER,’ HE MUTTERED ANGRILY, AS LOUD AS HE DARED.”  
ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

## ALL MY SAD CAPTAINS.

WITH PICTURES BY ERIC PAPE.



"Captain Crowe went grumbling away, down the street."

I.

### RS. PETER LUNN

was a plump little woman who bobbed her head like a pigeon when she walked. Her best dress was a handsome, if not new, black silk which Captain Lunn, her lamented husband, had bought for her many years before in the port of Bristol. The decline of shipping interests had cost this worthy shipmaster not only the better part of his small fortune, but also his health and spirits; and he had died a poor man at last, after a long and trying illness. Such a lingering disorder, with its hopes and despairs, rarely affords the same poor compensations to a man that it does to a woman; the claims upon public interest and consideration, the dignity of being assailed by any ailment out of the common course — all these things are to a man but the details of his general ignominy and impatience.

Captain Peter Lunn may have indulged in no sense of his own consequence and uniqueness as a patient; but his wife bore herself as a woman should who was the heroine in so sad a drama, and she went and came across the provincial stage, knowing that her audience was made up of nearly the whole population of that little seaside town. When the curtain had fallen at last, and the old friends — seafaring men and others and their wives — had come home from Captain Lunn's funeral, and had spoken their friendly thoughts, and reviewed his symptoms for what seemed to them to be the last time, everybody was conscious of a real anxiety. The future of the captain's widow was sadly uncertain, for every one was aware that Mrs. Lunn could now depend upon only a scant provision. She was much younger than her husband, having been a second wife, and she was thrifty and ingenious; but her outlook was acknowledged to be anything but cheerful. In truth, the honest grief that she displayed in the early days of her loss was sure to be better understood with the ancient proverb in mind, that a lean sorrow is worse to bear.

To everybody's surprise, however, this able woman succeeded in keeping the old Lunn house painted to the proper perfection of whiteness; there never were any loose bricks to be

seen on the tops of her chimneys. The relics of the days of her prosperity kept an air of comfortable continuance in the days of her adversity. The best black silk held its own nobly, and the shining roundness of its handsome folds aided her in looking prosperous and fit for all social occasions. She lived alone, and was a busy and unprocrastinating housekeeper. She may have made less raspberry jam than in her earlier days, but it was always pound for pound; while her sponge-cake was never degraded in its ingredients from the royal standard of twelve eggs. The honest English and French stuffs that had been used in the furnishing of the captain's house so many years before faded a little as the years passed by, but they never wore out. Yet one cannot keep the same money in one's purse, if one is never so thrifty, and so it came at last to Mrs. Lunn's feeling heavy at heart and deeply troubled. To use the common phrase of her neighbors, it was high time for her to make a change. She had now been living alone for four years, and it must be confessed that all those friends who had admired her self-respect and self-dependence began to take a keener interest than ever in her plans and behavior.

The first indication of Mrs. Lunn's new purpose in life was her mournful allusion to those responsibilities which so severely taxed the incompetence of a lone woman. She felt obliged to ask advice of a friend; in fact, she asked the advice of three friends, and each responded with a cordiality delightful to describe. It happened that there were no less than three retired shipmasters in the old seaport town of Longport who felt the justice of our heroine's claims upon society. She was not only an extremely pleasing person, but she had the wisdom to conceal from Captain Asa Shaw that she had taken any one for an intimate counselor but himself; and the same secrecy was observed out of deference to the feelings and pride of Captain Crowe and Captain Witherspoon. The deplored necessity of re-shingling her roof was the great project in which she threw herself upon their advice and assistance.

Now, if it had been the new planking of a deck, or the selection and stepping of a mast, the counsel of two of these captains would have been more likely to avail a helpless lady. They were elderly men, and had spent so much of their lives at sea that they were not very well informed about shingling their own houses, having left this to their wives, or agents, or

some other land-fast persons. They recognized the truth that it would not do to let the project be publicly known, for fear of undue advantage being taken over an unprotected woman; but each found his opportunity to acquire information, and to impart it in secret to Mrs. Lunn. It sometimes occurred to the good woman that she had been unwise in setting all her captains upon the same course, especially as she really thought that the old cedar shingles might last, with judicious patching, for two or three years more. But, in spite of this weakness of tactics, she was equal to her small campaign.

It now becomes necessary that the reader should have some closer acquaintance with the captains themselves; and to that end confession must be made of the author's belief in a theory of psychological misfits, or the occasional occupation of large-sized material bodies by small-sized spiritual tenants, and the opposite of this, by which small shapes of clay are sometimes animated in the noblest way by lofty souls. This was the case with Captain Witherspoon, who, not being much above five feet in height, bore himself like a giant, and carried a cane that was far too long for him. Not so Captain Crowe, who, being considerably over six feet high, was small-voiced and easily embarrassed, besides being so unconscious of the strength and size of his great body that he usually bore the mark of a blow on his forehead, to show that he had lately attempted to go through a door that was too low for him. He accounted for himself only as far as his eyes, and in groping between decks, or under garret or storehouse eaves, the poor man was constantly exposing the superfluous portion of his frame to severe usage. His hats were always more or less damaged. He was altogether unaware of the natural dignity of his appearance, and bore himself with great honesty and simplicity, as became a small and timid person. But little Captain Witherspoon had a heart of fire. He spoke in a loud and hearty voice. He was called "The Captain" by his townsfolk, while other shipmasters, active or retired, were given their full and distinctive names of Captain Crowe, Captain Eli Proudfit, or Captain Tom Shaw, as the case might be.

Captain Asa Shaw, the brother of the last-named seaman (who was still in command of a vessel, and rarely seen in Longport)—Captain Asa Shaw was another aspirant for the hand of Mrs. Maria Lunn. He had a great deal more money than his rivals, and was the owner of two tug-boats, which brought a good addition to his income, since Longport was at the mouth of a river on which there was still considerable traffic. He lacked the dignity and elegance of leisure which belonged to Captains Crowe and Witherspoon, but the fact was patent that he was a younger man than they by half a

dozen years. He was not a member of one of the old Longport families, and belonged to a less eminent social level. His straightforwardness of behavior and excellent business position were his chief claims, besides the fact that he was not only rich, but growing richer every day. His drawbacks were the carping relatives of his late wife, and his four unruly children. Captain Crowe felt himself assured of success in his suit, because he was by no means a poor man, and because he owned the best house in town, over which any woman might be proud to reign as mistress; but he had the defect of owing a home to two maiden sisters who were envious and uneasy at the very suggestion of his marrying again. They constantly deplored the loss of their sister-in-law, and paid assiduous and open respect to her memory in every possible way. It seemed certain that as long as they could continue the captain's habit of visiting her grave, in their company, on pleasant Sundays, he was in little danger of providing a successor to reign over them. They had been very critical and hard-hearted to the meek little woman while she was alive, and their later conduct may possibly have been moved by repentance. As for the third admirer of Mrs. Lunn, Captain Witherspoon, he was an unencumbered bachelor; he had always dreamed of marrying, but had never wished to marry any one in particular until Maria Lunn had engaged his late-blossoming affections. He had only a slender estate, but was sure that if they had been able to get along apart, they could get on all the better together. His lonely habitation was with a deaf, widowed cousin; his hopes were great that he was near to having that happy home of his own of which he had dreamed on land and sea ever since he was a boy. He was young at heart, and an ardent lover, this red-faced little old captain, who walked in the Longport streets as if he were another Lord Nelson, afraid of nobody, and equal to his fortunes.

To him, who had long admired her in secret, Maria Lunn's confidence in regard to the renewing of her cedar shingles had been a golden joy. He could hardly help singing as he walked, at this proof of her confidence and esteem, and the mellowing effect of an eleven o'clock glass of refreshment put his willing tongue in daily danger of telling his hopes to a mixed but assuredly interested company. As he walked by the Lunn house, on his way to and from the harbor side, he looked at it with a feeling of relationship and love; he admired the clean white curtains at the windows, he envied the plump tortoise-shell cat on the side door-step; if he saw the composed and pleasant face of Maria glancing up from her sewing, he swept his hat through the air with as gallant a bow as Longport had ever seen,



and blushed with joy and pride. Maria Lunn owned to herself that she liked him best, as far as he himself was concerned; while she invariably settled it with her judicious affections that she must never think of encouraging the captain, who, like herself, was too poor already. Put to the shingle test, he was also found wanting; he was no man of business, and had lost both his own patrimony and early savings in disastrous shipping enterprises, and still liked to throw down his money to any one who was willing to pick it up. But sometimes, when she saw him pass with a little troop of children at his heels, on their happy way to the candy-shop at the corner, she could not forbear a sigh, or to say to herself, with a smile, that the little man was good-hearted, or that there was nobody who made himself better company; perhaps he would stop in for a minute as he came up the street again at noon. Her sewing was not making, but mending, in these days; and the more she had to mend, the more she sat by one of her front windows, where the light was good.

## II.

ONE evening toward the end of summer there came a loud rap at the knocker of Mrs. Lunn's front door. It was the summons of Captain Asa Shaw, who sought a quiet haven from the discomforts of the society of his sisters-in-law and his notoriously ill-bred children. Captain Shaw was prosperous, if not happy; he had been figuring up his accounts that rainy afternoon, and found himself in good case. He looked burly and commonplace and insistent as he stood on the front door-step, and thought Mrs. Lunn was long in coming. At the same moment when she had just made her appearance with a set smile, and a little extra color in her cheeks, from having hastily taken off her apron and tossed it into the sitting-room closet, and smoothed her satin-like black hair on the way, there was another loud rap on the smaller side-door knocker.

"There must be somebody wanting to speak with me on an errand," she prettily apologized, as she offered Captain Shaw the best rocking-chair. The side door opened into a tiny entryway at the other end of the room, and she unfastened the bolt impatiently. "Oh, walk right in, Cap'n Crowe!" she was presently heard to exclaim; but there was a note of embarrassment in her tone, and a look of provocation on her face, as the big shipmaster lumbered after her into the sitting-room. Captain Shaw had taken the large chair, and the newcomer was but poorly accommodated on a smaller one with a cane seat. The walls of the old Lunn house were low, and his head seemed in danger of knocking itself; he was clumsier

and bigger than ever in this moment of dismay. His sisters had worn his patience past endurance, and he had it in mind to come to a distinct understanding with Mrs. Lunn that very night.

Captain Shaw was in his every-day clothes, which lost him a point in Mrs. Lunn's observant eyes; but Captain Crowe had paid her the honor of putting on his best coat for this evening visit. She thought at first that he had even changed his shirt, but upon reflection remembered that this could not be taken as a special recognition of her charms, it being Wednesday night. On the wharves, or in a down-town office, the two men were by way of being good friends, but at this moment great Captain Crowe openly despised his social inferior, and after a formal recognition of his unwelcome presence ignored him with unusual bravery, and addressed Mrs. Lunn with grave politeness. He was dimly conscious of the younger and lesser man's being for some unexplainable reason a formidable rival, and tried blunderingly to show the degree of intimacy which existed between himself and the lady.

"I just looked in to report about our little matter of business. I've got the estimates with me, but 't will do just as well another time," said the big mariner in his disapproving, soft voice.

Captain Shaw instinctively scuffed his feet at the sound, and even felt for his account-book in an inside pocket to reassure himself of his financial standing. "I could buy him an' sell him twice over," he muttered angrily, as loud as he dared.

Mrs. Lunn rose to a command of the occasion at once; there was no sense in men of their age behaving like schoolboys. "Oh, my, yes!" she hastened to say, as she rose with a simpering smile. "'T ain't as if 't was any kind o' consequence, you know; not but what I 'm just as much obliged."

Captain Crowe scowled now; this was still the affair of the shingles, and it had been of enough consequence two days before to protract a conversation through two long hours. He had wished ever since that he had thought then to tell Mrs. Lunn that if she would just say the word, she never need think of those shingles again, nor of the cost of them. It would have been a pretty way to convey the state of his feelings toward her; but he had lost the opportunity, it might be forever. To use his own expression, he now put about and steered a new course.

"I come by your house just now," he said to Captain Shaw, who still glowered from the rocking-chair. "Your young folks seemed to be havin' a great time. Well, I like to see young folks happy. They generally be," he chuckled maliciously; "'t is we old ones have the worst

of it, soon as they begin to want to have everything their way."

"I don't allow no trouble for'ard when I'm on deck," said Shipmaster Shaw, more cheerfully; he hardly recognized the covert allusion to his drawbacks as a suitor. "I like to give 'em their liberty, though. To-night they were bound on some sort of a racket—they got some other young folks in; but gen'ally they do pretty well. I'm goin' to take my oldest boy right into the office, first o' January—put him right to business. I need more help; I've got too much now for me an' Decket to handle, though Decket 's a good accountant."

"Well, I'm glad I'm out of it," said Captain Crowe. "I don't want the bother o' business. I don't need to slave."

"No; you should n't have too much to carry at your time o' life," rejoined his friend, in a tone that was anything but soothing; and at this moment Maria Lunn returned with her best lamp in full brilliancy. She had listened eagerly to their exchange of compliments, and thought it would be wise to change the subject.

"What's been goin' on down street to-day?" she asked. "I have n't had occasion to go out, and I don't have anybody to bring me the news, as I used to."

"Here 's Cap'n Shaw makin' me out to be old enough to be his grandfather," insisted Captain Crowe, laughing gently, as if he had taken it as a joke. "Now, everybody knows I ain't but five years the oldest. Shaw, you must n't be settin' up for a young dandy. I've had a good deal more sea service than you. I believe you never went out on a long voyage round the Cape or the like o' that; those long voyages count a man two years to one, if they 're hard passages."

"No; I only made some half a dozen long trips; the rest you might call coastin'," said Captain Shaw, handsomely. The two men felt more at ease and reasonable with this familiar subject of experience and discussion. "I come to the conclusion I'd better stop ashore. If I could ever have found me a smart, dependable crew, I might have followed the sea longer than I did."

It was in the big captain's heart to say, "Poor master, poor crew"; but he refrained. It had been well known that in spite of Shaw's ability as a money-maker on shore, he was no seaman, and never had been. Mrs. Lunn was sure to have heard his defects commented on, but she sat by the table, smiling, and gave no sign, though Captain Crowe looked at her eagerly for a glance of understanding and contempt.

There was a moment of silence, and nobody seemed to know what to say next. Mrs. Maria Lunn was not a great talker in company, although so delightful in confidence and consul-

tation. She wished now, from the bottom of her heart, that one of her admirers would go away; but at this instant there was a loud tapping at a back door in the farther end of the house.

"I thought I heard somebody knocking a few minutes ago." Captain Crowe rose ponderously against the ceiling. "Here, now, I'm goin' to the door for you, Mis' Lunn; there may be a tramp or somethin'."

"Oh, no," said the little woman, anxiously bustling past him, and lifting the hand-lamp as she went. "I guess it's only somebody to speak about the washing. Mrs. Dimmett's been sick—" The last words were nearly lost in the distance, and in the draft a door closed after her, and the two captains were left alone. Some minutes went by before there was suddenly heard the sound of a familiar voice.

"I don't know but what I will, after all, step in an' set down for just a minute," said the hearty voice of little Captain Witherspoon. "I'll just wash my hands here at the sink, if you'll let me, same 's I did the other day. I should n't have bothered you so late about a mere fish, but they was such prime mackerel, an' I thought like 's not one of 'em would make you a breakfast."

"You're always very considerate," answered Mrs. Lunn, in spite of what she felt to be a real emergency. She was very fond of mackerel, and these were the first of the season. "Walk right in, Cap'n Witherspoon, when you get ready. You'll find some o' your friends. 'Tis 'The Cap'n,' gentlemen," she added, in a pleased tone, as she rejoined her earlier guests.

If Captain Witherspoon had also indulged a hope of finding his love alone, he made no sign; it would be beneath so valiant and gallant a man to show defeat at what was, at worst, but a time of delay. He shook hands with both his friends as if he had not seen them for a fortnight, and then drew one of the Windsor chairs forward, forcing the two companions into something like a social circle.

"What 's the news?" he demanded. "Anything heard from the new minister yet, Crowe? I suppose, though, the ladies are likely to hear of those matters first."

Mrs. Lunn was grateful to this promoter of friendly intercourse. "Yes, sir," she answered quickly; "I was told, just before tea, that he had written to Deacon Torby that he felt moved to accept the call."

Her eyes shone with pleasure at having this piece of news. She had been thinking a great deal about it just before the two captains came in, but their mutual dismay had been such an infliction that for once she had been in danger of forgetting her best resources. Now, with the interest of these parishioners in their new minister, the propriety, not to say the enjoy-

ment, of the rest of the evening was secure. Captain Witherspoon went away earliest, as cheerfully as he had come; and Captain Shaw rose and followed him for the sake of having company along the street. Captain Crowe lingered a few moments, so obtrusively that he seemed to fill the whole sitting-room, while he talked about unimportant matters; and at last Mrs. Lunn knocked a large flat book off the end of the sofa for no other reason than to tell him that it was one of Captain Witherspoon's old log-books, which she had taken great pleasure in reading. She did not explain that it was asked for because of other records: her late husband had also been in command, one voyage, of the ship *Mary Susan*.

Captain Crowe went grumbling away down the street. "I've seen his plaguy logs; and what she can find, I don't see. There ain't nothin' to a page but his figures, and what men were sick, and how the seas run, an' 'So ends the day.'" It was a terrible indication of rivalry that the captain felt at liberty to bring his confounded fish to any door he chose; and his very willingness to depart early and leave the field might prove him to possess a happy certainty. Captain Crowe was so jealous that he almost forgot to play his rôle of lover.

As for Mrs. Lunn herself, she blew out the best lamp at once, so that it would burn another night, and sat and pondered over her future. "I was real awkward to have 'em all call together; but I guess I passed it off pretty well," she consoled herself, casting an absent-minded glance at her little blurred mirror with the gilded wheat-sheaf at the top.

"Everybody's after her; I've got to look sharp," said Captain Asa Shaw to himself that night. "I guess I'd better give her to understand what I'm worth."

"Both o' them old sea-dogs is steerin' for the same port as I be. I'll cut 'em out, if only for the name of it—see if I don't!" Captain Crowe muttered, as he smoked his evening pipe, puffing away with a great draft that made the tobacco glow and almost flare.

"I care a world more about poor Maria than anybody else does," said warm-hearted little Captain Witherspoon, making himself as tall as he could as he walked his bedroom deck to and fro.

### III.

THE three lovers fancied themselves unsuspected by their nearest friends, and they consequently were not made to feel too conspicuous, or at least had some shelter from observation in the fact that a new minister was about to be settled in the First Parish, and that public interest really centered in him. Besides this, all the friends of the late lamented Captain Peter

Lunn had formed a habit of visiting him often during his long illness, and, as Captain Crowe consoled himself, after a moment of coyness, when he had encountered one of his sharp-eyed sisters coming in at Mrs. Lunn's front door as he was going out, people would have thought it strange if he had not gone now and then to see the widow of his old friend and companion. It was late one afternoon when he and his sister met, and he had an uneasy feeling about going home to supper: there was sure to be some unpleasant comment.

Captain Crowe dragged his great watch out of his waistcoat pocket, to see the dreaded lateness of the hour. He had only spoken incidentally of the shingles that day, but Mrs. Lunn had referred to the last time they were put on, while Captain Lunn was at home just before he sailed on his last voyage; and this had led to a long and pleasant conversation about the past, during which the entire afternoon might have slipped away. However, it was only a quarter to five o'clock, and Captain Crowe bent his steps toward the warehouses and the wharves. He had found it warm for a person of his great size in Mrs. Lunn's keeping-room.

Down behind the old Witherspoon warehouse, built by the captain's father when the shipping interests of Longport were at their height of prosperity, there was a pleasant spot where one might sometimes sit in the cool of the afternoon. There were some decaying sticks of huge oak timber, stout and short, which served well for benches; the gray, rain-gnawed wall of the old warehouse, with its overhanging second story, was at the back; and in front was the wharf, still well graveled except where tenacious, wiry weeds and thin grass had sprouted, and been sunburned into sparse hay. There were some places, alas! where the planking had rotted away, and one could look down through and see the clear, green water underneath, and the black, sea-worn piles with their fringes of barnacles and seaweed. Captain Crowe gave a deep sigh as he sat heavily down on a stick of timber; then he heard a noise above, and looked up, to see at first only the rusty windlass under the high gable, with its end of frayed rope flying loose; then one of the wooden shutters was suddenly flung open, and swung to again, and fastened. Captain Crowe was sure now that he should soon gain a companion. Captain Witherspoon was in the habit of airing the empty warehouse once a week—Wednesdays, if pleasant; it was nearly all the active business he had left; and this was Thursday, but Wednesday had been rainy.

Presently the captain appeared at the basement doorway, just behind where his friend was sitting. The door was seldom opened, but

the owner of the property professed himself forgetful about letting in as much fresh air there as he did above, and announced that he should leave it open for half an hour. The two men moved a little way along the oak stick to be out of the cool draft which poured out of the cellar-like place, empty save for the storage of some old fragments of shipping or warehouse gear. There was a musty odor of the innumerable drops of molasses which must have leaked into the hard earth there for half a century; there was still a fragrance of damp Liverpool salt, a reminder of even the dye-stuffs and pepper and rich spices that had been stowed away. The two elderly men were carried back to the past by these familiar, ancient odors; they turned and sniffed once or twice with satisfaction, but neither spoke. Before them the great, empty harbor spread its lovely, shining levels in the low afternoon light. There were a few ephemeral pleasure-boats, but no merchantmen riding at anchor, no lines of masts along the wharves, with great wrappings of furling sails on the yards; there were no sounds of mallets on the ships' sides, or of the voices of men busy with unlading, or moving the landed cargoes. The old warehouses were all shuttered and padlocked, as far as the two men could see.

"Looks lonesomer than ever, don't it?" said Captain Crowe, pensively. "I vow it's a shame to see such a harbor as this, an' think o' all the back country, an' how things were goin' on here in our young days."

"'T is sad, sir, sad," growled brave little Captain Witherspoon. "They've taken the wrong course for the country's good—some o' those folks in Washington. When the worst of 'em have stuffed their own pockets as full as they can get, p'raps they'll see what else can be done, and all catch hold together and shore up the shipping int'rists. I see every night, when I go after my paper, the whole sidewalk full o' louts that ought to be pushed off to sea with a good smart master; they're going to the devil ashore, sir. Every way you can look at it, shippin' 's a loss to us."

At this moment the shrill whistle of a locomotive sounded back of the town, but the captains took no notice of it. Two idle boys suddenly came scrambling up the broken landing-steps from the water, one of them clutching a distressed puppy. Then another, who had stopped to fasten the invisible boat underneath, joined them in haste, and all three fled round the corner. The elderly seamen had watched them severely.

"It used to cost but a ninepence to get a bar'l from Boston by sea," said Captain Crowe, in a melancholy tone; "and now it costs twenty-five cents, sir."

In reply Captain Witherspoon shook his head gloomily.

"You an' I never expected to see Longport harbor look like this," resumed Captain Crowe, giving the barren waters a long gaze, and then leaning forward and pushing the pebbles about with his cane. "I don't know 's I ever saw things look so poor along these wharves as they do to-day. I've seen six or seven large vessels at a time waitin' out in the stream there until they could get up to the wharves. You could stand ashore an' hear their masters rippin' an' swearin' aboard, an' fur 's you could see from here, either way, the masts and riggin' looked like the woods in winter-time. There used to be somethin' doin' in this place when we was young men, Cap'n Witherspoon."

"I feel it as much as anybody," acknowledged the captain. "Looks to me very much as if there was a vessel comin' up, down there over Dimmett's P'int; she may only be runnin' in closer 'n usual on this light sou'easterly breeze; yes, I s'pose that's all. What do you make her out to be, sir?"

The old shipmasters bent their keen, farsighted gaze seaward for a moment. "She ain't comin' in; she's only one o' them great schooners runnin' west'ard. I'd as soon put to sea under a Monday's clothes-line, for my part," said Captain Crowe.

"Yes; give me a brig, sir, a good able brig," said Witherspoon, eagerly. "I don't care if she's a little chunky, either. I'll make more money out of her than out o' any o' these gre't new-fangled things. I'd as soon try to sail a whole lumber-yard to good advantage. Gi' me an old-fashioned house an' an old-style vessel; there was some plan an' reason to 'em. Now that new house of Asa Shaw's he's put so much money in; looks as if a nor'west wind took an' hove it together. Shaw's just the man to call for one o' them schooners we just spoke of."

The mention of this rival's name caused deep feelings in their manly breasts. The captains felt an instant resentment of Asa Shaw's wealth and pretensions. Neither noticed that the subject was abruptly changed without apparent reason when Captain Crowe asked if there was any truth in the story that the new minister was going to take board with the Widow Lunn.

"No, sir," exclaimed Captain Witherspoon, growing red in the face, and speaking angrily; "I don't put any confidence in the story at all."

"It might be of mutual advantage," his companion urged a little maliciously. Captain Crowe had fancied that Mrs. Lunn had shown him special favor that afternoon, and ventured to think himself secure.

"The new minister's a dozen years younger than she; must be all o' that," said "The Cap-



tain," collecting himself. "I called him quite a young-lookin' man when he preached for us as a candidate. Sing'lar he should n't be a married man. Generally they be."

"You ain't the right one to make reflections," joked Captain Crowe, mindful that Maria Lunn had gone so far that very day as to compliment him upon owning the handsomest place in the town. "I used to think you was a great beau among the ladies, Witherspoon."

"I never expected to die a single man," said his companion, with dignity.

"You 're gettin' along in years," urged Captain Crowe. "You 're gettin' to where it 's dangerous; a good-hearted elderly man 's liable to be snapped up by somebody he don't want. They say an old man ought to be married, but he should n't get married. I don't know but it 's so."

"I 've put away my thoughts o' youth long since," said the little captain, nobly. "Though I ain't so old, sir, but what I 've got some years before me yet, unless I meet with accident; an' I 'm so situated that I never yet had to take anybody that I did n't want. But I do often feel that there 's somethin' to be said for the affections, an' I get to feelin' lonesome, thinkin' that age is before me, an' if I should get hove on to a sick an' dyin' bed —"

The captain's hearty voice failed for once; then the pleasant face and sprightly figure of the lady of his choice seemed to interpose, and to comfort him. "Come, come!" he said, "ain't we gettin' into the doldrums, Crowe? I 'll just step in an' close up the warehouse; it must be time to make for supper."

Captain Crowe walked slowly round by the warehouse lane into the street, waiting at the door while his friend went through the old building, carefully putting up the bars and with a ponderous key locking the street door upon its emptiness; then the two captains walked away together, the tall one and the short one, clicking their canes on the flagstones. They turned up Barbadoes street, where Mrs. Lunn lived, and bowed to her finely as they passed.

#### IV.

ONE Sunday morning in September the second bell was just beginning to toll, and Mrs. Lunn locked her front door, tried the great brass latch, put the heavy key into her best silk dress pocket, and stepped forth discreetly on her way to church. She had been away from Longport for several weeks, having been sent for to companion the last days of a cousin much older than herself; and her reappearance was now greeted with much friendliness. The siege of her heart had necessarily been in abeyance. She walked to her seat in the broad aisle with great dignity. It was a season of consid-

erable interest in Longport, for the new minister had that week been installed, and that day he was to preach his first sermon. All the red East Indian scarfs and best raiment of every sort suitable for early autumn wear had been brought out of the camphor-chests, and there was an air of solemn festival.

Mrs. Lunn's gravity of expression was hardly borne out by her gaiety of apparel, yet there was something cheerful about her look, in spite of her recent bereavement. The cousin who had just died had in times past visited Longport, so that Mrs. Lunn's friends were the more ready to express their regret. When one has passed the borders of middle life, such losses are sadly met; for they break the long trusted bonds of old association, and remove a part of one's own life and belongings. Old friends grow dearer as they grow fewer; those who remember us as long as we remember ourselves become a part of ourselves at last, and leave us so much the poorer when they are taken away. Everybody felt sorry for Mrs. Lunn, especially as it was known that this cousin had always been as generous as her income would allow; but she was chiefly dependent upon an annuity, and was thought to have but little to leave behind her.

Mrs. Lunn had reached home only the evening before, and, the day of her return having been uncertain, she was welcomed by no one, and had slipped in at her own door unnoticed in the dusk. There was a little stir in the congregation as she passed to her pew, but, being in affliction, she took no notice of friendly glances, and responded with great gravity only to her neighbor in the next pew, with whom she usually exchanged confidential whispers as late as the second sentence of the opening prayer.

The new minister was better known to her than to any other member of the parish; for he had been the pastor of the church to which her lately deceased cousin belonged, and Mrs. Lunn had seen him oftener and more intimately than ever in this last sad visit. He was a fine-looking man, no longer young,—in fact, he looked quite as old as our heroine,—and though at first the three captains alone may have regarded him with suspicion, by the time church was over and the Rev. Mr. Farley had passed quickly by some prominent parishioners who stood expectant at the doors of their pews, in order to speak to Mrs. Lunn, and lingered a few moments holding her affectionately by the hand—by this time gossip was fairly kindled. Moreover, the minister had declined Deacon Torby's invitation to dinner, and it was supposed, though wrongly, that he had accepted Mrs. Lunn's, as they walked away together.

Now Mrs. Lunn was a great favorite in the



social circles of Longport—none greater; but there were other single ladies in the First Parish, and it was something to be deeply considered whether she had the right, with so little delay, to appropriate the only marriageable minister who had been settled over that church and society during a hundred and eighteen years. There was a loud buzzing of talk that Sunday afternoon. It was impossible to gainsay the fact that if there was a prospective engagement, Mrs. Lunn had shown her usual discretion. The new minister had a proper income, but no house and home; while she had a good house and home, but no income. She was called hard names, which would have deeply wounded her, by many of her intimate friends; but there were others who more generously took her part, though they vigorously stated their belief that a young married man with a growing family had his advantages. The worst thing seemed to be that the Rev. Mr. Farley was beginning his pastorate under a cloud.

While all this tempest blew, and all eyes were turned her way, friends and foes alike behaved as if not only themselves but the world were concerned with Mrs. Maria Lunn's behavior, and as if the fate of empires hung upon her choice of a consort. She was maligned by Captain Crowe's two sisters for having extended encouragement to their brother, while the near relatives of Captain Shaw told tales of her open efforts to secure his kind attention; but in spite of all these things, and the antagonism that was in the very air, Mrs. Lunn went serenely on her way. She even, after a few days' seclusion, arrayed herself in her best, and set forth to make some calls with a pleasant, unmindful manner which puzzled her neighbors a good deal. She had, or professed to have, some excuse for visiting each house: of one friend she asked instructions about her duties as newly elected officer of the sewing society, the first meeting of which had been held in her absence; and another neighbor was kindly requested to give the latest news from an invalid son at a distance. Mrs. Lunn did not make such a breach of good manners as to go out making calls with no reason so soon after her cousin's death. She appeared rather in her most friendly and neighborly character; and furthermore gave much interesting information in regard to the new minister, telling many pleasant things about him and his relations to, and degree of success in, his late charge. There may or may not have been an air of proprietorship in her manner; she was frank and free of speech, at any rate; and so the flame of interest was fanned ever to a brighter blaze.

The reader can hardly be expected to sympathize with the great excitement in Longport

society when it was known that the new minister had engaged board with Mrs. Lunn for an indefinite time. There was something very puzzling in this new development. If there was an understanding between them, then the minister and Mrs. Lunn were certainly somewhat indiscreet. Nobody could discredit the belief that they had a warm interest in each other; yet those persons who felt themselves most nearly concerned in the lady's behavior began to indulge themselves in seeing a ray of hope.

## V.

CAPTAIN ASA SHAW had been absent for some time in New York on business, and Captain Crowe was confined to his handsome house with a lame ankle; but it happened that they both reappeared on the chief business street of Longport the very same day. One might have fancied that each wore an expression of anxiety; the truth was, they had made vows to themselves that another twenty-four hours should not pass over their heads before they made a bold push for the coveted prize. They were more afraid of the minister's rivalry than they knew; but not the least of each other's. There were angry lines down the middle of Captain Asa Shaw's forehead as he assured himself that he would soon put an end to the minister business, and Captain Crowe thumped his cane emphatically as he walked along the street. Captain John Witherspoon looked thin and eager, but a hopeful light shone in his eyes: his choice was not from his judgment, but from his heart.

It was strange that it should be so difficult—nay, impossible—for anybody to find an opportunity to speak with Mrs. Lunn upon this most private and sacred of personal affairs, and that day after day went by while the poor captains fretted and grew more and more impatient. They had it in mind to speak at once when the time came; neither Captain Crowe nor Captain Shaw felt that he could do himself or his feelings any justice in a letter.

On a rainy afternoon, the day before Christmas, Mrs. Lunn sat down by her front window, and drew her wicker work-basket into her lap from the end of the narrow table before her. She was tired, and glad to rest. She had been busy all the morning, "putting to rights" the rooms that were to be set apart for the minister's sleeping-room and study. Her thoughts were evidently pleasant as she looked out into the street for a few minutes, and then crossed her plump hands over the work-basket. Presently, as a large, familiar green umbrella passed her window, she caught up a bit of sewing, and seemed to be busy with it, as some one



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

MRS. LUNN AND CAPTAIN WITHERSPOON.

opened her front door and came into the little square entry without knocking.

"May I take the liberty? I saw you settin' by the window this wet day," said Captain Shaw.

"Walk right in, sir; do!" Mrs. Lunn fluttered a little on her perch at the sight of him, and then settled herself quietly, as trig and demure as ever.

"I 'm glad, ma'am, to find you alone. I have long had it in mind to speak with you on a matter of interest to us both." The captain felt more embarrassed than he had expected, but Mrs. Lunn remained tranquil, and glanced up at him inquiringly.

"It relates to the future," explained Captain Asa Shaw. "I make no doubt you have seen what my feelin's have been this good while. I can offer you a good home, and I shall want you to have your liberty."

"I enjoy a good home and my liberty now," said Mrs. Lunn, stiffly, looking straight before her.

"I meant liberty to use my means, and to have plenty to do with, so as to make you feel comfortable," explained the captain, reddening. "Mis' Lunn, I 'm a straightforward business man, and I intend business now. I don't know any of your flowery ways of sayin' things, but there ain't anybody in Longport I 'd like better to put at the head of my house. You and I ain't young, but we —"

"Don't say a word, sir," protested Mrs. Lunn. "You can get you just as good housekeepers as I am. I don't feel to change my situation just at present, sir."

"Is that final?" said Captain Shaw, looking crestfallen. "Come now, Maria! I 'm a good-hearted man, I 'm worth over forty thousand dollars, and I 'll make you a good husband, I promise. Here 's the minister on your hands, I know. I did feel all ashore when I found you 'd promised to take him in. I tried to get a chance to speak with you before you went off, but when I come home from New York 't was the first news I heard. I don't deem it best for you; you can't make nothin' out o' one boarder, anyway. I tried it once myself."

"Excuse me, Mr. Shaw," said Mrs. Lunn, coldly; "I know my own business best. You have had my answer, sir." She added in a more amiable tone, "Not but what I feel obliged to you for payin' me the compliment."

There was a sudden loud knocking at the side door, which startled our friends extremely. They looked at each other with apprehension; then Mrs. Lunn slowly rose and answered the summons.

The gentle voice of the giant was heard without. "Oh, Mis' Lunn," said Captain Crowe, excitedly, "I saw some elegant mackerel brought ashore, blown up from the south'ard,

I expect, though so late in the season; and I recalled that you once found some acceptable. I thought 't would help you out."

"I 'm obliged to you, Captain Crowe," said the mistress of the house; "and to think of your bringin' 'em yourself this drenchin' day! I take it very neighborly, sir." Her tone was entirely different from that in which she had conducted so decisive a conversation with the guest in the sitting-room. They heard the front door bang just as Captain Crowe entered with his fish.

"Was that the wind sprung up so quick?" he inquired, alert to any change of weather.

"I expect it was Captain Shaw just leavin'," said Mrs. Lunn, angrily. "He 's always full o' business, ain't he? No wonder those children of his are without manners." There was no favor in her tone, and the spirits of Captain Crowe were for once equal to his height.

The daylight was fading fast. The mackerel were deposited in their proper place, and the donor was kindly bidden to come in and sit down. Mrs. Lunn's old-fashioned sitting-room was warm and pleasant, and the big captain felt that his moment had come; the very atmosphere was encouraging. He was sitting in the rocking-chair, and she had taken her place by the window. There was a pause; the captain remembered how he had felt once in the China Seas just before a typhoon struck the ship.

"Maria," he said huskily, his voice sounding as if it came from the next room — "Maria, I s'pose you know what I 'm thinkin' of?"

"I don't," said Mrs. Lunn, with cheerful firmness. "Cap'n Crowe, I know it ain't polite to talk about your goin' when you've just come in; but when you do go, I've got something I want to send over to your sister Eliza."

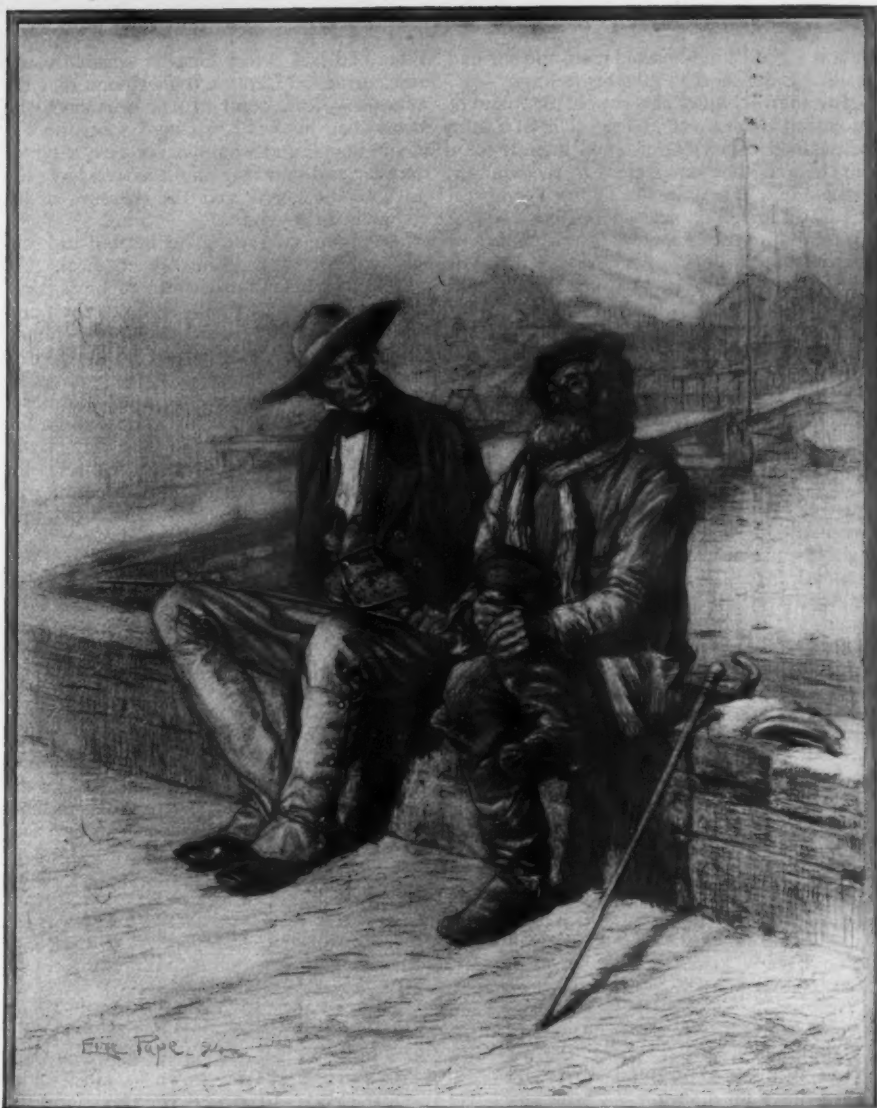
The captain gasped; there was something in her tone that he could not fathom. He began to speak, but his voice failed him altogether. There she sat, perfectly self-possessed, just as she looked every day.

"What are you payin' now for potatoes, sir?" continued Mrs. Lunn.

"Sixty cents a bushel for the last, ma'am," faltered the captain. "I wish you 'd hear to me, Maria," he burst out. "I wish —"

"Now don't, cap'n," urged the pleasant little woman. "I've made other arrangements. At any rate," she added, with her voice growing more business-like than ever; "at any rate, I deem it best to wait until the late potatoes come into market; they seem to keep better."

The typhoon had gone past, but the captain waited a moment, still apprehensive. Then he took his hat, and slowly and sadly departed without any words of farewell. In spite of his lame foot he walked some distance beyond his own house, in a fit of absent-mindedness that was born of deep regret. It was impossible to help



DRAWN BY ERIC FAPE.

CAPTAIN CROWE AND CAPTAIN WITHERSPOON.

respecting Mrs. Lunn's character and ability more than ever. "Oh! them ministers, them ministers!" he groaned, turning in at his high white gate between the tall posts with their funeral urns.

Mrs. Lunn heard the door close behind Captain Crowe; then she smoothed down her nice white apron abstractedly, and glanced out of the window to see if he were out of sight, but could not catch a glimpse of the captain's broad, expressive back, to judge his feelings or the manner in which he was taking his rebuff.

She felt unexpectedly sorry for him; it was lonely in his handsome, large house, where his two sisters made so poor a home for him and such a good one for themselves.

It was almost dark now, and the shut windows of the room made the afternoon seem more gloomy; the days were fast growing shorter. After her successful conduct of the affair with her two lovers, she felt a little lonely and uncertain. Although she had learned to dislike Captain Shaw, and had dismissed him with no small pleasure, with Captain Crowe it was different;

he was a good, kind-hearted man, and she had made a great effort to save his feelings.

Just then her quick ears caught the sound of a footstep in the street, and the click of a third determined cane. She listened intently for a minute, and then stood close to the window, looking out. The rain was falling steadily; it streaked the square panes in long lines, so that Mrs. Lunn's heart recognized the approach of a friend more easily than her eyes. But the expected umbrella tipped away on the wind as it passed, so that she could see the large ivory handle. She lifted the sash in an instant. "I wish you 'd step in just one minute, sir, if it's perfectly convenient," she said appealingly, and then felt herself grow very red in the face as she crossed the room and opened the door.

"I'm 'most too wet to come into a lady's parlor," apologized Captain Witherspoon, gallantly. "Command me, Mrs. Lunn, if there's any way I can serve you. I expect to go down street again this evening."

"Do you think you 'd better, sir?" gently inquired Mrs. Lunn. There was something beautiful about the captain's rosy cheeks and his curly gray hair. His kind blue eyes beamed at her like a boy's.

"I have had some business fall to me, you see, Cap'n," she continued, blushing still more; "and I feel as if I 'd better ask your advice. My late cousin, Mrs. Hicks, has left me all her property. The amount is very unexpected; I never looked for more than a small remembrance. There will have to be steps taken."

"Command me, madam," said the captain again, to whom it never for one moment occurred that Mrs. Lunn was as well skilled in business matters as himself. He instantly assumed the place of protector, which she so unaffectedly offered. For a minute he stood like an admiral ready to do the honors of his ship; then he put out his honest hand.

"Maria," he faltered, and the walls about him seemed to flicker and grow unsteady—"Maria, I dare say it's no time to say the word just now, but if you could feel toward me—"

He never finished the sentence; he never needed to finish it. Maria Lunn said no word in answer, but they each took a step forward. They may not have been young, but they knew all the better how to value happiness.

About half an hour afterward, the captain appeared again in the dark street, in all the rain, without his umbrella. As he paraded toward his lodgings, he chanced to meet the Rev. Mr. Farley, whom he saluted proudly. He had demurred a little at the minister's making a third in their household; but in the brief, delightful space of their engagement, Mrs.

Lunn had laid before him her sensible plans, and persuaded Captain Witherspoon that the minister—dear, good man!—was one who always had his head in a book when he was in the house, and would never give a bit of trouble; and that they might as well have the price of his board and the pleasure of his company as anybody.

Mrs. Lunn sat down to her belated and solitary supper, and made an excellent meal. "T will be pleasant for me to have company again," she murmured. "I think 't is better for a person." She had a way, as many lonely women have, of talking to herself, just for the sake of hearing the sound of a voice. "I guess Mr. Farley's situation is goin' to please him, too," she added; "I feel as if I 'd done it all for the best." Mrs. Lunn rose, and crossed the room with a youthful step, and stood before the little looking-glass, holding her head this way and that, like a girl; then she turned, still blushing a little, and put away the tea-things. "T is about time now for the cap'n to go down town after his newspaper," she whispered; and at that moment the captain opened the door.

ONE day, the next spring, Captain Crowe, who had always honored the heroine of this tale for saving his self-respect, and allowing him to affirm with solemn asseverations that though she was a prize for any man, he never had really offered himself to Mrs. Lunn—Captain Crowe and Captain Witherspoon were sitting at the head of Long Wharf together in the sunshine.

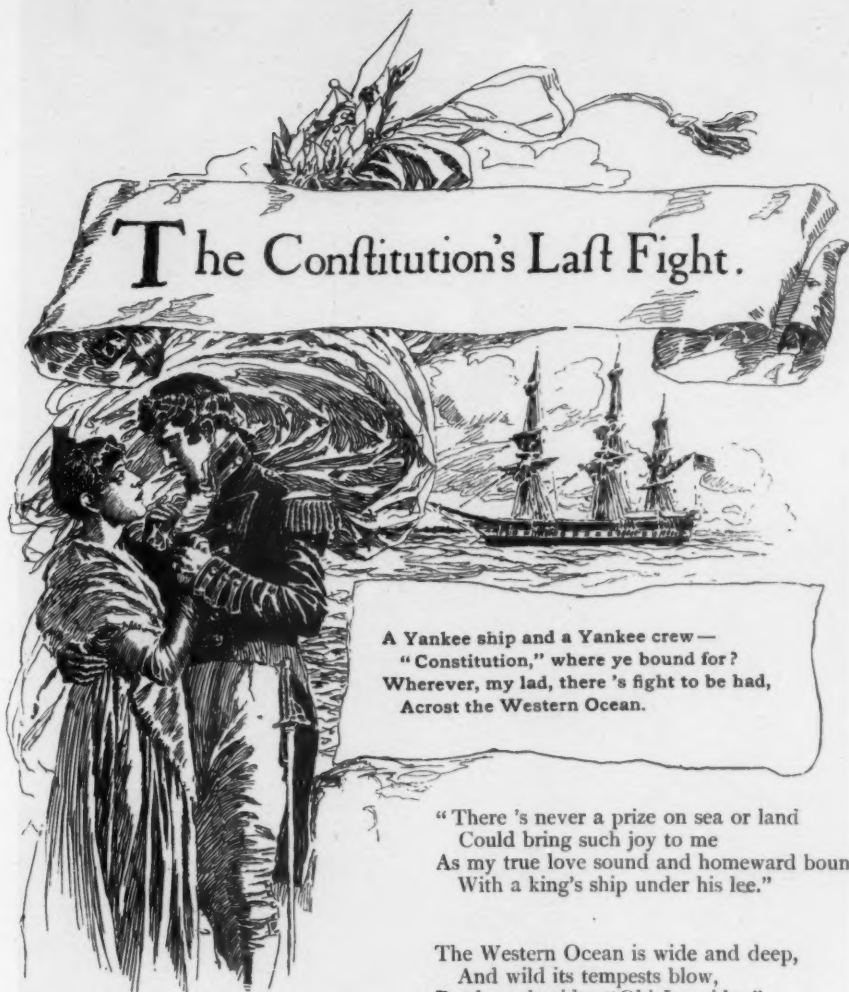
"I've been a very fortunate man, sir," said the little captain, boldly. "My own property has looked up a good deal since I was married, what with that piece of land I sold for the new hotel, and other things that have come to bear—this wharf property, for instance. I shall have to lay out considerable for new plank, but I'm able to do it."

"Yes, sir; things have started up in Longport a good deal this spring; but it never is goin' to be what it was once," answered Captain Crowe, who had grown as much older as his friend had grown younger since the autumn, though he always looked best out of doors. "Don't you think, Captain Witherspoon," he said, changing his tone, "that you ought to consider the matter of re-shinglin' your house? You'll have to engage men, any way, to do your plankin'. I know of some extra cedar shingles that were landed yesterday from somewheres up river. Or was Mis' Witherspoon a little over-anxious last season?"

"I think, with proper attention, sir," said the captain, sedately, "that the present shingles may last us a number of years yet."

*Sarah Orne Jewett.*





DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

OUR captain was married in Boston town,  
And sailed next day to sea;  
For all must go when the State says so;  
Blow high, blow low, sailed we.

"Now what shall I bring for a bridal gift  
When my home-bound pennant flies?  
The rarest that be on land or sea  
It shall be my lady's prize."

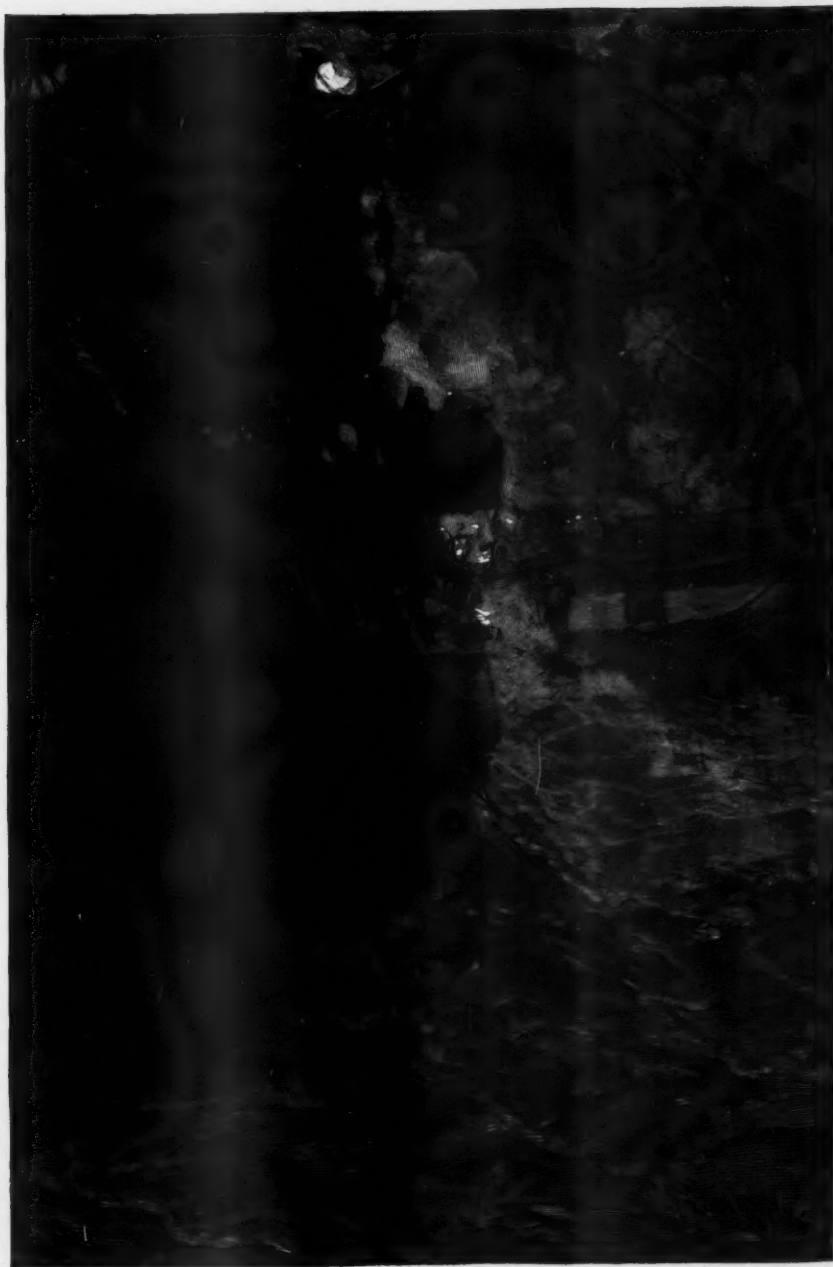
A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew —  
"Constitution," where ye bound for?  
Wherever, my lad, there 's fight to be had,  
Across the Western Ocean.

"There 's never a prize on sea or land  
Could bring such joy to me  
As my true love sound and homeward bound  
With a king's ship under his lee."

The Western Ocean is wide and deep,  
And wild its tempests blow,  
But bravely rides "Old Ironsides,"  
A-cruising to and fro.

We cruised to the east and we cruised to the  
north,  
And southing far went we,  
And at last off Cape de Verd we raised  
Two frigates sailing free.

Oh, God made man, and man made ships,  
But God makes very few  
Like him who sailed our ship that day,  
And fought her, one to two.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

He gained the weather-gage of both,  
He held them both a-lee;  
And gun for gun, till set of sun,  
He spoke them fair and free;

Athwart her track and across her bows  
We raked her fore and aft,  
And out of the fight and into the night  
Drifted the beaten craft.

Till the night-fog fell on spar and sail,  
And ship and sea and shore,  
And our only aim was the bursting flame,  
And the hidden cannon's roar.

The slow *Levant* came up too late;  
No need had we to stir.  
Her decks we swept with fire, and kept  
The flies from troubling her.

Then a lifting rift in the mist showed up  
The stout *Cyane* close-hauled  
To swing in our wake and our quarter rake,  
And a boasting Briton bawled:

We raked her again, and her flag came down,  
The haughtiest flag that floats,  
And the lime-juice dogs lay there like logs,  
With never a bark in their throats.

"Starboard and larboard we 've got him fast  
Where his heels won't take him through;  
Let him luff or wear, he 'll find us there—  
Ho, Yankee, which will you do?"

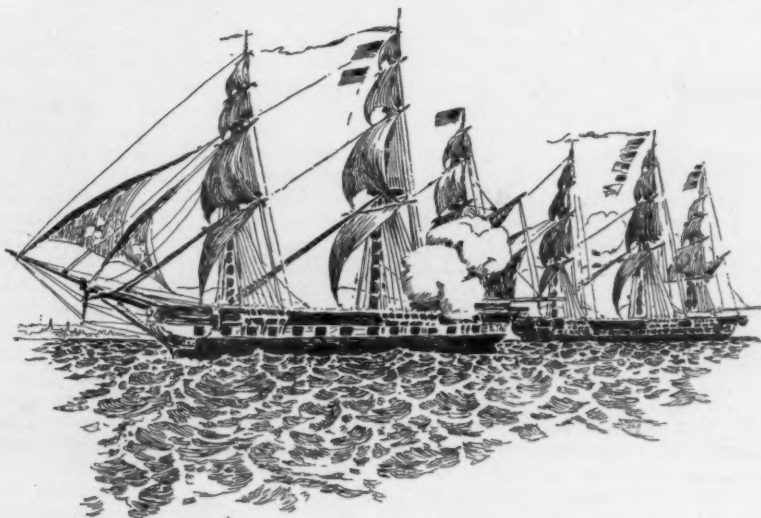
With never a bark and never a bite,  
But only an oath, to break,  
As we squared away for Praya Bay  
With our prizes in our wake.

We did not luff and we did not wear,  
But braced our topsails back,  
Till the sternway drew us fair and true  
Broadsides athwart her track.

Parole they gave and parole they broke,  
What matters the cowardly cheat,  
If the captain's bride was satisfied  
With the one prize laid at her feet?

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew—  
"Constitution," where ye bound for?  
Wherever the British prizes be,  
Though it's one to two, or one to three—  
"Old Ironsides" means victory,  
Across the Western Ocean!

James Jeffrey Roche.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

"THE LAST GREAT, TRUE NOTE DIED AWAY."

(SEE "CASA BRACCIO," THE "CENTURY" FOR AUGUST, PAGE 618.)

## CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XLI.



NOT long after this Dalrymple returned to Rome, after an absence of several years. Family affairs had kept him in England and Scotland during his daughter's married life with Reanda; and after she had left the latter, it was natural that he should not wish to be in the same city with her, considering the view he took of her actions. Then, after he had learned from Griggs's brief note that she was dead, he felt that he could not return at once, hard and unforgiving as he was. But at last the power that attracted him was too strong to be resisted any longer, and he yielded to it, and came back.

He took up his abode in a hotel in the Piazza di Spagna, not far from his old lodgings. Long as he had lived in Rome, he was a foreigner there, and liked the foreigners' quarter of the city. He intended once more to get a lodging and a servant, and to live in his morose solitude as of old; but on his first arrival he naturally went to the hotel. He did not know whether Griggs was in Rome. Reanda was alive, and living at the Palazzetto Borgia; for the two had exchanged letters twice a year, written in the constrained tone of mutual civility which suited the circumstances in which they were placed toward each other.

In Dalrymple's opinion, Reanda had been to blame to a certain extent, in having maintained his intimacy with Francesca when he was aware that it displeased his wife. At the same time, the burden of the fault was undoubtedly the woman's, and her father felt in a measure responsible for it. Whether he felt much more than that it would be hard to say. His gloomy nature had spent itself in secret sorrow for his wife, with a faithfulness of grief which might well atone for many shortcomings. It is certain that he was not in any way outwardly affected by the news of Gloria's death. He had never loved her, she had disgraced him, and now she was dead. There was nothing more to be said about it.

He was not altogether indifferent to the inheritance of title and fortune which had fallen

to him in his advanced middle age. But if either influenced his character, the result was rather an increased tendency to live his own life in scorn and defiance of society; for it made him conscious that he should find even less opposition to his eccentricities than in former days, when he had been relatively a poor man without any special claim to consideration.

Two or three days after he had arrived in Rome he went to the Palazzetto Borgia and sent in his card, asking to see Francesca Campodonico. In order that she might know who he was, he wrote his name in pencil, as she would probably not have recognized him as Lord Redin. In this he was mistaken, for Reanda, who had heard the news, had told her of it. She received him in the drawing-room. She looked very ill, he thought, and was much thinner than in former times, but her manner was not changed. They talked upon indifferent subjects, and there was a constraint between them. Dalrymple broke through it roughly at last.

"Did you ever see my daughter after she left her husband?" he asked, as though he were inquiring about a mere acquaintance.

Francesca started a little.

"No," she answered. "It would not have been easy."

She remembered her interview with Griggs, but resolved not to speak of it. She would have changed the subject abruptly if he had given her time.

"It certainly was not to be expected that you should," said Lord Redin, thoughtfully. "When a woman chooses to break with society, she knows perfectly well what she is doing, and one may as well leave her to herself."

Francesca was shocked by the cynicism of the speech. The color rose faintly in her cheeks.

"She was your daughter," she said reproachfully. "Since she is dead, you should speak less cruelly of her."

"I did not speak cruelly. I merely stated a fact. She disgraced herself and me, and her husband. The circumstance that she is dead does not change the case so far as I can see."

"Do you know how she died?" asked Francesca, moved to righteous anger, and willing to pain him if she could.



He looked up suddenly, and bent his shaggy brows.

"No," he answered. "That man Griggs wrote me that she had died suddenly. That was all I heard."

"She did not die a natural death."

"Indeed?"

"She poisoned herself. She could not bear the life. It was very dreadful." Francesca's voice sank to a low tone.

Lord Redin was silent for a few moments, and his bony face had a grim look. Perhaps something in the dead woman's last act appealed to him as nothing in her life had done.

"Tell me, please. I should like to know. After all, she was my daughter."

"Yes," said Francesca, gravely; "she was your daughter. She was very unhappy with Paul Griggs, and she found out very soon that she had made a dreadful mistake. She loved her husband, after all."

"Like a woman!" interjected Lord Redin, half unconsciously.

Francesca paid no attention to the remark, except, perhaps, that she raised her eyebrows a little.

"They went out to spend the summer at Subiaco—"

"At Subiaco?" Dalrymple's steely-blue eyes fixed themselves in a look of extreme attention.

"Yes; during the heat. They lodged in the house of a man called Stefanone—a wine-seller—a very respectable place."

Lord Redin had started nervously at the name, but he recovered himself.

"Very respectable," he said in an odd tone.

"You know the house?" asked Francesca, in surprise.

"Very well indeed. I was there nearly five and twenty years ago. I supposed that Stefanone was dead by this time."

"No. He and his wife are alive, and take lodgers."

"Excuse me, but how do you know all this?" asked Lord Redin, with sudden curiosity.

"I have been there," answered Francesca.

"I have often been to the convent. You know that one of our family is generally abbess. A Cardinal Braccio was archbishop, too, a good many years ago. Casa Braccio owns a good deal of property there."

"Yes. I know that you are of the family."

"My name was Francesca Braccio," said Francesca, quietly. "Of course I have always known Subiaco, and every one there knows Stefanone, and the story of his daughter who ran away with an Englishman many years ago, and never was heard of again."

Lord Redin grew a trifle paler.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Does every one know that story?"

There was something so constrained in his tone that Francesca looked at him curiously.

"Yes—in Subiaco," she answered. "But Gloria—" she lingered a little sadly on the name—"Gloria wrote letters to her husband from there, and begged him to go and see her."

"He could hardly be expected to do that," said Lord Redin, his hard tone returning. "Did you advise him to go?"

"He consulted me," answered Francesca, rather coldly. "I told him to follow his own impulse. He did not go. He did not believe that she was sincere."

"I do not blame him. When a woman has done that sort of thing, there is no reason for believing her."

"He should have gone. I should have influenced him, I think; and I did wrong. She wrote him one more letter, and then killed herself. She suffered horribly, and died two days afterward. Shall I tell you more?"

"If there is more to tell," said Lord Redin, less hardly.

"There is not much. I went out there last year. They had refused her Christian burial. Paul Griggs bought a piece of land among the rocks, on the other side of the torrent, and buried her there. It is surrounded by a wall, and there is a plain slab without a name. There are flowers. He pays Stefanone to have it cared for. They told me all they knew—it is too terrible! She died singing—she was out of her mind. It must have been dreadful. Old Nanna, Stefanone's wife, was in the room, and fainted with terror. It seems that poor Gloria, oddly enough, had an extraordinary resemblance to that unfortunate nun of our family who was burned to death in the convent, and whom Nanna had often seen. She sang like her, too—at the last minute Nanna thought she saw poor sister Maria Addolorata standing up dead and singing. It was rather strange."

Lord Redin said nothing. He had bowed his head so that Francesca could not see his face, but she saw that his hands were trembling violently. She thought that she had misjudged the man, and that he was really very deeply moved by the story of his daughter's death. Doubtless, his emotion had made him wish to control himself, and he had overshot the mark and spoken cruelly only in order to seem calm. No one had ever spoken to him of his wife, and even now he could hardly bear to hear her name. It was long before he looked up. Then he rose almost immediately.

"Will you allow me to come and see you occasionally?" he asked, with a gentleness not at all like his usual manner.

Francesca was touched at last, misunderstanding the cause of the change. She told him to come as often as he pleased. As he was going, he remembered that he had not asked after his son-in-law. Reanda had always seemed to belong to Francesca, and it was natural enough that he should inquire of her.

"Where is Reanda to be found?" he asked.

"He is very ill," said Francesca in a low voice. "I am afraid you cannot see him."

"Where does he live? I will at least inquire. I am sorry to hear that he is ill."

"He lives here," she answered, with a little hesitation. "He is in his old rooms upstairs."

"Oh! Yes — thank you." Their eyes met for a moment. Lord Redin's glittered, but Francesca's were clear and true. "I am sure you take good care of him," he added. "Good-by."

He left her alone, and when he was gone she sat down wearily, and laid her head back against a cushion, with half-closed eyes. Her lips were almost colorless, and her mouth had grown ten years older.

Reanda was dying, and she knew it, and with him the light was going out of her life, as it had gone out long ago from Dalrymple's, as it had gone out of the life of Paul Griggs. The idea crossed her mind that these two men, with herself, were linked and bound together by some strange fatality which she could not understand, but from which there was no escape, and which was bringing them slowly and surely to the blank horror of lonely old age.

The same thought occurred to Lord Redin as he slowly threaded the streets, going back to his hotel, to his lonely dinner, his lonely evening, his lonely, sleepless night. He alone of the three now knew all that there was to know, and in the chronicle of his far memories all led back to that day at Subiaco, long ago, when he had first knocked at the convent gate — beyond that, to the evening when poor Annetta had told him of the beautiful nun with the angel's voice. Many lives had been wrecked since that first day, and every one of them owed its ruin to him. He felt strangely drawn to Francesca Campodonico. There was something in her face that very faintly reminded him of his dead wife, her kinswoman, and of his dead daughter, another of her race. His gloomy Northern nature felt the fatality of it all. He never could repent of what he had done. The golden light of his one short happiness shone through the shrouding veil of fatal time. In his own eyes, with his beliefs, he had not even sinned in taking what he had loved so well. But all the sorrow he saw

came from that deed. Francesca Campodonico's eyes were as clear and true as her heart; but he knew that Reanda's life was everything on earth to her, and he guessed that she was to lose that, too, before long. He would willingly have parted with his own, but through all his being there was a rough, manly courage that forbade the last act of fear, and there was a stern old Scottish belief that it was wrong — plainly wrong.

He did not wish to see Paul Griggs any more than he had wished to see his daughter after she had left her husband; but no thought of vengeance crossed his mind. It seemed to him fruitless to think of avenging himself upon fate; for, after all, it was fate that had done the dire mischief. Possibly, he thought, as he walked slowly toward his hotel, fate had brought him back to Rome now, to deal with him as she had dealt with his. He should be glad of it, for he found little in life that was not gloomy and lonely beyond any words. He did not know why he had come. He had acted upon an impulse in going to see Francesca that day.

When he reached the Corso, instead of going to his hotel he walked down the street in the direction of the Piazza del Popolo. He wished to see the house in which Gloria had lived with Griggs, and he remembered the street and the number from her having written to him when she wanted money. He reached the corner of the Via della Frezza, and turned down, looking up at the numbers as he went along. He glanced at the little wine-shop on the left, with its bush, its red-glass lantern, and its rush-bottomed stools set out by the door. In the shadow within he saw the gleam of silver buttons on a dark-blue jacket. There was nothing uncommon in the sight.

He found the house, paused, looked up at the windows, and looked twice at the number.

"Do you seek some one?" inquired the one-eyed cobbler, resting his black hands on his knees.

"Did Mr. Paul Griggs ever live here?" asked Lord Redin.

"Many years," answered the cobbler, laconically.

"Where does he live now?"

"Always here, except when he is not here. Third floor, on the left. You can ring the bell. Who knows? Perhaps he will open. I do not wish to tell lies."

The old man grunted, bent down over the shoe, and ran his awl through the sole. He was profoundly attached to Paul Griggs, who had always been kind to him, and since Gloria's death he defended him from visitors with more determination than ever.

Lord Redin stood still and said nothing. In

ten seconds the cobbler looked up with a surly frown.

"If you wish to go up, go up," he growled; "if not, favor me by getting out of my light."

The Scotchman looked at him.

"You do not remember me," he observed.

"I used to come here with the Signore."

"Well? I have told you. If you want him, there is the staircase."

"No; I do not want him," said Lord Redin, and he turned away abruptly.

"As you please," growled the cobbler, without looking up again.

#### XLII.

PAUL GRIGGS had gone back to the house in the Via della Frezza after his return from America, and lived alone in the little apartment in which the happy days of his life had been spent. He was a man able to live two lives—the one in the past, the other in the active present. It was his instinct to be alone in his sorrow, and alone in the struggle which lay before him for himself and his child. But he would have with him all that could make the memory of Gloria real. The reality of such things softened with their contrast the hardness of life.

He had taken the same rooms again. Out of boxes and trunks stored in a garret of the house he had taken many things which had belonged to Gloria. Alone, he had arranged the rooms as they used to be. His writing-table stood in the same place, and near it was Gloria's chair; beside it, the little stand with her needlework, her silks, her scissors, and her thimble, all as it used to be. A novel she had once read when sitting there lay upon the chair. Many little objects which had belonged to her were in their accustomed places. On the mantelpiece the cheap American clock ticked loudly as in the old days.

Day after day, as of old, he sat in his place at work. He had made the room so alive with her that sometimes, looking up from a long spell of writing, he forgot, and stared an instant at the bedroom door, and listened for her footstep. Those were his happiest moments, though each was killed in turn by the vision of a lonely grave among rocks.

With intensest longing he called her back to him. In his sleep the last words he had spoken to her were spoken again by his unconscious lips in the still, dark night. Everything in him called her, his living soul and his strong bodily self. There were times when he knew that if he opened his eyes, shut to see her, he should see her really, there in her chair. He looked, trembling, and there was nothing. In dreams he sought her and could not find her,

though he wandered in dark places, across endless wastes of broken clods of earth and broken stone. It was as though her grave covered the whole world round, and his path lay on the shadowed arms of an infinite great cross. And again the gray dawn awoke him from the search, to feel that, for pity's sake, she must be alive and near him. But he was always alone.

Silent, iron-browed, iron-handed, he faced the world alone, doing all that was required of him, and more also. As he had said to Gloria in that very room, he was building up a superiority for himself, since genius was not his. He had in the rough ore of his strength the metal which some few men receive as a birth-gift from nature, ready smelted and refined, ready for them to coin at a single stroke, and throw broadcast to the applauding world. He had not much, perhaps, but he had something of the true ore, and in the furnace of his untiring energy he would burn out the dross and find the precious gold at last. It could not be for her now. It was not for himself, but it was to be for the little child, growing up in a far country with a clean name—to be his father's friend, and nothing more, but to be happy, for the dead woman's sake who bore him.

As in all that made a part of Paul Griggs, there was in his memory of Gloria and in his sorrow for her that element of endurance which was the foundation of his nature. That portion of his life was finished, and there could never be anything like it again; but it was to be always present with him so long as he lived. He was sure of that. It would always be in his power to close his eyes, and believe that she was near him. If it were possible, he loved her more dead than he had loved her living.

And she had loved him to the last, and had given her life in the mad thought of lightening his burden. Her last words to him had told him so. Her last wish had been to see the child. And the greatest sacrifice he could now make to her was to separate himself from the child, and let him grow up to look upon the man who provided for him as his friend, but as nothing more. It was an exaggerated idea, perhaps, though it was by far the wisest course. Yet in doing what he did, Griggs deprived himself for months at a time of something that was of her, and he did it for her sake. He knew that in her heart there had been the unspoken shame of her ruined life. Shame should never come near little Walter Crowdie. The secret could be kept, and Paul Griggs meant to keep it, as he kept many things from the world.

All his lonely life grew in the perfect memory, cut short though it was by fate's cruel scythe-stroke. Even that one fearful day held no

shadow of unfaithfulness. She had been mad, but she had loved him. She had done a deed of horror upon herself, but she had loved him, and madly had done it for his sake. She had laid down her life for him. All that he could do would be nothing compared with that. All that he could tear from the world and lay tenderly as an offering at her feet would be but a handful of dust in comparison with what she had done in the madness of love.

His heart-strings wound themselves about their treasure, closer and closer, stronger and stronger. The two natures that strove together in him, the natures of body and soul, were at one with her, and drew life from her, though she was gone. It seemed impossible that they could ever again part, and smite each other for the mastery, as of old; for one sorrow had overwhelmed them both, and together they knew the depths of one grief.

Again, as of old, he defied fate. Death could take the child from him, but could not separate the three in death or life. So long as the child lived, to do or die for him was the question, while life should last. But Paul Griggs defied fate, for fate's grim hand could not uproot his heart from the strong place of his great dead love, to buffet it and tear it again. He was alone, bodily, but he was safe forever.

Out of the dimness of twilight shadows the pale face came to him, and the sweet lips kissed his; in a light not earthly the dark eyes lightened, and the red auburn hair gleamed and fell about him. In the darkness a tender hand stole softly upon his, and words yet more tender stirred the stillness. He knew that she was near him, close to him, with him. The truth of what had been made the half-dream all true. Only in his sleep he could not find her, and was wandering ever over a dreary grave that covered the whole world.

So his life went on with little change, inwardly or outwardly, from day to day, in the absolute security from danger which the dead give us of themselves. The faith that had gone beyond her death could go beyond his own life, too. He defied fate.

Then fate, silent, relentless, awful, knocked at his door.

He was at work as usual. It was a bright winter's day, and the high sun of the late morning streamed across one corner of his writing-table. He was thinking of nothing but his writing, and upon that his thoughts were closely intent in that everlasting struggle to do better which had nearly driven poor Gloria mad.

The little jingling bell rang and thumped against the outer door to which it was fastened. He paid no attention to it till it rang again,

an instant later. Then he looked up and waited, listening. Again, again, and again he heard it, at equal intervals, five times in all. That was the old cobbler's signal, and the only one to which Griggs ever responded. He laid down his pen and went to the door. The one-eyed man, his shoemaker's apron twisted round his waist, stood on the landing, and gave him a small, thick package, tied with a black string, under which was thrust a note. Griggs took it without a word, and the bandy-legged old cobbler swung away from the door with a satisfied grunt.

Griggs took the parcel back to his work-room, and stood by the window looking at the address on the note. He recognized Francesca Campodonico's handwriting, though he had rarely seen it, and he broke the seal with considerable curiosity, for he could not imagine why Donna Francesca should write to him. He even wondered at her knowing that he was in Rome. He had never spoken with her since that day, long ago, when she had sent for him and begged him to take Gloria back to her father. He read the note slowly. It was in Italian, and the language was rather formal.

SIGNORE: My old and dear friend Signor Angelo Reanda died the day before yesterday, after a long illness. During the last hours of his life he asked me to do him a service, and I gave him the solemn promise which I fulfil in sending you the accompanying package. You will see that it was sealed by him, and addressed to you by himself, probably before he was taken ill; and he saw it before he died, and said that it was the one he meant me to send. That was all he told me regarding it, and I am wholly ignorant of the contents. I have ascertained that you are in Rome, and are living, as formerly, in the Via della Frezza, and to that address I send the parcel. Pray inform me that you have received it.

Believe me, Signore, with perfect esteem,  
FRANCESCA CAMPODONICO.

Griggs read the note twice through to the end, and laid it upon the table. Then he thrust his hands into his pockets, and turned thoughtfully to the window, without touching the parcel, of which he had not even untied the black string.

So Reanda was dead at last. It was nothing to him now, though it might have meant much if the man had died two years earlier. Living people were very little to Paul Griggs. They might as well be dead, he thought. Nevertheless, the bald fact that Reanda was gone made him thoughtful. Another figure had disappeared out of his life, though it had not meant very much. He believed, and had always believed, that Reanda had loved Francesca in secret, though she had treated him as a mere



friend, as a protectress should treat one who needs her protection.

Griggs turned, and took up the note to look at it keenly, for he believed himself a judge of handwriting, and he thought that he might detect in hers the indications of any great suffering. The lines ran down a little at the end, but otherwise the large, careful hand was the same as ever, learned in a convent, and little changed since, even as the woman herself had changed little. She was the same always, simple, honest, strangely maidenlike, thoroughly good.

He turned to the window again. So Reanda was dead. He would not find Gloria, to whatsoever place he was gone. The shadow of a smile wreathed itself about the mouth of the lonely man—the last that was there for a long time after that day. Gloria was dead, but Gloria was his, and he hers, for ever and ever. Neither heaven nor hell could tear up his heart, nor loosen the strong hold of all of him that clung to her, and had grown about her and through her, till he and she were quite one.

Then, all at once, he wondered what it could be that Reanda had wished to send him from beyond the grave. He turned, took the parcel, and snapped the black string with his fingers, and took off the paper. Within was the parcel, wrapped in a second paper and firmly tied with broad tape. A few words were written on the outside:

To be given to Paul Griggs when I am dead.  
A. R.

The superscription told nothing, but he looked at it curiously, as one does at such things when the sender is beyond answer. He cut the white tape, for it was tied so tightly that he could not slip a finger under it to break it. There was something of hard determination in the way it was tied.

It contained letters in their envelopes, as they had reached Reanda through the post, all of the same size, laid neatly one upon the other—a score or more of them.

Griggs felt his hands shake, for he recognized Gloria's writing. His first impulse was to burn the whole package as it was, reverently, as something which had belonged to Gloria, in which he had no part or share or right. He laid his hand upon the pile of letters, and looked at the small fire to see whether it was burning well. Under his hand he felt something hard inside the uppermost envelop. His fate was upon him—the fate he had so often defied to do its worst, since all that he had was dead and was his forever.

Without another thought he took from the envelop the letter it contained, and the hard thing which was inside the letter. He held it

a moment in his hand, and it flamed in the beam of sunlight that fell across the end of the table, and dazzled him. Then he realized what it was. It was Gloria's wedding-ring, and twisted round and round it, and in and out of it, was a lock of her red auburn hair, serpent-like, flaming in the sunshine, with a hundred little tongues that waved and moved softly under his breath.

An icy chill smote him in the neck, and his strong limbs shook to his feet as he laid the thing down upon the corner of the table. There was a fearful fascination in it. The red gold hairs stirred and moved in the sunlight still, even when he no longer breathed upon them. It was her hair, and it seemed alive.

In his other hand he still held the letter. Fate had him now, and would not let him go while he could feel. Again and again the cruel chill smote him in the back. He opened the doubled sheet, and saw the date and the name of the place,—Subiaco,—and the first words, "Heart of my heart, this is my last cry to you"—and it was to Angelo Reanda!

Rigid, and feeling as though great icy hands were drawing him up by the neck from the ground, he stood still and read every word, with all the message of loathing and abject fear and horror of his touch which every word brought him from the dead through the other dead.

Slowly, regularly, without wavering, moved by a power not his own, his hands took the other letters and opened them, and his eyes read all the words, from the last to the first. One by one the sheets fell upon the table, and all alone in the midst the lock of red auburn hair sent up its little lambent flame in the sunshine.

Paul Griggs stood upright, stark with the stress of rending soul and breaking heart.

As he stood there, he was aware of a man in black beside him, like himself, ghastly to see, with shadows and fires for eyes, and thin, parted lips that showed wolfish teeth, strong, stern, with iron hands.

"You are dead," said his own voice out of the other's mouth. "You are dead, and I am Paul Griggs."

Then the strong teeth were set and the lips closed, and the gladiator's unmatched arms wound themselves upon the other's strength, with grip and clutch and strain not of earthly men.

Silent and terrible they wrestled in fight, arm to arm, bone to bone, breath to breath. Hour after hour they strove in the still room. The sun went westering away, the shadows deepened. The night came stealing black and lonely through the window. Foot to foot, breast to breast, in the dark, they bowed themselves



one upon the other, dumb in the agony of their reeling strife.

Late in the night, in the cold room, Paul Griggs felt the carpet under his hands as he lay upon his back.

His heart was broken.

# XLIII.

LORD REDIN had barely glanced at the man in the blue jacket with silver buttons, whom he had seen in the deep shadow of the little wine-shop as he strolled down the Via della Frezza. But Stefanone had seen him, and had gone to the door as he passed, watching him when he stood talking to the one-eyed cobbler, and keeping his keen eyes on him as he passed again on his homeward way. And all the way to the hotel in the Piazza di Spagna Stefanone had followed him at a distance, watching the great loose-jointed frame and the slightly stooping head till the Scotchman disappeared under the archway, past the porter, who stood aside, his gold-laced cap in his hand, bowing low to the "English lord."

Stefanone waited a few moments, and then accosted the porter civilly.

"Do you know if the proprietor wishes to buy some good wine of last year at a cheap rate?" he asked. "You understand. I am of the country. I cannot go in and look for the proprietor. But you are doubtless the director, and you manage these things for him. That is why I ask you."

The porter smiled at the flattery, but said that he believed wine had been bought for the whole year.

"The hotel is doubtless full of rich foreigners," observed Stefanone. "It is indeed beautiful. I should prefer it to the Palazzo Borghese. Is it not full?"

"Quite full," answered the porter, proud of the establishment.

"For instance," said Stefanone, "I saw a great signore going in, just before I took the liberty of speaking with you. I am sure that he is a great English signore—not perhaps a milord, but a great signore, having much money."

"What makes you think that?" inquired the porter, with a superior smile.

"Eh! the reasons are two. First, you bowed to him, as though he were some personage, and you of course know who he is. Secondly, he lifted his hat to you. He is therefore a real signore—as good perhaps as a Roman prince. We say a proverb in the country—'To salute is courtesy, to answer is duty.' Therefore, when any one salutes a real signore, he answers, and lifts his hat. These are the reasons why I say this one must be a great one."

"For that matter, you are right," laughed the porter. "That signore is an English lord. What a combination! You have guessed it. His name is Lord Redin."

Stefanone's sharp eyes fixed themselves vacantly, for he did not wish to betray his surprise at not hearing the name he had expected.

"Eh!" he exclaimed. "Names? What are they, when one is a prince? Prince of this, duke of that. Our Romans are full of names. I dare say this signore has four or five."

But the porter knew of no other, and presently Stefanone departed, wondering whether he had made a mistake, after all, and recalling the features of the man he had followed to compare them with those younger ones he remembered so distinctly. He went back to the Via della Frezza, and drank a glass of wine. Then he filled the glass again, and carried it carefully across the street to his friend the cobbler.

"Drink," he said. "It will do you good. A drop of wine at sunset gives force to the stomach."

The one-eyed man looked up, and smiled at his friend, a phenomenon rarely observed on his wrinkled and bearded face. He shrugged one round shoulder by way of assent, held his head a little on one side, and stretched out his black hand, with the glass in it, to the light. He tasted it, smelled it, and looked up at Stefanone before he drank in earnest.

"Black soul!" he exclaimed, by way of an approving asseveration. "This is indeed wine!"

"He took it for vinegar!" observed Stefanone, speaking to the air.

"It is wine," answered the cobbler when he had drained the glass. "It is a consolation."

Then they began to talk together, and Stefanone questioned him about his interview with the tall gentleman an hour earlier. The cobbler really knew nothing about him, though he remembered having seen him several times, years ago, before Gloria had come.

"You know nothing," said Stefanone. "That signore is the father of Sor Paolo's signora, who died in my house."

"You are joking," returned the cobbler, gravely. "He would have come to see his daughter while she lived—*requiescat!*"

"And I say that I am not joking. Do you wish to hear the truth? Well. You have much confidence with Sor Paolo. Tell him that the father of the poor Signora Gloria came to the door and asked questions. You shall hear what he will say. He will say that it is possible. Then he will ask you about him. You will tell him so and so—a very tall signore, all made of pieces that swing loosely when he walks, with a beard like the Moses of the fountain, and hard blue eyes that strike you like two

balls from a gun, and hair that is neither red nor white, and a bony face like an old horse."

"It is true," said the cobbler, reflectively. "It is he. It is his picture."

"You will also say that he is now an English lord, but that formerly they called him Sor Angoscia. You, who are friends with Sor Paolo—you should tell him this. It may be that Sor Angoscia wishes him evil. Who knows? In this world the combinations are so many!"

It was long before the cobbler got an opportunity of speaking with Griggs; and when he had the chance he forgot all about it, though Stefanone reminded him of it from time to time. But when he at last spoke of the matter he was surprised to find that Stefanone had been quite right, as Griggs admitted without the least hesitation. He told Stefanone so, and the peasant was satisfied, though he had long been positive that he had found his man at last, and recognized him in spite of his beard and his age.

After that Stefanone haunted the Piazza di Spagna in the morning, talking a little with the models who used to stand there, in their mountain costumes, to be hired by painters in the days when pictures of them were the fashion. Many of them came from the neighborhood of Subiaco, and knew Stefanone by sight. When Lord Redin came out of the hotel, as he generally did between eleven and twelve if the day were fine, Stefanone put his pipe out, stuck it into his breeches' pocket with his brass-handled clasp-knife, and strolled away a hundred yards behind his enemy.

If Lord Redin noticed him once or twice, it was merely to observe that men still came to Rome wearing the old-fashioned dress of the respectable peasants. Being naturally fearless, and at present wholly unsuspicious, it never struck him that any one could be dogging his footsteps whenever he went out of his hotel. In the evening he went out very little, and then generally in a carriage. Two or three times, on a Sunday, he walked over to St. Peter's, and listened to the music at vespers, as many foreigners used to do. Stefanone followed him into the church, and watched him from a distance. Once the peasant saw Donna Francesca, whom he knew by sight as a member of the Braccio family, sitting within the great gate of the Chapel of the Choir, where the service was held. Lord Redin always followed the frequented streets, which led in an almost direct line from the Piazza di Spagna, by the Via Condotti, to the bridge of St. Angelo. It was the nearest way. He never went back to the Via della Freggia; for he had no desire to see Paul Griggs, and his curiosity had been satisfied by once looking at the house in which his daughter had lived. He spent his evenings

alone in his rooms, with a bottle of wine and a book. Luxury had become a habit with him, and he now preferred a draught of Château Lafitte to the rough Roman wine barely a year old; while three or four glasses of a certain brandy, twenty years in bottle, which he had discovered in the hotel, were a necessary condition of his comfort. He had the intention of going out one evening, in cloak and soft hat, as of old, to dine in his old corner at the Falcone; but he put it off from day to day, feeling no taste for the coarser fare and the rougher drink when the hour came.

He often went to see Francesca Campodónico in the middle of the day, at which hour the Roman ladies used to be at home to their more intimate friends. An odd sort of sympathy had grown up between the two, though they scarcely ever alluded to past events, and then only by an accident which both regretted. Francesca exercised a refining influence upon the gloomy Scotchman, and as he knew her better he even took the trouble to be less rough and cynical when he was with her. In character she was utterly different from his dead wife; but there was something of family resemblance between the two which called up memories very dear to him.

Her influence softened him. In his wandering life he had more than once formed acquaintances with men of tastes more or less similar to his own, which might have ripened into friendships for a man of less morose character. But in that he and Paul Griggs were very much alike. They found an element in every acquaintance which roused their distrust, and as man to man they were equally incapable of making a confidence. Dalrymple's life had not brought him into close relations with any woman except his wife. For her sake he had kept all others at a distance, in a strange jealousy of his own heart which had made her, for him, the only woman in the world. Then, too, he had hated, for her, the curiosity of those who had evidently wished to know her story. That had been always a secret. He had told it to his father, and his father had died with it. No one else had ever known whence Maria had come, nor what her name had been. If Captain Crowdie had ever guessed the truth, which was doubtful, he had held his tongue.

But Angus Dalrymple was no longer the man he had been in those days. He had changed very much in the last two or three years; for, though he had almost outlived the excesses into which he had fallen in his first sorrow, his hardy constitution had been shaken, if not weakened, by them. Physically his nerves were almost as good as ever, but morally he was not the same man. He felt the need of sym-

pathy and confidence, which with such natures is the first sign of breaking down, and of the degeneration of pride.

That was probably the secret of what he felt when he was with Francesca. She had that rarest quality in women, too, which commands men without inspiring love. It is very hard to explain what that quality is, but most men who have lived much and seen much have met with it at least once in their lives.

There is a sort of manifested goodness for which the average man of the world has a profound and unreasonable contempt. And there is another sort which most wholly commands the respect of that man who has lived hardest. From a religious point of view, they may be equally real and conducive to salvation. The cynic, the worn-out man of the world, the man whose heart is broken, all look upon the one as a weakness, and the other as a strength. Perhaps there is more humanity in the one than in the other. A hundred women may rebuke a man for something he has done, and he will smile at the reproach, though he may smile sadly. Another will say to him the same words, and he will be gravely silent, and will feel that she is right, and will like her the better for it ever afterward. And she is not, as a rule, the woman whom such men would love.

"I have never before met a woman whom I should wish to have for my friend," said Lord Redin, one day when he was alone with Francesca. "I dare say I am not at all the kind of man you would select for purposes of friendship," he added, with a short laugh.

Francesca smiled a little at the frankness of the words, and shook her head.

"Perhaps not," she said. "Who knows? Life brings strange changes when one thinks that one knows it best."

"It has brought strange things to me," answered Lord Redin.

Then he was silent for a time. He felt the strong desire to speak out, for no good reason or purpose, and to tell her the story of his life. She would be horror-struck at first. He fancied he could see the expression which would come to her face. But he held his peace, for she had not met him half-way, and he was ashamed of the weakness that was upon him.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, after a little pause; "you must have had a strange life, and a very unhappy one. You speak of friendship as men speak who are in earnest, because there is no other hope for them. I know something of that."

She ceased, and her clear eyes turned sadly away from him.

"I know you do," he answered softly.

She looked at him again, and she liked him

better than ever before, and pitied him sincerely. She had discovered that with all his faults he was not a bad man, as men go, for she did not know of that one deed of his youth which to her would have seemed a monstrous crime of sacrilege, beyond all forgiveness on earth or in heaven.

Then she began to speak of other things, for her own words, and his, had gone too near her heart, and presently he left her, and strolled homeward through the sunny streets. He walked slowly and thoughtfully, unaware of the man in a blue jacket with silver buttons who followed him, and watched him with keen, unwinking eyes set under heavy brows.

But Stefanone was growing impatient, and his knife was every day a little sharper as he whetted it thoughtfully upon a bit of smooth oilstone which he carried in his pocket. Would the Englishman ever turn down into some quiet street or lane where no one would be looking? And Stefanone's square face grew thinner and his aquiline features more and more eagle-like, till the one-eyed cobbler noticed the change, and spoke of it.

"You are consuming yourself for some female," he said. "You have white hair. This is a shameful thing."

But Stefanone laughed, instead of resenting the speech — a curiously nervous laugh.

"What would you have?" he replied. "We are men, and the devil is everywhere."

As he sat on the door-step by the cobbler's bench, which was pushed far forward to get the afternoon light, he took up the short, sharp shoemaker's knife, looked at it, held it in his hands, and pared his coarse nails with it, whistling a little tune.

"That is a good knife," he observed carelessly.

The cobbler looked up, and saw what he was doing.

"Black soul!" he cried out angrily. "That is my welt-knife, like a razor, and he pares his hoofs with it!"

But Stefanone dropped it into the little box of tools on the front of the bench, and whistled softly.

"You seem to me a silly boy!" said the cobbler, still wrathful.

"Apoplexy, how you talk!" answered Stefanone. "But I seem so to myself, sometimes."

#### XLIV.

THE life of Paul Griggs was not less lonely than it had been before the day on which he had received and read Gloria's letters to Rena, but it was changed. Everything which had belonged to the dead woman was gone from the room in which he sat and worked

as usual. Even the position of the furniture was changed. But he worked on as steadily as before.

Outwardly he was very much the same man as ever. Any one who knew him well — if such a person had existed — would have seen that there was a little difference in the expression of his impassive face. The jaw was, if possible, more firmly set than ever; but there was a line in the forehead which had not been there formerly, and which softened the iron front, as it were, with something more human. It had come suddenly, and had remained. That was all.

But within, the difference was great and deep. He felt that the man who sat all day long at the writing-table, doing his work, was not himself any longer, but another being, his double and shadow, and in all respects his slave, except in one.

That other man sometimes paused in his work, fingering the pen unconsciously, as men do who hold it all day long, and thinking of Gloria with an expression of horror and suffering in his eyes. But he, the real Paul Griggs, never thought of her. The link was broken; the thread that had carried the message of dead love between him and the lonely grave beyond Subiaco was definitely broken. Stefanone came to receive the small sum which Griggs paid him monthly for his care of the place, and Griggs paid him as he would have paid his tailor, mechanically, and made a note of the payment in his pocket-book. When the man was gone, Griggs felt that his double was staring at the wall as a man stares at the dark surface of the pool in which the thing he loves has sunk for the last time.

It was always the other self that felt at such moments. He could abstract himself from it, and feel that he was watching it; he could direct it, and make it do what he pleased: but he could neither control its thoughts nor feel any sympathy for them. Until the fatal day the world had all been black to him; only by closing his eyes could he bring into it the light that hovered about a dead woman's face.

But now the black was changed to a flat and toneless white, in which there was never the least variation. Life was to him a vast blank, in which, without interest or sensation, he moved in any direction he pleased, and he pleased that it should be always the same direction, from the remembrance of a previous intention and abiding principle. But it might as well have been any other, backward, or to right or left. It was all precisely the same, and it was perfectly inconceivable to him that he should ever care whether in the endless journey he ever came upon a spot or point in the blank waste which should prove to him that

he had moved at all. Nothing could make any difference. He was beyond that state in which any difference was apprehensible between one thing and another.

His double had material wants, and was ruled by material circumstances. His double was a broken-hearted creature, toiling to make money for a little child to which it felt itself bound by every responsibility which can bind father to son; acknowledging the indebtedness in every act of its laborious life, denying itself every luxury, and almost every comfort, that there might be a little more for the child, now and in time to come; weary beyond earthly weariness, but untiring in the mechanical performance of its set task; fatally strong, and destined, perhaps, to live on through sixty or seventy years of the same unceasing toil; fatally weak in its one deep wound, and horribly sensitive within itself, but outwardly expressionless, strong, merely a little more pale and haggard than Paul Griggs had been.

This was the being whom Paul Griggs employed, as it were, to work for him, which he thoroughly understood and could control in every part except in its thoughts, and they were its own. But he himself existed in another sphere, in which there were neither interests nor responsibilities, nor landmarks, nor touches of human feeling, neither memories for the dead nor hopes for the living; in which everything was the same, because there was nothing but a sort of universal impersonal consciousness, no more attached to himself than to the beings he saw about him, or to that particular being which was his former self; in which he chose to reside merely because he required a bodily evidence of some sort in order to be alive — and there was no particular reason why he should not be alive. He therefore did not cease to live, but a straw might have turned the balance to the side of death.

It was certainly true that, so far as it could be said that there was any link between him and humanity, it lay in the existence of the little boy beyond the water. But it would have been precisely the same if little Walter Crowdie had died. He did not wish to see the child, for he had no wishes at all. Life being what it was, it would be very much better if the child were to die at once. Since it happened to be alive, he forced his double to work for it. It was no longer any particular child so far as he himself was concerned. It belonged to his double, which seemed to be attached to it in an unaccountable way, and did not complain at being driven to labor for it.

At certain moments, when he seemed to have got rid of his double altogether for a time, a question presented itself to his real self. The question was the great and old one —



What was it for? And to what was it tending? Then the people he saw in the streets appeared to him to be very small, like ants running hither and thither upon the ant-hill and about it, moved by something which they could not understand, but which made them do certain things with an appearance of logical sequence, just as he forced his double to work for little Walter Crowdie from morning till night. So the people ran about anxiously, or strolled lazily through the hours, careful or careless, as the case might be, but quite unaware that they were of no consequence and of no use, and that it was quite immaterial whether they were alive or dead. Most of them thought that they cared a good deal for life on the whole, and that it held a multitude of pleasant and interesting things to be liked and sought, and an equal number of unpleasant and dangerous things to be avoided; all of which things had no real existence whatever, as the impersonal consciousness of Paul Griggs was well aware. He watched the people curiously, as though they merely existed to perform tricks for his benefit. But they did not amuse him, for nothing could amuse him nor interest him when he had momentarily got rid of his double, as sometimes happened when he was out of doors.

One day, the month having passed again, Stefanone came for his money. It was very little, and the old peasant would willingly have undertaken that the work should be done for nothing; but he was interested in Paul Griggs, and he was growing very impatient because he could not get an opportunity of falling upon Lord Redin in a quiet place. He had formed a new plan of almost childlike simplicity. When Griggs had paid him the money, he lingered a moment and looked about the room.

"Signore, you have changed the furniture," he observed. "That chair was formerly here. This table used to be there. There are a thousand changes."

"Yes," said Griggs, taking up his pen to go on with his work. "You have good eyes," he added good-naturedly.

"Two," assented Stefanone; "each better than the other. For instance, I will tell you. When that chair was by the window, there was a little table beside it. On the table was the work-basket of your poor signora, whom may the Lord preserve in glory! Is it truth?"

"Yes," answered Griggs, with perfect indifference. "It is quite true."

The reference did not pain him, the man who was talking with Stefanone. It would perhaps hurt the other man when he thought of it later.

"Signore," said Stefanone, who evidently had something in his mind, "I was thinking in the night, and this thought came to me.

The dead are dead. Requiescant! It is better for the living to live in holy peace. You never see the father of the signora. There is bad blood between you. This was my thought—let them be reconciled, and spend an evening together. They will speak of the dead one. They will shed tears. They will embrace. Let the enmity be finished. In this way they will enjoy life more."

"You are crazy, Stefanone," answered Griggs, impatiently. "But how do you know who is the father of the signora?"

"Every one knows it, Signore," replied the peasant, with well-feigned sincerity. "Every one knows that it is the great English lord who lives at the hotel in the Piazza di Spagna this year. Signore, I have said a word. You must not take it ill. Enmity is bad. Friendship is a good thing. And then it is simple. With macaroni one makes acquaintance again. There is the Falcone, but it would be better here. We will cook the macaroni in the kitchen; you will eat on this table. What are all these papers for? Study, study! A dish of good paste is better, with cheese. I will bring a certain wine—two flasks. Then you will be friends, for you will drink together. And if the English lord drinks too much, I will go home with him to the hotel in the Piazza di Spagna. But you will only have to go to bed. Once in a year, what is it to be a little gay with good wine? At least you will be good friends. Then things will end well."

Griggs looked at Stefanone curiously while the old peasant was speaking, for he knew the people well, and he suspected something, though he did not know what to think.

"Perhaps some day we may take your advice," he said coldly. "Good morning, Stefanone. I have much to write."

"I remove the inconvenience," answered Stefanone, in the stock Italian phrase for taking leave.

"No inconvenience," replied Griggs, civilly, as is the custom. "But I have to work."

"Study, study!" grumbled Stefanone, going toward the door. "What does it all conclude, this great study? Headache. For a flask of wine you have the same thing, and the pleasure besides. It is enough. Signore," he added, reluctantly turning the handle, "I go. Think of what I have said to you. Sometimes an old man says a wise word."

He went away very much discontented with the result of the conversation. His mind was a medley of cunning and simplicity backed by an absolutely unforgiving temper and great caution. His plan had seemed exceedingly good. Lord Redin and Griggs would have supped together, and the former would very naturally have gone home alone. Stefanone



was oddly surprised that Griggs should not have acceded to the proposition at once, though in reality there was not the slightest of small reasons for his doing so.

It was long since anything had happened to rouse Griggs into thinking about any individual human being as anything more than a bit of the world's furniture, to be worn out and thrown away in the course of time, out of sight. But something in the absolutely gratuitous nature of Stefanone's advice moved his suspicions. He saw, with his intimate knowledge of the Roman peasant's character, the whole process of the old wine-seller's mind, if only, in the first place, the fellow had the desire to harass Dalrymple. That being granted, the rest was plain enough. Dalrymple, if he really came to supper with Griggs, would stay late into the night, and finish all the wine there might be. On his way home through the deserted streets Stefanone could kill him at his leisure and convenience, and nobody would be the wiser. The only difficulty lay in establishing some sufficient reason why Stefanone should wish to kill him at all; and in this Griggs signally failed, which was not surprising.

All at once, as generally happened now, he lost all interest in the matter, and returned to his work — or, rather, to speak as he might have spoken, he set his mechanical self to work for him, while his own being disappeared in blank indifference and unconsciousness. But on the following day, which chanced to be a Sunday, he went out in the morning for a walk. He rarely worked on Sundays, having long ago convinced himself that a day of rest was necessary in the long run.

As he was coming home he saw Lord Redin walking far in front of him down the Corso, easily recognizable by his height and his loose, swinging gait. Griggs had not proceeded many steps farther when Stefanone passed him, walking at a swinging stride. The peasant had probably seen him, but chose to take no notice of him. Griggs allowed him to get a fair start, and then quickened his own pace, so as to keep him in view. Lord Redin swung along steadily, and turned up the Via Condotti. Stefanone almost ran till he too had turned the corner of the street. Griggs, without running, nearly overtook him as he took the same turn a moment later.

It was perfectly clear that Stefanone was dogging the Scotchman's steps. The latter crossed the Piazza di Spagna, and entered the deep archway of his hotel. The peasant slackened his speed at once, and lounged across the square toward the foot of the great stairway which leads up to the Trinità de' Monti. Griggs followed, and came up with him just as he sat down upon a step beside one of the big

stone posts to take breath and light his pipe. The man looked up, touched his hat, smiled, and struck a sulphur match, which he applied to the tobacco in the red-clay bowl before the sulphur was half burned out, after the manner of his kind.

"You have taken a walk, Signore," he observed, puffing away at the willow stem and watching the match.

"You walk fast, Stefanone," answered Griggs. "You can walk as fast as Lord Redin."

Stefanone did not show the least surprise. He pressed down the burning tobacco with one horny finger, and carefully laid the last glowing bit of the burned-out wooden match upon it.

"For this we are people of the mountains," he answered slowly. "We can walk."

"Why do you wish to kill that signore?" inquired Griggs, calmly.

Stefanone looked up, and the pale lids of his keen eyes were contracted as he stared hard and long at the other's face.

"What are you saying?" he asked, with a short, harsh laugh. "What is passing through your head? What have I to do with the Englishman? Nothing. These are follies!"

And still he gazed keenly at Griggs, awaiting the latter's reply. Griggs answered him contemptuously in the dialect.

"You take me for a foreigner! You might know better."

"I do not know what you mean," answered Stefanone, doggedly. "It is Sunday. I am at leisure. I walk to take a little air. It is my affair. Besides, at this hour, who would follow a man to kill him? It is about to ring midday. There are a thousand people in the street. Those who kill wait at the corners of streets when it is night. You say that I take you for a foreigner. You have taken me for an assassin. At your pleasure. So much the worse for me. An assassin! Only this was wanting. It is better that I go back to Subiaco. At least they know me there. Here in Rome — not even dogs would stay here. Beautiful town, where one is called assassin for breakfast, without counting one or two!"

By this time Griggs was convinced that he was right. He knew the man well, and all his kind. The long speech of complaint, with its peculiar tone, half insolent, half of injured innocence, was to cover the fellow's embarrassment. Griggs answered him in his own strain.

"A man is not an assassin who kills his enemy for a good reason, Stefanone," he observed. "How do I know what he may have done to you?"

"Tome? Nothing." The peasant shrugged his sturdy shoulders.

"Then I have made a mistake," said Griggs.

"You have made a mistake," assented Stefanone. "Let us not talk about it any more."

"Very well."

Griggs turned away and walked slowly toward the hotel, well aware that Stefanone was watching him and would think that he was going to warn Lord Redin of his danger. That, indeed, was Griggs's first impulse, and it was probably his wisest course, whatever might come of the meeting. But the Scotchman had made up his mind that he would not see Griggs under any circumstances, and though the latter had seen him enter the hotel less than ten minutes earlier, the servant returned almost immediately and said that Lord Redin was not at home. Griggs understood, and turned away thoughtfully.

Before he went down the Via Condotti again, he looked over his shoulder toward the steps, and he saw that Stefanone was gone. As he walked along the street, the whole incident began to fade away in his mind, as real matters so often did nowadays. All at

(Conclusion in October.)

once he stopped short, and roused himself by an effort—directing his double, as he would have said, perhaps. There was no denying the fact that a man's life was hanging in the balance of a chance, and to the man, if not to Griggs, that life was worth something. If it had been any other man in the world, even that fact would have left him indifferent enough. Why should he care who lived or died? But Dalrymple was a man he had injured, and he was under an obligation of honor to save him if he could.

There was only one person in Rome who could help him—Francesca Campodonico. She knew much of what had happened; she might perhaps understand the present case. At all events, even if she had not seen Lord Redin of late, she could not be supposed to have broken relations with him; she could send for him and warn him. The case was urgent, as Griggs knew. After what he had said to Stefanone, the latter, if he meant to kill his man, would not lose a day.

*F. Marion Crawford.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY CLAY.<sup>1</sup>



T was said of Mr. Clay by one who, though a political enemy, was yet a lifelong friend, that "his private life was as complete and as perfect as his public life was glorious."

The number of those who knew him personally has been rapidly diminishing in recent years, but there are left in Kentucky enough to testify to the beauty of his intercourse with his friends, his family, and his neighbors, and to the never-failing love which he bore the "warm-hearted and whole-souled people" of his State, and which they returned with a feeling very nearly akin to adoration. From the day when, a youth of twenty-one, he addressed the people of Lexington from an old cart drawn up on the public square of Cheapside, to the day when from the steps of Ashland, after the defeat of 1844, he thanked the electors of Kentucky for their allegiance, and when, as an eye-witness relates, there was "not a man, nor a youth, nor a boy" in the assemblage "who did not shed tears"—from the day when he first came among them to the day when he went away not to return, he never lost his hold upon the affections of the people of his own State.

To tell of these things there is left the old

<sup>1</sup> See "A Few Words about Henry Clay" (with portrait) in *THE CENTURY* for July, 1885.

man who in his youth presided as judge over many of the cases in which Mr. Clay appeared as counsel, and who, much as he admires Mr. Lincoln, still believes that, had Henry Clay been spared his country a little longer, there would have been no place for a Lincoln in our history.

There is left the boy whose father named him for Henry Clay,—when the father was one of the two Clay men in Botetourt County, Virginia,—and who remembers how, in order to hear Mr. Clay deliver his famous speech in the Polly Bullitt case, he spent the whole of one long summer day curled up on the window-sill of a court-room in Louisville, not even going home for his dinner, lest he should lose his point of vantage.

There is left the little girl—now no longer a little girl—the proudest recollection of whose life is of the kisses Mr. Clay used to give her, and for which, with commendable business exactness, he always paid her with a silver ten-cent piece deposited in her sunbonnet. She now confesses that when she saw the statesman approaching she learned to lay this bonnet upon the table of her father's shop, that it might be well in evidence, and the impressive ceremony of the dime and the salutation might not be omitted before the Whig leader, her father, and several other old cronies settled down for their regular afternoon discussion of

national affairs—for all Kentuckians are politicians. Henry Clay at that time, the "little girl" relates, walked the streets of Lexington with the same majestic air which his contemporaries love to describe in the lofty English of their day, and always carried with him a gold-headed cane—most likely a present from some distant admirer—and a cigar. And it was the stumps of these very cigars, smoked in the silversmith's shop on Main street, that the vagabond "King Solomon" of Kentucky, whose name is now happily preserved to fame, afterward enjoyed—he who proudly boasted that he had smoked more of the stumps of Henry Clay's cigars than any other man in the United States!

Four of Mr. Clay's six daughters died in childhood, one at the age of twenty, and the last when she was scarcely older, so that there was a pathetic suggestion in his tenderness toward all little girls. His devotion to an invalid grandchild is particularly remembered by the members of his family. He used to reserve for her the figs of a certain tree in the conservatory at Ashland, and would cut them every morning with his own hands, and take them to her with a rose from a favorite bush. "There was never a child who did not love him," says the mother of this little granddaughter.

That he did not always confine his attentions to little girls, but often availed himself of a privilege which was never disputed, is attested by the memories we meet with, from New England to New Orleans, of kisses still fresh in the minds of old ladies who were young girls in the days of those national campaigns when Mr. Clay went abroad through the land, convincing the voters by his arguments, and winning, without argument, the solid strength of feminine influence.

He has himself many times borne witness to his love for Kentucky, and for his own home, with its winding walks, where ash-trees and evergreens meet overhead and periwinkle banks the edges, where dogwood and red-bud flower, and in the dusk of spring days the mocking-bird answers the plaintive note of the whippoorwill. Here the statesman loved to walk, and think out in peace the problems that were vexing him.

The longing for his home and his family grew with advancing years and failing health. A friend who traveled out with him from Washington in 1850, the last time he made that trip, tells of his reluctance to be thrown in with strangers, and of the constant expression of his desire to be at home. The party went by stage from Washington to Wheeling, and care had to be taken at every step to keep back the crowds. From Wheeling they

went down the Ohio by boat to Maysville, and there took stage again for Lexington, a drive of sixty-four miles. The trip was not an easy one, though, thanks to "internal improvements," not so hard as it had been when Mr. Clay first made his way from Ashland to the nation's capital in 1806.

The old limestone road from Maysville to Lexington, over which Mr. Clay drove, was begun in 1829, and was the first macadamized turnpike in Kentucky. Its constructors conceived a great highway running from Ohio to New Orleans, binding the North to the South. A rusty iron mile-post a little way out from Lexington, on which can still be read the legend, "Zanesville [Ohio], Maysville, Lexington, Nashville [Tennessee], Florence [Alabama]," takes one back to the days when one really traveled, stopping at taverns to change horses, and dallying along the way in delightful fashion. The road was completed only from Lexington to the Ohio, and a bill granting it the aid of the Federal Government was vetoed by President Jackson. Yet the old general was in the habit of driving with his coach and four gray thoroughbreds through Kentucky, on his way from the Hermitage to Washington, and must sometimes have enjoyed this road, for it is on record that he did not avoid Lexington on his route. It was at a toll-gate on this road, perhaps, that a certain historic reply was made to one of General Jackson's mounted escort who had ridden on ahead to announce the presidential coach, and to inquire what the toll would be. "The same as for any other citizen of the United States," answered the old woman who kept the toll-gate, and who was most likely a Clay Whig beneath her outward show of Jacksonian Democracy.

For Mr. Clay, on his homeward journey in 1850, even after he was in sight of Lexington, there was an unlooked-for delay. On the outskirts of the town, at the end of what is now Limestone street, eager hands were laid upon the vehicle that bore him, the horses were unharnessed, and in the midst of a shouting throng of people the coach was drawn by the hands of men with bared heads to the Phoenix Hotel—formerly Postlethwaite's Tavern—in the center of the town. The crowd demanded a speech, and the traveler was forced to come out upon the balcony and comply with their request. The address was a short one, however, and after expressing to the people who filled the streets below him his appreciation and affection, he ended, "And now I must ask you to excuse me, for, strange as it may seem, there is an old lady at Ashland whom I had rather see than all of you."

A few days later there was a public gather-

ing in Mr. Clay's honor at the fair grounds, and it was understood that he would address his constituents. In spite of a sudden and heavy fall of rain, the people stood waiting on the grounds "as thick as the pegs on a shoemaker's board." When the orator appeared a great cheer went up. He began his address, Governor Metcalfe of Kentucky holding an umbrella over him. The old governor—known as "Stone-hammer Metcalfe," because as a mason in his youth he had built the foundations of the executive mansion at Frankfort, which he afterward occupied—stood with head uncovered, his long white hair floating in the wind. After speaking for about fifteen minutes Mr. Clay said, "Fellow-citizens, I cannot tax your patience further"; but there were cries of "Go on! Go on!" from the audience, and after a few moments of hesitation he resumed: "I thank you. My friends, if you can stand it,"—for the rain was still coming down,—"God knows that I can." He spoke in all for about an hour, but long before he had ended, the summer storm had passed, and the barbecue went on without further interruption. This scene is described by one who stood in the rain and listened on that day—a college student of seventeen, who had driven thirty-five miles the night before to see and hear once more the great American.

Of the relations that existed between Mr. Clay and those with whom he mingled in daily life there is one living who loves to tell—Mrs. James Clay, the wife of one of his sons. "I never knew a man," she says, "more loved—adored in his own family than Henry Clay, and no one was ever more deserving of such love. In nearly ten years which I spent in Mr. Clay's family I never heard him speak an unkind nor even a hasty word to any member of his household." His unfailing courtesy toward all who approached him, the peculiar adaptability of his manners, was characteristic. A member of the religious community settled at Shakertown on the Kentucky River, in recalling a few years ago a visit of Mr. Clay's to their town, the interest he displayed, and his kindness, concluded, "He was just as common as any of us." His sympathies were as wide as human nature, and his manner was but the easy and natural expression of this sympathy. He recognized a certain dignity in every human soul which exacted his respect and consideration. Having seen the littleness that may dwell in the great, he was all the more keenly alive to the greatness that is so often inherent in the little people of the world.

There is no doubt that on occasion Mr. Clay could be severe. At a dinner given at Ashland to Captain Marryat, the foreign abuse of the custom of flogging servants was spoken of,

and Mr. Clay related as an instance in point an experience he had had in London. Unfamiliar with the usage in such matters, after an interview with Lord Castlereagh he had failed to pay to his lordship's chief lackey the usual perquisite. Some days later the servant waited upon him at his hotel, and called his attention to the oversight. Mr. Clay repaired the omission, but was too much impressed to fail to seek afterwards some explanation. Captain Marryat denied warmly and somewhat brusquely that such a custom existed in England. To pass off the unpleasantness, Mr. Clay proposed a toast, asking the guest of honor to drink with him. "No," answered Captain Marryat, shortly; "I have drunk enough." "Then," said Mr. Clay, looking toward a friend, a young man who sat at the end of the table, "will you drink with me to this toast, Dick? It seems that you have not yet drunk too much."

Mr. Clay's exactness in business affairs was a notable trait, and there is an incident that illustrates the delicacy which made him avoid in his private relations even the appearance of an interested motive. A friend—Colonel Morrison of Lexington—for whom he had named his youngest son, desired, when making his will, to leave this namesake a sum of money. Mr. Clay, who was writing the will, would not consent to this, and persuaded Colonel Morrison to make the bequest instead to the Transylvania University. This institution was the first college west of the Alleghanies, and among the original contributors to its founding were:

George Washington, President	
of the United States . . . . .	\$100.00
John Adams, Vice-President . . . . .	100.00
Aaron Burr . . . . .	50.00

Colonel Morrison's legacy was expended on the present Morrison chapel and on the campus which surrounds the university buildings.

Of Mr. Clay's grace and dignity of manner there is but one report; of his appearance the reports are various. A friend who says that he was not an ugly man adds, "No portrait ever did him justice." Healy had great difficulty in getting the color of his eyes, and failed absolutely to get the expression or fire. The artist Oliver Frazer, to whom he sat many times, and who records that he was "the worst sitter in the world," waxed enthusiastic over his model. Though not much given to politics, he made it a point always to be present when Mr. Clay spoke, to hear the ring of his voice, and to watch the changes of his expression.

The engraving accompanying this sketch is made from a portrait of Mr. Clay by Matthew Jouett, father of the admiral. Jouett painted one other portrait, and the histories of the two have a touch of local color. The first was



painted for a hemp manufacturer who had come in from the country to hear Mr. Clay speak at the old court-house in Lexington. The man and his views — the subject of the speech was possibly a protective tariff — so pleased him that before leaving the court-room he engaged Jouett to make for him a portrait of the statesman. Somewhat later the manufacturer came into collision with his former idol in a lawsuit, and thereupon sold the painting for a race-horse.

The second Jouett portrait, the one here reproduced, hung for many years in the home, near Lexington, of another of Mr. Clay's admirers. But in Kentucky, where the possession of the blue-grass land is a fruitful source of litigation, and of bitter and enduring enmities as well, even political sympathies were not always able to prevail against the strain. The inevitable lawsuit occurred, and the portrait was banished to the garret. Afterward it was given to a friend who, on inquiring about it, was told that it should never again darken the walls where it had hung. This gentleman, before the humor of the owner should be changed, put the picture into his buggy, and drove with it to his home in a neighboring county.

This portrait is one of the few which represent Mr. Clay in earlier life. The face which we see in it is not the familiar face of the man of matured powers, of ripened judgment, and of wise beneficence, the framer of compromises, the great pacificator. It is Henry Clay the war-maker, "young Harry of the West," not yet grown old; the leader of the young Americans in the House of Representatives; the man who, with all the ardent patriotism of a child of the decade which heard the Declaration of Independence, defied the peace party, and drove the administration into the war of 1812; the man to whom President Madison seriously contemplated offering the command of the armies of the United States in that war. It is the Henry Clay in whom was added to the patriotism which he had brought from Virginia, and the enthusiasm which was his birthright, not a little of the reckless daring of the backwoodsman of Kentucky.

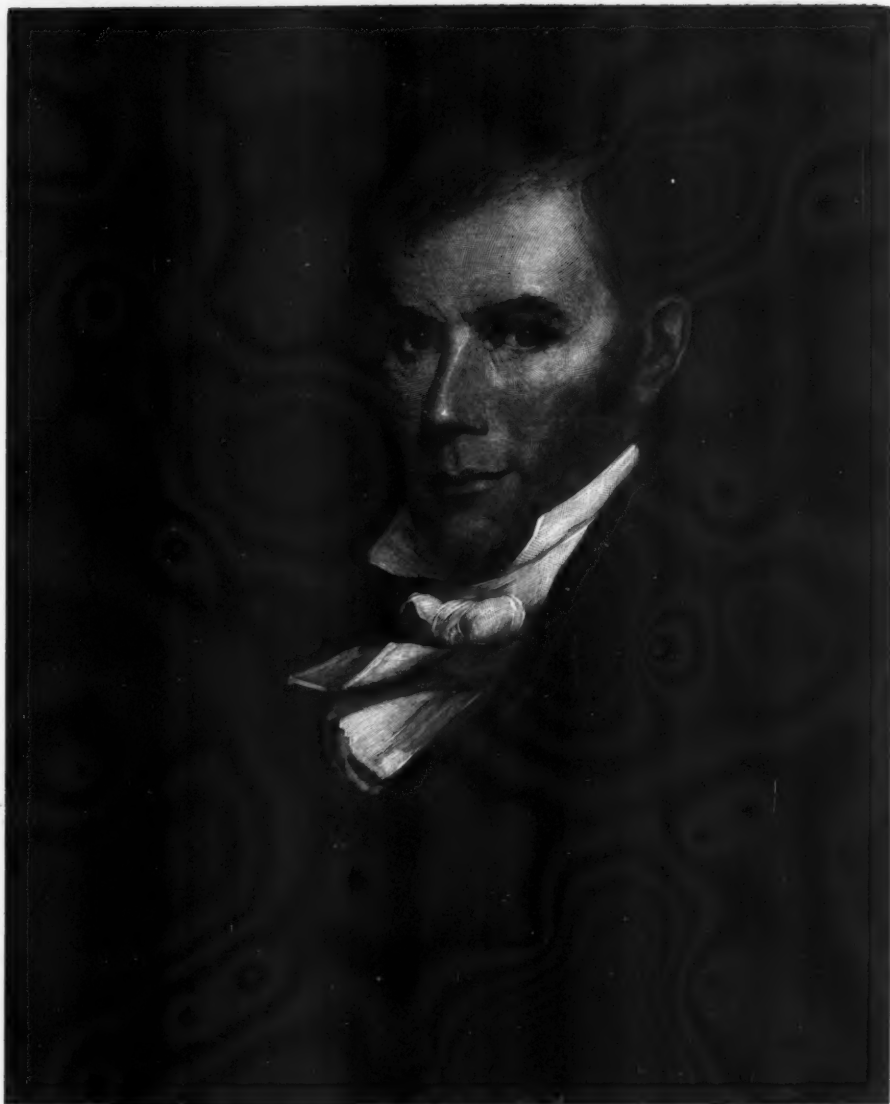
This impetuosity, this emotional quality, in Mr. Clay was one great cause of his success as a leader, and of the devotion of his followers. His political sympathizers not only admired, but loved him. The distress of the Whigs in Kentucky, in the South, and in fact all over the Union, after his defeat in 1844 was of those who grieved as for a personal bereavement. In Kentucky the disappointment was felt by all ages and classes. Colonel Throgmorton of Louisville, having heard a man shouting "Hurrah for Polk!" as he went through the corridors of the hotel, knocked him down,

and thereupon ended the argument. At a girls' school in the same place the pupils groaned in chorus every time the report of a cannon fired in celebration of the Democratic victory was heard, and the schoolmaster, when he learned the cause of the manifestation, silently allowed it to proceed.

A bride of the night of November 7, 1844, at whose wedding the President-elect, as they believed, was present, tells of the consternation when the returns from the polls came in. She and her husband, on their way to Washington for their wedding journey, waited in Louisville for definite information, and, when it came, abandoned their Eastern tour, and took boat for New Orleans instead. Their boat carried the news down the Mississippi, and at every landing the shore was black with people. As they proceeded, they left distress and blank dismay behind them, and at New Orleans the expression of grief was appalling. The husband of the lady who describes this trip fell ill on the way, and at New Orleans a physician was summoned to attend him. He inquired of his patient if he had recently suffered any great shock. The patient having mentioned Mr. Clay's defeat, the physician, who was also a Clay man, embraced him, and they wept together. Mrs. James Clay, who was living at Ashland in 1844, and was with Mr. Clay when the election returns came in, tells of the calmness with which he received the news. In his family, she says, there was disappointment, but no words either of anger or complaint.

There are many traditions of Mr. Clay's eloquence: one of a speech, no copy of which is preserved, delivered, against the advice of his friends, in the court-house square in Lexington, from a platform of dry-goods boxes. His purpose was to reply to some calumnies industriously circulated against him — some imputations of party infidelity. "Fellow-citizens," he began, "I am now an old man — *quite* an old man. Yet it will be found I am not too old to vindicate my principles, to stand by my friends, or to defend myself." He ended amid the dead silence of the audience, many of whom had listened with tears in their eyes; for the speech was not only a defiance to his enemies, but an appeal to those who in forty years had never wavered in their loyalty. It was expected by those present that a reply would be made by Tom Marshall, a favorite with Kentuckians, and far-famed for his wit and repartee. Marshall had formerly been a Whig, but had "gone off with Tyler." A few moments after Mr. Clay's speech was ended there were loud cries for Marshall from the Democrats, but Marshall was not forthcoming, and to Mr. Wycliffe, the editor of the Whig organ of Lexington, who asked him a few days later why he had not





PAINTED BY MATTHEW HARRIS JOUETT.

OWNED BY H. C. McDOWELL.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

HENRY CLAY AT THE AGE OF FORTY-THREE.

*H. Clay*

taken up the gauntlet as was expected, he only replied, "Mike Wycliffe, did you think I was fool enough to answer that speech?" And again, when he was jokingly taunted with cowardice, "No; I was n't afraid," he said, having, perhaps, gained confidence in the mean time; "I could have answered that speech; but, my God! the rebound!"

Those who try to tell of the wonderful power of Henry Clay's oratory, of his expression, of his gestures, of the tones of his voice, and of the effect produced upon his listeners and the feelings inspired in themselves, break down in the attempt. The glory of an orator perishes with the generation which heard his voice. It can-

not be preserved nor described. It must be taken on faith by those who come after. In talking to an old man who in his youth had many times sat under the spell of that voice, whose sightless eyes had once followed lovingly the rapid and impassioned movements of the "Western Patriot," and trying to elicit from him some expression which might convey the vividness of the emotions experienced, I first realized the hopelessness of the task undertaken. He tried to convey to me, in phrases which he felt were impotent, an impression of the magic of Mr. Clay's power, and finally broke off: "You cannot do justice to him, child. No one can. It is impossible."

*Madeleine McDowell.*

## SONNETS FOR THE TIMES.

### I.

TOO cheap we rate the boon of sire to son,  
Our birthright-freedom. Covetous of gold,  
To sit in high state councils we have sold,  
To frame our laws; and plutocrats have won  
By dint of crafty coin to loll upon  
Our judgment benches. Countrymen, behold!  
This is the land men died to rear of old;  
We are their heirs who fought at Marathon.  
Lo, now, the freedom ye so light esteem  
With patriot blood, and blight of prison-bars,  
And rack and wheel and scourge, six thousand years  
Have bought. This is that Liberty, the dream  
Of captives and the prophecy of seers,  
Won from her home among the wizard stars.

### II.

Upon the stubborn path the nations tread,  
With weary feet ascending the steep slope  
Above whose summit gleams Man's deathless hope,  
We long were foremost — the ascent we led.  
And must we lose that garland from our head?  
With our own power powerless to cope,  
Shall we at heels of states we chided mope,  
Lacking the ardent air on which we fed?  
A few there yet must be whose cheeks would flame  
To see thee laggard, clanking chains of gold  
'Mid little realms, Columbia — that great name,  
Hailed oft with mighty shouting in the van —  
Reckoned with dotard empires, phantoms old,  
The lost lights, the delusive hopes of Man.

*William Prescott Foster.*



A MORNING VISION

BY

H. O. WALKER

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

OWNED BY W. T. EVANS.

## DAVID TENIERS, THE YOUNGER (1610-1690).

### FLEMISH OLD MASTERS.



TENIERS the younger was the greatest of the Flemish genre-painters, and stands, after Rubens and Van Dyck, the third great master of the Netherlands. Success attended him from the beginning, and continued with him throughout his long career, which lasted four-score years. He was born at Antwerp in 1610, and as early as 1632, when only twenty-two years old, was admitted to the Gild of Antwerp. His father, David Teniers the elder, a painter of repute, was his instructor, and he enjoyed the society of Rubens, as well as the friendship of other distinguished artists. In 1637, when twenty-seven years old, he married a daughter of Jan, or "Velvet," Brueghel, at which ceremony Rubens was one of the witnesses, and he soon came into the favor and patronage of the nobility. He became Dean of the Gild of St. Luke when thirty-five years old, and later was instrumental in the erection of the academy of fine arts, in connection with the gild. Upon the registers of the gild his name is written without the final *s*. His wife dying, he married in 1656 a daughter of the secretary of state for Brabant. By means of his talents and pleasing personal qualities he attained a higher position in society than had before, or has since, been occupied by any genre-painter of the school. The stadtholder of the Spanish Netherlands—Archduke Leopold William—appointed Teniers court-painter, and also groom of the chambers, including the charge of the picture-gallery, and he was confirmed in both these offices by the successor of the archduke, Don Juan of Austria. Philip IV. of Spain, Christina of Sweden, and the Elector of the Palatinate overwhelmed him with commissions. Teniers became prosperous and popular, and lived in grand style at his château of "Three Towers" at Perck, between Vilvorde and Mechlin, entertaining noblemen, literary and scientific personages, and art patrons, who made a point of visiting the painter.

His extraordinary technical facility of hand, and his untiring industry, enabled Teniers to execute a prodigious number of works. He

declared it would need a gallery two leagues in length to contain all his pictures. It is said that he began and finished many of his canvases at a single sitting. His versatility, and his power of imitating the manner of the most various masters, as well as the great range of his subjects, caused him to be styled "the Proteus of painting," for although the animated delineation of the peasant world, under the most varying forms, is his favorite sphere, he frequently gives us scenes from the realms of fancy. The guard-house, with its old armor, drums, and flags, he often painted; and also cattle-pieces and landscapes, wherein his delicate feeling for nature is evident. His sacred pictures are disappointing, being lacking in elevation of feeling. For the Archduke Leopold William, Teniers painted a great number of small copies of pictures in that prince's gallery, which were engraved in Teniers's "Theatrum Pictorium," a work that became widely celebrated. The best works of Teniers belong to his middle or "silver period"—a period beginning about 1645, when he had reached the age of thirty-five, and continuing for about fifteen years. Later his works again assume that golden and often brownish tone which characterizes the pictures of his early period. Bürger says, "Teniers is like one of the fishes he painted so well: excellent between the head and tail."

The works of Teniers are widely scattered throughout Europe. The gallery of Madrid alone has 53, St. Petersburg 40, the Louvre 36, Dresden 30, Vienna 18, the National Gallery of London 16. The little town of Cassel has 10, and I counted 9 in the Antwerp Gallery, from which I selected the engraved example. The original is but little larger than the engraving, measuring  $6\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Its title is "L'Après-dîner" (Afternoon). It is an example of his best period. The "silver" manner of Teniers is a greater approach to the cool gray air of nature, and with this improvement in his style there came also a more precise and careful treatment, though there was no diminution of that light and sparkling touch wherein the separate strokes of the brush are left unbroken—a power in which he stands unequalled by any other genre-painter.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

IN THE ANTWERP MUSEUM.

"AFTERNOON," BY DAVID TENIERS, THE YOUNGER.



## THE PRINCESS SONIA.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER,

Author of "Across the Chasm," "The Child Amy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

XVI.



AROLD'S condition of mind and feeling on that morning of the first of May was so complicated and perplexed that he felt for the first time in his life utterly unable to see his way. He was accustomed to having things, no matter how difficult, look definite to him. He had not hesitated in deciding on his sudden marriage with Sophia Rutledge, nor had he felt the least hesitation as to his course a month later, when she demanded a divorce from him. His way had been clear and open before him, and he had taken it unflinchingly. He felt the same ability to do and the same courage to endure now, if he could only see his way. He knew himself too well to suppose that, after having been married to this woman, he could ever love another, and he had quite decided to accept his life and to put the thought of happiness out of it. In making this decision he had had the strongest possible conviction of the truth of his wife's declaration that she did not love him, and it was this which had made submission to her decision the only possible course for him. She was such a strong and resolute woman that he had imagined her, after the stern ordeal of the first few months of separation, going resolutely on, with her life adjusted to its new conditions; and although he was certain that her marriage, separation, and the coming divorce would make too deep marks in her womanly consciousness for her ever to think of marrying again, he quite believed that she was the calm and self-poised woman for which he knew nature had intended her.

It was therefore a great surprise to him, on meeting her again, to see such marked indications of indecision, nervousness, and lack of control. He felt that she often said and did what she had meant not to say and do, and he was aware that she was a prey to variability, fluctuation, and caprice. What did it mean? This was the question which he

set himself to consider with all the concentration of his mind. He did not know—what was the truth—that these new qualities in her existed only with regard to himself, and that to her aunt, her acquaintances, her servants, and all who came in contact with her, she was more than ever decided, self-collected, and even self-willed. If he could have known that, it would have let in light upon a subject and situation which seemed to him impenetrably dark. Every time that he had seen her she had left upon his mind a different impression. Sometimes he wondered if she could be ill, to account for such a change; and sometimes he told himself that it was an unpardonable demand upon her nervous endurance for him to come into her presence. Still, when he reflected, he had never thrust himself upon her, and on the only occasion when their meeting had not been accidental, it had been her deliberate doing. What must he conclude from this?

It would be conceit only which could make him think, after that, that she either feared or disliked to meet him. He certainly had no right to suppose that she sought or wished it. He must, therefore, conclude that she was quite indifferent to him, and wished him to accept that view of the case.

He tried hard to do this, but there was something in her manner and in his own consciousness which positively prevented his holding to this idea. It was not that she appeared to him to be unhappy, but she did seem disturbed, restless, and fitful. After his interview with her in the atelier, he felt that she had so definitely conveyed to him her wishes in the case that now he had only to follow them and to keep out of her way, so far as it rested with him to do so.

On this course he fully resolved; but her beauty, her voice, her movements, haunted him by day and night. He knew that he was as absolutely under her spell as he had ever been. He knew that a point might come when his self-control would be powerfully threatened, and then there would be nothing for it but to flee. He was not afraid of the consequences to himself which might lie in this betrayal of his

past. He was thinking of her, and of the increased trouble which it would bring into her life if she should come to realize how he still loved her. This was a quite unnecessary trial for her, and one which he was resolved she should not have.

He had not known of any plan of Martha's for having her friend spend the night of his absence with her, so it took him completely by surprise when he returned at an earlier hour than he had expected, and, inquiring of the man servant if all was well, was told that the Princess Mannernorff had dined and spent the night with his sister. He ascertained what room she was occupying, and when the servant, who carried his bag, went into his own room ahead of him, he reproved the man rather severely for opening the window with such a noise. Then immediately he sent the servant away.

He had seen, from below, the beginning of the little procession going into the Madeleine; and as he stood half unconsciously watching it, possessed by the thought that the woman who had once been his adored and adoring wife was asleep in the next room to him, he heard the window of that room open, and he knew that she was awake, and standing very near. He heard her draw the curtains back by the cords and rings above. He even heard the little effort in her breathing caused by the strong pull. Each of them, he knew, was looking at the same sight — the beautiful, moving panorama, seen through the flecks of sun-washed, young green leaves; but while she was thinking of those trustful and unconscious children, his thoughts were wholly of her. His heart was filled with longings so intense and masterful as to crowd out everything else. Then, in a flash, his humor changed; for there came to him her stifled sobs, and her calls on God to pity them — those sweet, unknowing little ones, born to be suffering women! With his old swift comprehension of her, he knew why this sight had touched her so, and he realized what he had only dimly felt before, that she was a miserable woman, wearily walking a *via dolorosa*.

He did not ask to know what it might be. He longed only to help and comfort her. He could not speak, but at least he could let her know that he was near; and then it was that he had made the sound which Sonia had heard.

That sound was followed by silence. Was she perhaps indignant, he asked himself, that he should dare to make this demand upon her attention? She would have a right to be; for he could make no pretense that he had not deliberately intended to do this. Yet she was alone there, sad and troubled, and he was close at hand, with a heart that ached to comfort her. He could not have rested, feeling that she was unaware of his knowledge of her pre-

sence, and no matter what consequences to himself the act might carry, he deliberately said to her in that sound: "I am here, and I know that you are there."

If she had made a sign in answer, he would have thanked God on his knees; but she had withdrawn from the window in silence, and he felt only that she was gone.

An hour later, when the servant brought his coffee and the morning papers, he brought also the information that the princess had gone off alone some time before in a cab.

Harold felt, at hearing this, a perfect fury of anger and indignation. With the possibility of a riot in view, and the knowledge that ladies had been warned not to venture unprotected on the streets, it made his blood boil to think that she — the delicate woman, in spirit and body, that he knew so well — should have gone forth alone from under the very roof with him; and that even if he had known of it, he would have had no right to interfere. The legal right, of course, he had; but that fact only made it the more impossible for him to assert upon her any claim. Not all the laws that were ever made could have bound or loosed him so indomitably as did her wish and will. The fact that it was still within his power to assert a legal claim upon her constituted in itself the strongest possible demand upon a man of his nature to leave her as free as air from any bondage or emancipation which could exist by any right but that of love. If she had loved him, he would have asserted his power and right to control and influence her. As she did not love him, there was no creature living who was so free from him as she — this woman whom once he had held in as binding fetters as ever love had forged.

## XVII.

ON reaching home, Sonia went immediately to her room, and sent word to her aunt that she was feeling ill, and desired not to be disturbed. Her maid brought her a message of condolence in reply, and she knew that she was now safe in her solitude for the remainder of the day.

She undressed quickly, threw on a loose dressing-gown, unfastened the thick coil of her hair, and then, telling her maid not to come to the room until she should ring, she threw herself at full length on the lounge, and lay there with her eyes closed, profoundly still. She had caused the blinds to be shut and the curtains drawn. The beautiful spring sunshine flooded everything without, but about her all was gloom and darkness. She could hear the whir of innumerable wheels and the click of horses' feet on the smooth pavement outside, and she knew that the streets were alive and abloom with



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"SHE PUT ON A LONG CLOAK."

men and women in holiday dress in open carriages, driving between the long lines of flowering horse-chestnuts down the beautiful Champs Élysées to the Palais de l'Industrie.

She had a charming costume for this occasion, and had fancied that she would have pleasure in joining a party of friends, and perhaps lingering about the neighborhood of her own picture to hear any comments that might be made upon it. She had not allowed herself to hope that it would be on the line: but there it was at this moment, as she knew; yet now she had no heart for the occasion; the pretty gown and bonnet and parasol, all so painstakingly selected, were neatly put away, and she was lying nerveless in this lonely room. She had given up the long, long struggle for self-control and strength, and abandoned herself absolutely to the dark, unbroken grief which she felt to be her only natural and honest life. She did not even long for happiness: she longed only for the peace of death, the nothingness of the grave. That instinct of weak self-pity, to which the strongest of us yield now and then, overcame the lethargy of her mood, and the springs of tears were touched. Large drops forced their way between her close-shut lids.

"What have I done, what have I done, to have to suffer so?" she whispered. "To have to give up all, all joy, and take only pain and misery and regret for all my life! It was only a mistake. It was no sin or crime that I committed when I sent him away, and said that I did not love him. It was only an awful, fatal, terrible mistake. I have feared so for a long, long time; but oh, I know it now! I want him back—I want him back! I want his love, and his patience, and his care. I want him for my friend, and my protector, and my husband. And though I want him so, I am further away from him than if I had never seen him. When this hideous divorce is got, and our beautiful marriage has been finally undone, any other woman in the world may hope to win his love. I shall be the one free woman on earth to whom that hope would be shame and outrage and humiliation. O my God, help me, help me!"

She buried her face in the lounge, the great sobs shaking her body. Gradually these subsided; but long after they had ceased she lay there with her face concealed, alone in the silence and darkness.

At the same moment, only a little distance off, the sunlight was pouring down in floods upon the palms, the stuffs, the flowers, the pictures, the statues, and the crowd of fashionable men and women who thronged the great exhibition of the spring Salon.

Voices of men and women rose melodiously, whether in praise or blame. Lorgnettes were

raised, hands clasped in delight, and shoulders shrugged in disapproval. Fans were waved in delicate, gloved hands, every movement of which stirred the air in waves of sweet perfume from flowers, or delicate odors wafted from women's gowns. Smartly dressed men and women stood about in groups, and now and then a hum arose as some great man, decorated with orders, and smiling with confident good humor, passed along, bowing to left and right, and receiving compliments—too familiar to be anything but gently stimulating—on the beauty of his latest pictures.

There were groups, larger or smaller, before many of the canvases, and in one of these groups, standing a little apart from the rest, were Harold and Martha Keene.

The picture before which they had paused was a rather small canvas on which was painted a woman leaning with her elbows on a table, and her chin resting in her hands, which met at the wrists, and then closed upon the cheeks at each side. The little table before her was perfectly bare. There was a striking absence of detail. The one thing which was accentuated by careful and distinct painting was a plain gold ring on the third finger of the left hand. The loose drapery which wrapped the shoulders, leaving bare the throat and arms, was simply blocked in with creamy white paint and heavy shadows. The hair was gathered in a thick coil at the top of the head. There was beauty in its coloring, and merit also in the flesh-tints of the face and throat; but the power of the picture was in the eyes, which looked directly at one. The brows above them were smooth, definite, and uncontracted. The lines of the face were youthful and round. The lips were firm and self-controlled. All the expression was left to the eyes, which, large, honest, courageous, and truthful, met those of the gazer, and gave their message—the message of despair.

"It is called in the catalogue simply 'A Study,'" said a man standing close to Harold Keene; "and certainly there is no need to name it. The artist's name is given as 'G. Larrien.' Does any one happen to know him?"

No one did, and the group of people soon passed on; but Harold stayed and looked. Martha, who stood at his elbow, was palpitating with excitement. She knew the picture and the artist, but she was determined not to betray, even by a look, the secret which she had promised her friend to keep. She saw that Harold studied the picture with intent interest, and she schooled her face to express nothing in case he should look at her. She was watching him closely, and she thought that his color changed a little, but he gave no other sign of feeling. He did not look toward her. Indeed, there was neither question nor curios-



ity in his eyes, but a look of conviction and, she thought, a look of pain.

A man and woman had paused beside them now, and stood gazing at the picture.

"It 's quite a remarkable thing," said the man; "and it appears to be by a new exhibitor. I do not know the name. It certainly tells its story."

"Yes," said his companion; "I believe that it is only through marriage that despair comes to a woman. If one painted that look in a man's eyes, one would have to invent some better explanation of it than a wedding-ring."

Harold glanced toward the speakers, and then began to move away without looking again at the picture. Martha waited to hear what he would say; but as to this particular picture he said nothing.

Why was it that she felt a sudden certainty that he knew who had painted it? It seemed absurd to suppose that he did, and yet she had a conviction about it impossible to shake off.

The picture, as Martha knew, had been the hasty work of a few days, and had been painted at home. When Sonia had brought it to show to Étienne, he had been so surprised and delighted by it that he had insisted upon substituting it for the careful and painstaking piece of work which she had done in the atelier on purpose for the exhibition. It was evident that he recognized some rare quality in this picture, and that others had now recognized it also. Martha, looking back, saw that another group had formed in front of it, and that animated comment was in progress.

It came over Martha now—a thing she had not thought of before—that in spite of the different contour and coloring of the whole face, there was a certain vague resemblance to Sonia in it. It was not the eyes themselves, for they were blue in the picture; but there was something in the shape and setting of them which suggested Sonia. She wondered if the lovely princess could have been aware of this herself, for she had shown a strong reluctance to exhibit this picture, and had required of Étienne and herself a very strict promise of secrecy about it, saying that it had been seen by them only. Martha, who knew that her friend was unhappy, and that her sorrow had come to her through her marriage, felt in her heart that Sonia had painted this picture from the look of her own eyes in a mirror when off her usual guard. She wondered if by chance Harold had had the same idea.

#### XVIII.

THE next morning Martha drove to the apartment in the Rue Presbourg, and found her friend in bed, suffering from a headache which had

been so severe that she had had a doctor. She had passed a sleepless night, and it distressed Martha much to see how really ill her beautiful princess looked. There were dark rings around the lovely eyes, and the sweet mouth, which the girl so loved, had a pathetic droop which showed that tears were not far off.

Martha tried to cheer her up by telling her how much her picture had been noticed, and repeating some of the comments which she had overheard.

It was strange how little all this was to Sonia. Her pulses did not quicken by one beat until suddenly Martha said that Harold had been fascinated by it, had lingered before it, and gone back to it, and that somehow she could not help thinking that he suspected that she had painted it.

"How could he? It is impossible!" Sonia cried, a faint flush rising to her face.

"Yes; I suppose it must be," Martha conceded; "and yet there was something special about the picture to him; and after he had seen it, he certainly took no further interest in looking yours up, which, in the beginning, he had told me he was going to do."

"Martha, you must never let him know it! I trust you for that. I shall never own the picture as long as I live, and I have the solemn pledge of both you and Étienne not to betray me. You know it was against my will that I consented to exhibit it, and I could not endure to have it known that a melodramatic thing like that (for that is what it will be called) had been painted and exhibited by me. Did your brother laugh at it? Tell me the truth. If he laughed at it, I wish to know it."

She had raised herself in the bed, and sat upright, looking at Martha with commanding eyes.

"Laugh at it, Sonia? Could any one laugh at that picture—least of all Harold? It is one of the most serious things I ever looked at. No; he did not laugh. Indeed, I think it took from him all power of being amused for the rest of the day. I say this only to prove that the impression which your picture made was a serious one. He said nothing about it, but I know that he was impressed by it."

The princess fell back on her pillows, with a face so flushed and eyes so brilliant that Martha feared that she must be in a fever, and blamed herself for having talked to her on a subject so exciting as the Salon. In a few moments she rose to go. Her friend, although she declared that the visit had done her no harm, did not try to keep her, for a sudden and excited fancy had seized her.

No sooner was Martha gone than Sonia rose quickly, rang for her maid, and began to dress, regardless of the fact that her head felt light



and her limbs were trembling. She put on a long cloak and a large black hat, and, ordering her carriage, had herself driven to the Palais de l'Industrie.

A feverish desire to see the picture again had laid hold upon her. She wished to look at it after knowing that Harold had done so, and to judge how much she had betrayed of what her own heart had felt and her own eyes had expressed when she had painted that picture before her mirror, trusting in the complete disguise of the decided changes in features and coloring which she had made. She had painted the expression as faithfully as she could, knowing that no one who had never seen her completely off guard would recognize it. She felt now that if she should discover that there was a trace of possible identification in either features or expression, she could not endure it. Harold would think, and would have a right to think, that she had made capital out of her most sacred shame and sorrow; and he was the sort of man to whom that idea would be monstrous. She knew that she never could have painted it if she had had the least idea of exhibiting it; but when it was done, and she had shown it to Étienne to get his criticism on the technic, and he had been so plainly delighted with it, and urged her not to carry it any further, but to exhibit it as it was, she had agreed to it for three reasons. One was to please her master, who was not very easily pleased; another was because she knew she could keep it secret by telling no one except the two people who already knew; and the third and decisive one was that it was a way opened to her of giving her message to the world impersonally. She felt a sort of exultation in the thought that in this way she could say: "Look in my face, and see. This is marriage!"

When Sonia got out of her carriage she dismissed it and the maid, and mounted the steps with a look of greater firmness and resolution than she really felt, for physically she was ill and weak. She knew, however, that she might meet acquaintances here, and might attract the attention of strangers by being quite alone, and therefore she realized the necessity of calmness in her outward manner. Her face was partly hidden by a veil, and she had managed to avoid the gaze of one or two people whom she had recognized as she made her way quickly to the room in which she knew that her picture was hung.

In spite of her preoccupation, it quickened her pulse a little to see that there was a small group of people in front of it, evidently talking about it. As she stood behind these, and looked full at the face on the canvas, which was looking full at her, a sudden sense of conscious power, the knowledge that she had created a

thing of intrinsic character, came over her, and she could hardly realize that it was she who had done it. There was certainly no trace of her features and coloring in this picture, and yet she shrank back, and had an impulse to conceal herself, for what she saw before her was undoubtedly the picture of her soul. Her heart fluttered, and she felt herself beginning to tremble. Was she going to faint here, alone? A wild sense of helplessness seized her, and at the same moment she was aware of a certain familiarity in the outline of a shoulder and arm between her and the picture. She glanced quickly up at the head of this man, and saw that it was Harold. A little sound—scarcely more than a stifled breath—escaped her, and he turned suddenly, just in time to go to her and take her arm in his steady, reassuring grasp, which seemed to nerve her soul as well as her body to a desperate effort for self-control.

"You are ill. You should not have ventured out alone," he said. Oh, the strong, protecting voice—the firm, availing touch! Then he led her to a seat, with some quiet words that seemed to put new power into her to endure and to resist.

"I must go home," she said, rising as she felt her strength return. "I have been ill. I did not know how weak I was."

"I will take you to your carriage," he said; and without seeming to recognize the possibility of resistance, he drew her arm in his, and led her from the room and down the steps.

It came to her suddenly that her carriage was not there.

"I sent the carriage away," she said. "I thought I would stay awhile, and see the pictures."

He signaled to a waiting cab, and as it drew up to the sidewalk, and he put her in, he said quietly, but with resolution:

"I cannot let you go alone in this cab, ill and faint as you are. I beg your pardon, princess; but I must go with you"; and he gave the number to the cabman, and got in beside her.

That word "princess" stung her pride, and gave her a sudden feeling of strength. She knew that he meant to convey by it the idea that it was only as a matter of formal courtesy that he felt bound to care for and protect her now. She drew herself upright, with a slight bend of the head in acknowledgment of his civility.

For a few moments they drove along in silence, utterly alone together. Harold wondered if the thoughts of other days and hours were in her mind. At the same instant she was wondering the same thing about him. She had forgotten that he had just spoken of her with formality, and called her princess. Apparently

he had forgotten it, too; for he now said in a low tone and with suddenness:

"Your picture is remarkable. You have told your story well."

She felt that denial would be useless. Since he had found her standing there before it, she was certain that he knew the truth as well as she did.

"I never meant that it should be known that I painted it," she said. "You must know that."

"Why should it not be known?" he said. "If a woman has looked on what those eyes have seen, surely she is called upon to give her warning. If that is what marriage meant to you, God pity you! God be thanked that you are out of it!"

At his words there rushed across her mind the memory of a thousand acts and thoughts and words of tenderness, of love, of strong protection, of help in need and comfort in distress, which this man beside her had given her. How could she tell him, though, that the ground of the despair which she had painted had been the renunciation of these—the thought that she had had a vision of what the love of man and woman could be in a wedded life, and had been shut out from it? Where were now the reasons that had seemed so powerful and sufficient for the course which she had taken? Why was it that, try as she might, she could get no sense of support and satisfaction from recalling these? Was it because she felt them to be the foolish qualms of an ignorant girl, who was prepared to fight against any and all conditions of life which did not answer to her whim? O God, the hideous possibilities of error and of wrong that were about one! How confident of right one might be in doing an act of weakness and of shame!

She could not answer his last words. She felt herself suddenly so possessed of the sense of his nearness that she could neither collect nor control her thoughts. Her eyes were lowered, and she could not see his face; but his strong, brown hand lying ungloved upon his knee, seemed as familiar to her as her own.

Suddenly she seemed to feel that he was hers, and that she was his, whether they chose to recognize the fact or not; that God had joined them, and no man, not even themselves, had power to put them asunder.

Harold, meantime, was wondering at her silence. Why was it that, after her old defiant fashion, she had had no answer ready for his bitterly felt and spoken words? That picture had stung his soul, and he would have died sooner than have owned to himself even a wish to have her back.

In spite of this, he could not forget that they were alone together, and that she was ill and weak, and needed pity. He wondered suddenly

if he had been cruel in what he had said to her, and had put too great a tax upon her strength.

As this thought crossed his mind the cab stopped, and he became aware of a din of sound, made by the tramping of men and horses, the blare of brass instruments, and the beating of drums. The cabman leaned down and called to him, saying that the way had been crossed by a procession. It would be some time passing. Was monsieur in a great hurry? Harold answered no; and as he turned from the window he glanced toward the woman at his side, and saw that she was leaning back weakly in her corner, deadly pale. Her eyes met his, however, with a wide, direct, unflinching look, and he saw that there was no danger of her fainting. Consciousness, acute and powerful, was written in those eyes.

Outside, the crowd pushed and jostled by, while the clatter of hoofs and feet came more distinctly to the ears as the sound of the band moved off in the distance. An instinct to protect that pallid face from being gazed upon made him draw down the thick silk blinds. He did this, explaining his motive as he did so. Then he turned and looked at her, and their eyes met.

He was striving with all his might to keep the fire out of his; but suddenly he became aware of the same effort on her part, as she closed her lids an instant, and then, as if mastered by a feeling stronger than her will, opened them wide, and looked at him again.

His heart leaped, his pulses throbbed, his cheeks flushed darkly. He moved a little nearer to her, so that their faces were close, and still her eyes met his with that wild, concentrated gaze.

"For God's sake, what is it?" he said. But she did not move a muscle or an eyelash. She only gave her eyes to his, as one would hold up the printed page of a book to be read and understood.

"What is it?" he said again, coming so near as to speak in the lowest whisper, while his hands grasped hard the top of his stick, and his breath came thick and fast.

Her eyes still clung to his, but her lips were wordless.

"I do not understand," he said. "For God's sake, speak! I do not want to lose control of myself, but I cannot forget that you have been my wife."

These words, which moved him so that he shook visibly, made apparently no impression upon her. Her breathing was so scant and light as scarcely to lift the lace upon her breast; and near as he was to her, he could not hear it. Was she, perhaps, unconscious? He might have thought so but for the deep, intense consciousness in the gaze that she fixed upon him,

and the flutter of her long-lashed lids as she shut and opened them occasionally from the strain of that prolonged look.

Outside, the drum throbbed distantly, like the beating of a great, excited heart. The thin call of a trumpet sounded keenly, like a sigh of pain. Nearer the tramp of men and horses could be heard. But all these things only made them feel more absolutely alone together—this man and this woman who had once been one in marriage. His breast heaved quickly with deep, uneven breaths, as he suddenly uttered her name.

Still she remained as she had been before, motionless and wordless, while he read her eyes. He dropped his stick, and seized her hands in both his own, which were cold and shaking.

"Speak!" he said commandingly. "In God's name, what do you mean, unless it is that you love me still?"

Her hands were quiet and nerveless in his grasp, and in another instant he would have lost control and consciousness of what he was doing; but at this moment the cabman called to his horse and cracked his whip, the carriage gave a lurch forward, and they rattled rapidly away.

Recollecting himself, Harold dropped her hands, and touched the springs of the curtains, which instantly flew up, letting in the full light of day.

The fresh air which came in seemed to calm his heated blood, and he was master of himself again.

When he turned to look at his companion, she was leaning back in exactly the same position, only her heavy, richly fringed white lids were dropped over her eyes.

In this way she remained quite still until the carriage stopped before the door of her apartment. Harold, who thought that she had now really fainted, was about to summon help from the concierge, when she opened her eyes with a look of entire self-possession in them, got out of the cab without the aid of his offered hand, and, bowing her thanks, without speaking, walked past him into the house, with a look of cool dismissal which made it impossible for him to follow.

Puzzled, confused, bewildered almost to the point of frenzy, he got back into the cab, and ordered the driver to drive in the Bois until he should tell him to turn.

Sonia during that same time was shut within her room, thinking as intensely as he. She had been able, by dint of strong will-power, to control herself in all other points while indulging herself in one. She had said to herself during those crucial minutes in the cab, while she consciously threw open the windows of her soul to this man in that clear and unrestricted gaze,

that she would neither speak nor stir, though the effort should kill her. She found that she could best carry out this resolve by relaxing her body utterly, while her will became every moment tenser in its strain. She had said to herself over and over to what seemed a thousand times: "Don't move—don't speak. Don't move—don't speak"; and the very consciousness that she was equal to this effort made her the more free in the abandonment with which she had let him read her heart in her eyes.

Now, as she threw her wraps aside, and paced up and down her room, a feeling of delicious exultation possessed her, and the physical weakness which she had lately felt was gone and forgotten. It had been a draught of intoxicating joy simply to look at him with free and unbridled eyes. Was he not her husband, who could not be by any act of man really parted from her? What had she shown him but a woman's feeling for her wedded lover? Was she mad, she wondered, that she could have done it then, and could feel now no regret—only a wild delight—in having done it? How long it was that she had shut herself off from feeling, and how good it was to feel once more! She was alive in every nerve and pulse, as she had not been for so long; and the throbbing of life was sweet, sweet, sweet! Never mind about the future: she would meet it boldly, and make up some excuse—that she had been ill or unconscious in the cab; pretend that she had forgotten the whole thing; do anything that was needed, to save her pride: but oh, the throbbing bliss of that one half-hour which she exulted that she had been bold enough to make her own!

## XIX.

THE *cours* was closed at Étienne's, but Sonia, who could not bear to face the hours of idleness which each day must contain during the few weeks which her aunt was still to spend in Paris, got permission to come and work in the atelier during the afternoons. She was privileged to get her own models as she required them, and Martha was to come also when she had time and inclination.

The day after her encounter with Harold at the Salon, Sonia, strong in purpose and confident in will, went to the atelier with only Inking to protect her and keep her company, and set resolutely to work to do some severe drawing.

She had abundance of both time and space now, and she settled herself with great care and deliberation, with the anatomical figures and numerous copies of Ingres's drawings full in view. She had not worked very long, however, before her enthusiasm began to ebb, and she put down her charcoal and went across to

the model-throne, where she sat down with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, and fell to thinking deeply. Inkling came and jumped up into her lap, but she pushed him away with a roughness unusual to her, and he had to content himself with curling up on her skirt. As she sat there, aware of being quite alone, she was as absolutely still as any of the customary holders of that position; but the varied expressions which crossed and changed her face would have made any class of students in the world despair of such a model. Sometimes she would look quite happy for an instant, as if a thought of joy had forced its way uppermost; then again deep pain would come into her face, and shadows of doubt, perplexity, and hopelessness.

She sat so for a long time. Inkling had had a deep and peaceful sleep on the soft folds of her gown, from which he was startled by a knock at the door. His mistress sprang up suddenly, rolling him over, and he began to bark furiously, while Sonia, with an attitude of studious absorption, took her place at the easel, and seized her bit of charcoal. She thought it was probably only some boy on an errand, but she was also acutely suspicious of whom it might possibly be. So she was not entirely unprepared for the sight of Harold appearing quickly around the edge of the old sail-cloth screen.

He bowed with a brevity and formality which seemed to imply that she need fear no agitating disturbance from him; but instead of standing in his place and stating the reason of his presence, he came forward.

Inkling, wild with excitement, began a repetition of his frantic performances of the former occasion; but his mistress, determined to have nothing of that sort, promptly suppressed him, and he slunk away and lay down with great meekness.

Harold, seeming to take no cognizance of the dog, came nearer, and waited until the absorbed figure before the easel should notice him. Presently she did this by saying formally: "Martha is not here. She has not been here to-day."

"She is at home. I have just left her," he answered.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you had come to see her."

"No; I have come to see you."

"To see me?" lifting her eyebrows in light surprise.

"If you are at leisure."

"I am busy, as you see; but I can talk to you as I draw, if you don't mind."

"If you will allow me, I will wait until your drawing is done."

"That would take up too much of your time," she said, laying down her charcoal, and

elaborately brushing off her fingers with her handkerchief.

"Not at all. I have nothing to do."

"I would rather speak to you first — whatever it is you have to say — and go on with my work afterward. I dislike to draw with people looking on."

"In that case I will ask you to give me your attention at once. Will you, perhaps, take this seat?"

He indicated an old wooden arm-chair; but she declined it with a quick motion, and went over and took her old place on the model-throne, lifting Inkling to her lap. Harold seated himself on a bench directly facing her.

"I am sorry if I am annoying you," he said; "but I cannot take the consequences of not speaking to you now."

"Consequences?" she said. "What consequences?"

"Consequences to you and to me. I will ask you to be kind enough to look at me while I explain them."

Her eyes were fastened upon Inkling, and she kept them so, while she continued to twist his soft ears. There was a moment of intense stillness throughout the room. Then the man, in a voice of deep concentration, spoke her name.

"Sophie," he said.

"Pray don't call me by that name," she answered quickly. "I have never liked it, and I wish now to forget it."

"Sonia, then, if you prefer it. I want simply to make plain the fact that I am speaking to you, the woman who bears that name, and not to the princess, as you are supposed to be."

"Go on," she said.

He was silent. She kept her eyes fixed on the dog until she was afraid that her stubbornness would look childish, or, worse even than that, timid. Then she looked up.

The next instant she wished that she had not, for the compelling look that met her own did for a moment make her feel afraid. She summoned all her force, however, and looked at him defiantly, her head raised, her eyes steady.

"I want you to explain to me what you meant yesterday," he said.

"What I meant yesterday? What do you mean?"

"What you meant yesterday, driving home in the cab."

"What I meant yesterday by driving home in the cab? I suppose my meaning was the obvious one — that I was tired and ill, and that my own carriage was not there."

The timidity which she had felt before grew now into absolute terror, as she felt the masterful force of this man's power over her. So strong was her sense of it, that she felt absolutely reck-



less of what she said or did, so long as she was able to resist him.

"You will not move me or change my intention—my *determination* to get an answer to my question. Your evasion of it is childish as well as useless."

"I will be childish if I choose. Who is to prevent me?" she said defiantly.

"I will. I have no intention of submitting to any such childishness now. You are a woman, and you are the only woman who exists for me. In that character I mean to have your answer to my question."

His words made her heart throb quick with a feeling outside of the terror of self-betrayal by which she was possessed. She gave no outward sign, however, as she looked down, and began once more to pull at Inkling's ears.

Before she realized what he was doing, Harold had bent forward, and lifting the dog from her lap, he set him on the floor with a shove that sent him half-way across the room. As the little creature ran off frightened, Harold turned to the woman facing him, and forcibly took both her hands in his.

She jerked them from him with a powerful wrench as she sprang to her feet, retreating a few paces until she was stopped by some benches and easels huddled together on that side of the room.

"Don't touch me!" she cried in a voice of real terror.

He let his hands drop to his sides, but he followed, and stood very close to her, as he said:

"You had better answer me, and let me have my way. I am not to be turned now. This interview between us must be final, and I promise you that after it you shall be safe from any persecution from me. Now, however, the present moment is my own. I have you in my power—and that power I intend to use!"

"An honorable and manly thing to say!" she panted, her eyes blazing and her lips curling. "Do you mean me to understand that you would use force to make me comply with your wish?"

"I mean just that," he answered, bending over her with eyes that gave her the feeling of a physical touch. "I will prevent your leaving this room until you have honestly and fairly spoken to me, and either confirmed or denied what your eyes said to me yesterday."

"You are cowardly and cruel!" she cried. "You are taking a mean advantage of me! I was ill yesterday. I was half unconscious—"

"You may have been ill," he interrupted. "I know, indeed, that you were, and that physical weakness may have led to self-betrayal; but you were not unconscious. Far from it! You were never more acutely conscious in

your life than during those long moments when you looked at me with love."

"I deny it!" she cried angrily.

"Useless!" he answered. "It is not to be denied."

She tried to draw farther away, but the barricade of easels stopped her. Then he himself stepped backward, and put some feet of space between them.

"I cannot bear to see you shrink from me," he said. "You will have to forgive a persistence that may seem to you brutal; but fate has put this opportunity into my hands, and I'd be a fool not to use it."

"And what do you expect to get from it?" she asked.

"An answer in plain words to this question, Do you, or do you not, love me?"

"I do not!" she cried hotly; but her breast was heaving so, her heart was throbbing so, that she could scarcely catch her breath; and she felt that not for all the world did she dare to look him in the face.

"Your eyes yesterday contradicted your words of to-day," he said. "I will not be content until I have had both. So help me God, you are not going to trifle with me now! I will make you look at me, and confirm with your eyes the words you have just spoken, or I'll have you for my wife again!"

He caught her in his arms, and drew her close against him. She opened her mouth as if to scream, but he laid his palm upon it, not forgetting, for all his strength, to touch her gently.

"Oh, my darling, my precious one," he said, "don't call out for protection from me, as if I were your enemy! Surely you know that I would die by torture before I would hurt you—body or soul! But something—a wicked pride, perhaps—is making you struggle against the truth; and for your sake as well as for my own, I must make a fight for it. Look! I offer you the chance. If you can look me in the face, and say with both eyes and lips, 'Harold, I do not love you,' then you are as free as air. If you can do that, I will go, and never cross your path again."

He had taken his hand from her mouth, for fear her panting breaths would cease. He could feel the violent beating of her heart against his side. An overwhelming tenderness and pity for her filled him, and his arm, relaxing its stern pressure, drew her close, with an embrace the only constraint of which was that of love. Her ear was very close to him, and he spoke to her in the lowest whispers.

"Dear one," he said, "what is it you are fighting against if it be not the coming back of love and joy?"

He could not see her eyes. He did not wish



to see them yet. This waiting was bliss, because there was hope in it.

She had ceased to struggle, and was quiet in his arms. They stood so for many seconds, their hearts throbbing against each other, their cheeks pressed close. In the unspeakable sweetness of this nearness, Harold felt against his face the moisture of a tear.

"What is it?" he whispered. "You are crying! For God's sake, tell me why!"

A gentle little head-shake answered him; but she made no motion to draw herself away, and he, enraptured, held her close.

"There is nothing—*nothing* that you cannot tell to me," he said, still in that whisper that thrilled the silence of the room. "Perhaps you do not understand. Listen, and I will make it all plain. I loved you then. I love you now. I have loved you through all the pain and silence between. Oh, dearest, never dream but that you are still my own—wholly and unchangeably as I am yours, if only you love me!"

She kept so still that he was puzzled. He made a motion to draw back his head and look at her, but she put up her hand and pressed his cheek still closer against hers. He passionately wished that she would speak; but there was no sound except that fluttered breathing, no motion but that little tremor which he felt against his side. She was weakening, weakening, weakening—he was sure of this; but he was in such an absolute terror of misunderstanding her mood that he dared not move or speak.

As they stood there so he felt a sudden tightening of the pressure of her arms. They strained him close against her. His heart leaped; but he was not sure. There was something that alarmed him even in that clasp of love.

"Are you happy?" he whispered in the lowest murmur. But with a sudden wrench she tore herself away from him, and when he tried to follow, waved him back with a gesture which he could not disregard.

"Happy!" she said in a voice that mocked the thought, as she wrung her hands together, and then, for a moment, hid her face in the curve of one tensely bended arm. "What have I to do with happiness?" she cried out, flinging wide her arms, and looking upward, as if appealing to some invisible presence rather than to him or to herself. "I had it given to me once in boundless measure, and I played with it, and tossed it from me. It was lightly and easily done, and now it cannot be undone."

Harold stood where her imperious gesture had stopped him, and looked at her in consternation.

"What do you mean?" he said. "You will not try now to deny your love for me! You have owned it in that close embrace which can mean nothing but—"

"Good-by!" she interrupted him. "It means inevitable parting. You must go, or, if not, I must fly to some place where we cannot meet again."

"But, dearest, we cannot part. I have told you how I love you in plain words. You have told me the same without the need of words."

She looked at him,—a deep, inscrutable gaze,—and shook her head.

"I have had perfect love once," she said, "and from you—the one man whose love could ever have any meaning for me—love that included perfect trust, perfect confidence, perfect respect. I refuse to take from you a smaller thing. It is easier to give you up than to face that thought."

"But Sonia! Darling! You have got that love again! I tell you it is just the same!"

She shook her head.

"It cannot be," she said. "You would feel that what had been once might be again. You could never feel secure for even one moment. I could not bear it. You must remember what I felt in that one embrace. Oh, Harold, I *want* you to remember that! And now you must let me go."

"Go?" he said. "Where should you go, but here to me—to your right place, your home, your husband?"

At this last word she gave a sharp cry. She had been standing unsupported, and now a sudden trembling seized her, and she half tottered toward a chair. In an instant he was at her side, his arms about her, fast and sure. It was too sweet, this strong and tender holding up of her weak body. She let it be, but she was motionless and wordless in his arms.

"My own child," he said, "there can be no question as to our future now. It was all a mistake—the past. If we acknowledge it—"

"Oh, the past, the past!" she said. "I can never get away from it. We have lost two years. No matter if we had the whole future of time and eternity, we could never get those back—and it was I that did it! It is good of you to say that you forgive me; but I—oh, I never can forgive myself! You never can believe in me again. I dare not ask or look for it. I don't deserve it. You would be wrong and foolish if you did."

"Then wrong and foolish I will be," he said. "I will believe in you again and again, forever! You have forgotten something, Sonia. There is no question of judgment between you and me, because you are myself. Do you not feel that that is so?"

She did not answer, and he said again, in that compelling tone she knew so well:

"Do you not feel it so, my wife?"

She raised to his, unswervingly, eyes that were as clear as stars after their recent tears.

She unveiled her soul to him as daringly as she had done yesterday, and the message that they gave him was the same—abundant, free, unstinted love, without reserve or fear.

He drew her quickly closer, still holding her eyes with his.

"Speak! Tell me!" he said.

Then voice and look together spoke:

"I love you, Harold—my husband!"

He took the dear words from her lips with his.

AFTERWARD, when they were seated together on the model-throne, they were startled by a timid little tinkle, and as they both with

a sense of compunction called to Inkling to come, and he sprang up between them quivering with joy, and making frantic efforts to lick both their faces at once, their laughs and struggles made such a commotion that they did not hear the door open, admitting Martha.

She half crossed the room, and then stood still, transfixed with amazement, till they drew her down between them and told her all.

"So you are not a princess, after all!" said Martha.

"Oh, yes, I am," Sonia answered quickly.

"I'm 'The Happy Princess'—and this is my Prince!"

THE END.

*Julia Magruder.*

# "TOGETHER AGAINST THE STREAM."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG."

IN a sea of pines, deep-voiced like Homer,  
Where Wind, the roamer,  
His trumpets blew,  
A gray house stood by a river lonely,  
Where lilies only  
In armies grew.

And two slim boys, with brown hair blowing  
In south winds, flowing  
As through a dream,  
In a boat as frail as a curled gray feather,  
Pulled hard together  
Against the stream.

The slave's voice moaned through the fields of cotton  
A hope-forgotten  
Soul's distress,  
While music of mockers, from green thrones pouring,  
Thrilled the adoring  
Wilderness.

And the bondman's moan and the bird-songs ever  
Rolled, like the river,  
Across their dream,  
As two strong youths, in the glad June weather,  
Pulled hard together  
Against the stream.

And once, in their dreaming, the land asunder  
Was riven with thunder  
And battle's jar;  
And banners, where rivers of blood were gushing,  
Waved in the rushing  
Winds of war.

Ah, few were the stars (and lost their glory,  
And strange the story,  
And dim the dream!)  
On that young flag that, in war's wild weather,  
They bore together  
Against the stream.

*"TOGETHER AGAINST THE STREAM."*

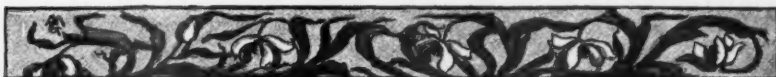
The voice of Alice was low and tender,  
 And pools of splendor  
 Were Ida's eyes,  
 And dearer than freedom they found, and better,  
 The old sweet fetter  
 Of paradise.  
 And passionate hearts, fashioned only for roaming,  
 In love's soft gloaming  
 Were lured to dream;  
 And bound to the boat with a golden tether,  
 They pulled together  
 Against the stream.

The two in a boat, in a wide stream yonder  
 (Older and fonder  
 And stronger now),  
 Laugh at the winds and the great waves roaring,  
 Mightily oaring,  
 With lifted prow!  
 They cry to the ships in the tempest rocking,  
 Merrily mocking  
 The eagle's scream,  
 And up through the breast of the stormy weather,  
 Pull hard together  
 Against the stream.

The boat is old, but its sides are oaken,  
 And still unbroken  
 The faithful oars;  
 The storms are dead, and the great waves combing,  
 Are softly foaming  
 On distant shores.  
 The low sun flames, and the west is ruddy,  
 And dark and bloody  
 The waters seem,  
 As two men pull in the autumn weather,  
 Slowly together  
 Against the stream.

Come closer, Maurice; come nearer, brother,  
 For hard years smother  
 A lonely heart;  
 And hands far reaching may lose their power,  
 And some sad hour  
 May fall apart.  
 Come nearer, nearer, ere night be falling,  
 And death be calling  
 Across our dream,  
 And we go roaming, we know not whither,  
 No more together  
 Against the stream.

*Will H. Thompson.*





## ON THE WRITING OF HISTORY.

WITH A GLANCE AT THE METHODS OF MACAULAY, GIBBON, CARLYLE, AND GREEN.

"GIVE us the facts, and nothing but the facts," is the sharp injunction of our age to its historians. Upon the face of it, an eminently reasonable requirement. To tell the truth simply, openly, without reservation, is the unimpeachable first principle of all right living; and historians have no license to be quit of it. Unquestionably they must tell us the truth, or else get themselves enrolled among a very undesirable class of persons, not often frankly named in polite society. But the thing is by no means so easy as it looks. The truth of history is a very complex and very occult matter. It consists of things which are invisible as well as of things which are visible. It is full of secret motives, and of a chance interplay of trivial and yet determining circumstances; it is shot through with transient passions, and broken athwart here and there by what seem cruel accidents; it cannot all be reduced to statistics or newspaper items or official recorded statements. And so it turns out, when the actual test of experiment is made, that the historian must have something more than a good conscience, must be something more than a good man. He must have an eye to see the truth; and nothing but a very catholic imagination will serve to illuminate his matter for him: nothing less than keen and steady insight will make even illumination yield him the truth of what he looks upon. Even when he has seen the truth, only half his work is done, and that not the more difficult half. He must then make others see it just as he does: only when he has done that has he told the truth. What an art of penetrative phrase and just selection must he have to take others into the light in which he stands! Their dullness, their ignorance, their prepossessions, are to be overcome and driven in, like a routed troop, upon the truth. The thing is infinitely difficult. The

skill and strategy of it cannot be taught. And so historians take another way, which is easier: they tell part of the truth,—the part most to their taste, or most suitable to their talents,—and obtain readers to their liking among those of like tastes and talents to their own.

We have our individual tastes in history, as in every other sort of literature. And there are histories to every taste: histories full of the piquant details of personal biography, histories that blaze with the splendors of courts and resound with drum and trumpet, and histories that run upon the humbler but greater levels of the life of the people; colorless histories, so passionless and so lacking in distinctive mark or motive that they might have been set up out of a dictionary without the intervention of an author, and partizan histories, so warped and violent in every judgment that no reader not of the historian's own party can stomach them; histories of economic development, and histories that speak only of politics; those that tell nothing but what it is pleasant and interesting to know, and those that tell nothing at all that one cares to remember. One must be of a new and unheard-of taste not to be suited among them all.

The trouble is, after all, that men do not invariably find the truth to their taste, and will often deny it when they hear it; and the historian has to do much more than keep his own eyes clear: he has also to catch and hold the eye of his reader. 'T is a nice art, as much intellectual as moral. How shall he take the palate of his reader at unawares, and get the unpalatable facts down his throat along with the palatable? Is there no way in which all the truth may be made to hold together in a narrative so strongly knit and so harmoniously colored that no reader will have either the wish or the skill to tear its patterns asunder, and men will take it all, unmarred and as it stands, rather than miss the zest of it?

It is evident the thing cannot be done by the "dispassionate" annalist. The old chroniclers, whom we relish, were not dispassionate.

We love some of them for their sweet quaintness, some for their childlike credulity, some for their delicious inconsequentiality. But our modern chroniclers are not so. They are, above all things else, knowing, thoroughly informed, subtly sophisticated. They would not for the world contribute any spice of their own to the narrative; and they are much too watchful, circumspect, and dutiful in their care to keep their method pure and untouched by any thought of theirs to let us catch so much as a glimpse of the chronicler underneath the chronicle. Their purpose is to give simply the facts, eschewing art, and substituting a sort of monumental index and table of the world's events.

The trouble is that men refuse to be made any wiser by such means. Though they will readily enough let their eyes linger upon a monument of art, they will heedlessly pass by a mere monument of industry. It suggests nothing to them. The materials may be suitable enough, but the handling of them leaves them dead and commonplace. An interesting circumstance thus comes to light. It is nothing less than this, that the facts do not of themselves constitute the truth. The truth is abstract, not concrete. It is the just idea, the right revelation of what things mean. It is evoked only by such arrangements and orderings of facts as suggest meanings. The chronological arrangement of events, for example, may or may not be the arrangement which most surely brings the truth of the narrative to light; and the best arrangement is always that which displays, not the facts themselves, but the subtle and else invisible forces that lurk in the events and in the minds of men — forces for which events serve only as lasting and dramatic words of utterance. Take an instance. How are you to enable men to know the truth with regard to a period of revolution? Will you give them simply a calm statement of recorded events, simply a quiet, unaccentuated narrative of what actually happened, written in a monotone, and verified by quotations from authentic documents of the time? You may save yourself the trouble. As well make a pencil sketch in outline of a raging conflagration; write upon one portion of it "flame," upon another "smoke"; here "town hall, where the fire started," and there "spot where fireman was killed." It is a chart, not a picture. Even if you made a veritable picture of it, you could give only part of the truth so long as you confined yourself to black and white. Where would be all the wild and terrible colors of the scene: the red and tawny flame; the masses of smoke, carrying the dull glare of the fire to the very skies, like a great signal banner thrown to the winds; the hot and frightened faces of the crowd; the crimsoned gables down the street, with the faint

light of a lamp here and there gleaming white from some hastily opened casement? Without the colors your picture is not true. No inventory of items will even represent the truth: the fuller and more minute you make it, the more will the truth be obscured. The little details will take up as much space in the statement as the great totals into which they are summed up; and the proportions being false, the whole is false. Truth, fortunately, takes its own revenge. No one is deceived. The reader of the chronicle lays it aside. It lacks verisimilitude. He cannot realize how any of the things spoken of can have happened. He goes elsewhere to find, if he may, a real picture of the time, and perhaps finds one that is wholly fictitious. No wonder the grave and monk-like chronicler sighs. He of course wrote to be read, and not merely for the manual exercise of it; and when he sees readers turn away, his heart misgives him for his fellow-men. Is it as it always was, that they do not wish to know the truth? Alas! good eremite, men do not seek the truth as they should; but do you know what the truth is? It is a thing ideal, displayed by the just proportion of events, revealed in form and color, dumb till facts be set in syllables, articulated into words, put together into sentences, swung with proper tone and cadence. It is not revolutions only that have color. Nothing in human life is without it. In a monochrome you can depict nothing but a single incident; in a monotone you cannot often carry truth beyond a single sentence. Only by art in all its variety can you depict as it is the various face of life.

Yes; but what sort of art? There is here a wide field of choice. Shall we go back to the art of which Macaulay was so great a master? We could do worse. It must be a great art that can make men lay aside the novel and take up the history, to find there, in very fact, the movement and drama of life. What Macaulay does well he does incomparably. Who else can mass the details as he does, and yet not mar or obscure, but only heighten, the effect of the picture as a whole? Who else can bring so amazing a profusion of knowledge within the strait limits of a simple plan, nowhere encumbered, everywhere free and obvious in its movement? How sure the strokes, and how bold, how vivid the result! Yet when we have laid the book aside, when the charm and the excitement of the telling narrative have worn off, when we have lost step with the swinging gait at which the style goes, when the details have faded from our recollection, and we sit removed and thoughtful, with only the greater outlines of the story sharp upon our minds, a deep misgiving and dissatisfaction take possession of us. We are no longer young,



and we are chagrined that we should have been so pleased and taken with the glitter and color and mere life of the picture. Let boys be caajoled by rhetoric, we cry; men must look deeper. What of the judgment of this facile and eloquent man? Can we agree with him when he is not talking and the charm is gone? What shall we say of his assessment of men and measures? Is he just? Is he himself in possession of the whole truth? Does he open the matter to us as it was? Does he not, rather, rule us like an advocate, and make himself master of our judgments?

Then it is that we become aware that there were two Macaulays: Macaulay the artist, with an exquisite gift for telling a story, filling his pages with little vignettes it is impossible to forget, fixing these with an inimitable art upon the surface of a narrative that did not need the ornament they gave it, so strong and large and adequate was it; and Macaulay the Whig, subtly turning narrative into argument, and making history the vindication of a party. The mighty narrative is a great engine of proof. It is not told for its own sake. It is evidence summed up in order to justify a judgment. We detect the tone of the advocate, and though if we are just we must deem him honest, we cannot deem him safe. The great story-teller is discredited; and, willingly or unwillingly, we reject the guide who takes it upon himself to determine for us what we shall see. That, we feel sure, cannot be true which makes of so complex a history so simple a thesis for the judgment. There is art here; but it is the art of special pleading, misleading even to the pleader.

If not Macaulay, what master shall we follow? Shall our historian not have his convictions, and enforce them? Shall he not be our guide, and speak, if he can, to our spirits as well as to our understandings? Readers are a poor jury. They need enlightenment as well as information: the matter must be interpreted to them as well as related. There are moral facts as well as material, and the one sort must be as plainly told as the other. Of what service is it that the historian should have insight if we are not to know how the matter stands in his view? If he refrain from judgment, he may deceive us as much as he would were his judgment wrong; for we must have enlightenment—that is his function. We would not set him up merely to tell us tales, but also to display to us characters, to open to us the moral and intent of the matter. Were the men sincere? Was the policy righteous? We have but just now seen that the “facts” lie deeper than the mere visible things that took place, that they involve the moral and motive of the play. Shall not these, too, be brought to light?

Unquestionably every sentence of true history must hold a judgment in solution. All cannot be told. If it were possible to tell all, it would take as long to write history as to enact it, and we should have to postpone the reading of it to the leisure of the next world. A few facts must be selected for the narrative, the great majority left unnoted. But the selection—for what purpose is it to be made? For the purpose of conveying an *impression* of the truth. Where shall you find a more radical process of judgment? The “essential” facts taken, the “unessential” left out! Why, you may make the picture what you will, and in any case it must be the express image of the historian’s fundamental judgments. It is his purpose, or should be, to give a true impression of his theme as a whole—to show it, not lying upon his page in an open and dispersed analysis, but set close in intimate synthesis, every line, every stroke, every bulk even, omitted which does not enter of very necessity into a single and unified image of the truth.

It is in this that the writing of history differs, and differs very radically, from the statement of the results of original research. The writing of history must be based upon original research and authentic record, but it can no more be directly constructed by the piecing together of bits of original research than by the mere reprinting together of state documents. Individual research furnishes us, as it were, with the private documents and intimate records without which the public archives are incomplete and unintelligible. But separately they are wholly out of perspective. It is the consolation of those who produce them to make them so. They would lose heart were they forbidden to regard all facts as of equal importance. It is facts they are after, and only facts—facts for their own sake, and without regard to their several importance. These are their ore,—very precious ore,—which they are concerned to get out, not to refine. They have no direct concern with what may afterward be done at the mint or in the goldsmith’s shop. They will even boast that they care not for the beauty of the ore, and are indifferent how, or in what shape, it may become an article of commerce. Much of it is thrown away in the nice processes of manufacture, and you shall not distinguish the product of the several mines in the coin, or the cup, or the salver.

Indeed, the historian must himself be an investigator. He must know good ore from bad; must distinguish fineness, quality, genuineness; must stop to get out of the records for himself what he lacks for the perfection of his work. But for all that, he must know and stand ready to do every part of his task like a master work-

man, recognizing and testing every bit of stuff he uses. Standing sure, a man of science as well as an artist, he must take and use all of his equipment for the sake of his art — not to display his materials, but to subordinate and transform them in his effort to make, by every touch and cunning of hand and tool, the perfect image of what he sees, the very truth of his seer's vision of the world. The true historian works always for the whole impression, the truth with unmarred proportions, unexaggerated parts, undistorted visage. He has no favorite parts of the story which he boasts are bits of his own, but loves only the whole of it, the full and unspoiled image of the day of which he writes, the crowded and yet consistent details that carry, without obtrusion of themselves, the large features of the time. Any exaggeration of the parts makes all the picture false, and the work is to do over. Test every bit of material, runs the artist's rule, and then forget the material; forget its origin and the dross from which it has been freed, and think only and always of the great thing you would make of it, the pattern and form in which you would lose and merge it. That is its only high use.

"It is a pity to see how even the greatest minds will often lack the broad and catholic vision with which the just historian must look upon men and affairs. There is Carlyle, with his shrewd and seeing eye, his unmatched capacity to assess strong men and set the scenery for tragedy or intrigue, his breathless ardor for great events, his amazing flashes of insight, and his unlooked-for steady light of occasional narrative. The whole matter of what he writes is too dramatic. Surely history was not all enacted so hotly, or with so passionate a rush of men upon the stage. Its quiet scenes must have been longer — not mere pauses and interludes while the tragic parts were being made up. There is not often ordinary sunlight upon the page. The lights burn now wan, now lurid. Men are seen disquieted and turbulent, and may be heard in husky cries or rude, untimely jests. We do not recognize our own world, but seem to see another such as ours might become if peopled by like uneasy Titans. Incomparable to tell of days of storm and revolution, speaking like an oracle and familiar of destiny and fate, searching the hearts of statesmen and conquerors with an easy insight in every day of action, this peasant seer cannot give us the note of piping times of peace, or catch the tone of slow industry; watches ships come and go at the docks, hears freight-vans thunder along the iron highways of the modern world, and loaded trucks lumber heavily through the crowded city streets, with a hot disdain of commerce, prices current, the hag-

gling of the market, and the smug ease of material comfort bred in a trading age. There is here no broad and catholic vision, no wise tolerance, no various power to know, to sympathize, to interpret. The great seeing imagination of the man lacks that pure radiance in which things are seen steadily and seen whole.

It is not easy, to say truth, to find actual examples when you are constructing the ideal historian, the man with the vision and the faculty divine to see affairs justly and tell of them completely. If you are not satisfied with this passionate and intolerant seer of Chelsea, whom will you choose? Shall it be Gibbon, whom all praise but so few read? He, at any rate, is passionless, it would appear. But who could write epochal history with passion? All hot humors of the mind must, assuredly, cool when spread at large upon so vast a surface. One must feel like a sort of minor providence in traversing that great tract of world history, and catch in spite of one's self the gait and manner of a god. This stately procession of generations moves on remote from the ordinary levels of our human sympathy. "It is a wide view of nations and peoples and dynasties, and a world shaken by the travail of new births. There is here no scale by which to measure the historian of the sort we must look to see handle the ordinary matter of national history. The "Decline and Fall" stands impersonal, like a monument. We shall reverence it, but we shall not imitate it.

If we look away from Gibbon, exclude Carlyle, and question Macaulay; if we put the investigators on one side as not yet historians, and the deliberately picturesque and entertaining *raconteurs* as not yet investigators, we naturally turn, I suppose, to such a man as John Richard Green, at once the patient scholar — who shall adequately say how nobly patient? — and the rare artist, working so like a master in the difficult stuffs of a long national history. The very life of the man is as beautiful as the moving sentences he wrote with so subtle a music in the cadence. We know whence the fine moral elevation of tone came that sounds through all the text of his great narrative. True, not everybody is satisfied with our *doctor angelicus*. Some doubt he is too ornate. Others are troubled that he should sometimes be inaccurate. Some are willing to use his history as a manual; while others cannot deem him satisfactory for didactic uses, hesitate how they shall characterize him, and quit the matter vaguely with saying that what he wrote is "at any rate literature." Can there be something lacking in Green, too, notwithstanding he was impartial, and looked with purged and open eyes upon the whole unbroken life of his peo-

ple — notwithstanding he saw the truth and had the art and mastery to make others see it as he did, in all its breadth and multiplicity?

Perhaps even this great master of narrative lacks variety — as who does not? His method, whatever the topic, is ever the same. His sentences, his paragraphs, his chapters, are pitched one and all in the same key. It is a very fine and moving key. Many an elevated strain and rich harmony commend it alike to the ear and to the imagination. It is employed with an easy mastery, and is made to serve to admiration a wide range of themes. But it is always the same key, and some themes it will not serve. An infinite variety plays through all history. Every scene has its own air and singularity. Incidents cannot all be rightly set in the narrative if all be set alike. As the scene shifts the tone of the narrative must change: the narrator's choice of incident and his choice of words; the speed and method of his sentence; his own thought, even, and point of view. Surely his battle pages must resound with the tramp of armies and the fearful din and rush of war. In peace he must catch by turns the hum of industry, the bustle of the street, the calm of the country-side, the tone of parliamentary debate, the fancy, the ardor, the argument of poets and seers and quiet students. Snatches of song run along with sober purpose and strenuous endeavor through every nation's story. Coarse men and refined, mobs and ordered assemblies, science and mad impulse, storm and calm, are all alike ingredients of the various life. It is not all epic. There is rough comedy and brutal violence. The drama can scarce be given any strict, unbroken harmony of incident, any close logical sequence of act or nice unity of scene. To pitch it all in one key, therefore, is to mistake the significance of the infinite play of varied circumstance that makes up the yearly movement of a people's life.

It would be less than just to say that Green's pages do not reveal the variety of English life the centuries through. It is his glory, indeed, as all the world knows, to have broadened and diversified the whole scale of English history. Nowhere else within the compass of a single book can one find so many sides of the great English story displayed with so deep and just an appreciation of them all, or of the part of each in making up the whole. Green is the one man among English historians who has restored the great fabric of the nation's history where its architecture was obscure, and its details were likely to be lost or forgotten. Once more, because of him, the vast Gothic structure stands complete, its majesty and firm grace enhanced at every point by the fine tracery of its restored details.

Where so much is done, it is no doubt unreasonable to ask for more. But the very architectural symmetry of this great book imposes a limitation upon it. It is full of a certain sort of variety; but it is only the variety of a great plan's detail, not the variety of English life. The noble structure obeys its own laws rather than the laws of a people's life. It is a monument conceived and reared by a consummate artist, and it wears upon its every line some part of the image it was meant to bear of a great, complex, aspiring national existence. But, though it symbolizes, it does not contain that life. It has none of the irregularity of the actual experiences of men and communities. It explains, but it does not contain, their variety. The history of every nation has certainly a plan which the historian must see and reproduce; but he must reconstruct the people's life, not merely expound it. The scope of his method must be as great as the variety of his subject; it must change with each change of mood, respond to each varying impulse in the great process of events. No rigor of a stately style must be suffered to exclude the lively touches of humor or the rude sallies of strength that mark it everywhere. The plan of the telling must answer to the plan of the fact — must be as elastic as the topics are mobile. The matter should rule the plan, not the plan the matter.

The ideal is infinitely difficult, if, indeed, it be possible to any man not Shaksperian; but the difficulty of attaining it is often unnecessarily enhanced. Ordinarily the historian's preparation for his task is such as to make it unlikely he will perform it naturally. He goes first, with infinite and admirable labor, through all the labyrinth of document and detail that lies up and down his subject; collects masses of matter great and small for substance, verification, illustration; piles his notes volumes high; reads far and wide upon the tracks of his matter, and makes page upon page of references; and then, thoroughly stuffed and sophisticated, turns back and begins his narrative. 'T is impossible, then, that he should begin naturally. He sees the end from the beginning, and all the way from beginning to end; he has made up his mind about too many things; uses his details with a too free and familiar mastery, not like one who tells a story so much as like one who dissects a cadaver. Having swept his details together beforehand, like so much scientific material, he discourses upon them like a demonstrator — thinks too little in subjection to them. They no longer make a fresh impression upon him. They are his tools, not his objects of vision.

It is not by such a process that a narrative is made vital and true. It does not do to lose

the point of view of the first listener to the tale, or to rearrange the matter too much out of the order of nature. You must instruct your reader as the events themselves would have instructed him had he been able to note them as they passed. The historian must not lose his own fresh view of the scene as it passed and changed more and more from year to year and from age to age. He must keep with the generation of which he writes, not be too quick to be wiser than they were, and look back upon them in his narrative with head over shoulder. He must write of them always in the atmosphere they themselves breathed, not hastening to judge them, but striving only to realize them at every turn of the story, to make their thoughts his own, and call their lives back again, rebuilding the very stage upon which they played their parts. Bring the end of your story to mind while you set about telling its beginning, and it seems to have no parts: beginning, middle, end, are all as one—are merely like parts of a pattern which you see as a single thing stamped upon the stuff under your hand. It is a dead thing dissected.

Try the method with the history of our own land and people. How will you begin? Will you start with a modern map and a careful topographical description of the continent? And then, having made your nineteenth-century framework for the narrative, will you ask your reader to turn back and see the seventeenth century, and those lonely ships coming in at the capes of the Chesapeake? He will never see them so long as you compel him to stand here at the end of the nineteenth century and look at them as if through a long retrospect. The attention both of the narrator and of the reader, if history is to be seen aright, must look forward, not backward. It must see with a contemporaneous eye. Let the historian, if he be wise, know no more of the history as he writes than might have been known in the age and day of which he is writing. A trifle too much knowledge will undo him. It will break the spell for his imagination. It will spoil the magic by which he may raise again the image of days that are gone. He must, of course, know the large lines of his story; it must lie as a whole in his mind. His very art demands that, in order that he may know and keep its proportions. But the details, the passing incidents of day and year, must come fresh into his mind, unreasoned upon as yet, untouched by theory, with their first look upon them. It is here that original documents and fresh research will serve him. He must look far and wide upon every detail of the time, see it at first hand, and paint as he looks; selecting as the artist must, but selecting while the vision is fresh, and not from

old sketches laid away in his notes—selecting from the life itself.

Let him remember that his task is radically different from the task of the investigator. The investigator must display his materials, but the historian must convey his impressions. He must stand in the presence of life, and reproduce it in his narrative; must recover a past age; make dead generations live again and breathe their own air; show them native and at home upon his page. To do this, his own impressions must be as fresh as those of an unlearned reader, his own curiosity as keen and young at every stage. It may easily be so as his reading thickens, and the atmosphere of the age comes stealthily into his thought, if only he take care to push forward the actual writing of his narrative at an equal pace with his reading, painting thus always direct from the image itself. His knowledge of the great outlines and bulks of the picture will be his sufficient guide and restraint the while, will give proportion to the individual strokes of his work. But it will not check his zest, or sophisticate his fresh recovery of the life that is in the crowding colors of the canvas.

A nineteenth-century plan laid like a standard and measure upon a seventeenth-century narrative will infallibly twist it and make it false. Lay a modern map before the first settlers at Jamestown and Plymouth, and then bid them discover and occupy the continent. With how superior a nineteenth-century wonder and pity will you see them grope, and stumble, and falter! How like children they will seem to you, and how simple their age, and ignorant! As stalwart men as you they were in fact; mayhap wiser and braver too; as fit to occupy a continent as you are to draw it upon paper. If you would know them, go back to their age; breed yourself a pioneer and woodsman; look to find the South Sea up the nearest northwest branch of the spreading river at your feet; discover and occupy the wilderness with them; dream what may be beyond the near hills, and long all day to see a sail upon the silent sea; go back to them and see them in their habit as they lived.

The picturesque writers of history have all along been right in theory: they have been wrong only in practice. It is a picture of the past we want—its express image and feature; but we want the true picture and not simply the theatrical matter—the manner of Rembrandt rather than of Rubens. All life may be pictured, but not all of life is picturesque. No great, no true historian would put false or adventitious colors into his narrative, or let a glamour rest where in fact it never was. The writers who select an incident merely because it is striking or dramatic are shallow fellows.



They see only with the eye's retina, not with that deep vision whose images lie where thought and reason sit. The real drama of life is disclosed only with the whole picture; and that only the deep and fervid student will see, whose mind goes daily fresh to the details, whose narrative runs always in the authentic colors of nature, whose art it is to see and to paint what he sees.

It is thus, and thus only, we shall have the truth of the matter: by art—by the most difficult of all arts; by fresh study and first-hand vision; at the mouths of men who stand in the midst of old letters and dusty documents and neglected records, not like antiquarians, but like those who see a distant country and a far-away people before their very eyes, as real, as full of life and hope and incident as the day in

which they themselves live. Let us have done with humbug and come to plain speech. The historian needs an imagination quite as much as he needs scholarship, and consummate literary art as much as candor and common honesty. Histories are written in order that the bulk of men may read and realize; and it is as bad to bungle the telling of the story as to lie, as fatal to lack a vocabulary as to lack knowledge. In no case can you do more than convey an impression, so various and complex is the matter. If you convey a false impression, what difference does it make how you convey it? In the whole process there is a nice adjustment of means to ends which only the artist can manage. There is an art of lying; there is equally an art—an infinitely more difficult art—of telling the truth.

*Woodrow Wilson.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Doom of the Spoils System.

THAT the spoils system is doomed no one can doubt who notes the steady progress of civil-service reform. The Civil Service Act went into effect in 1883, and during the term of President Arthur the number of places in the Federal service which were classified under its provisions was 15,573. During President Cleveland's first term the number was raised to 27,330. During President Harrison's term it was raised to 42,928. Down to July 1 of the present year 8540 more places had been added, bringing the total up to 51,468. As there are about 200,000 persons regularly employed in the government service, one fourth of them are now subject to competitive examinations under civil-service rules, and are thus removed from the control of the spoilsmen.

Of the other three fourths, or 150,000, about 18,000 can be classified by order of the President without further legislation, and it is the confident expectation of the friends of the reform that he will bring these, or at least the greater part of them, within the jurisdiction of the law at an early day—possibly before the meeting of the next Congress. His latest extensions of the rules, to the employees of the Agricultural Department, the Government Printing-office and the Pension agencies, indicate similar action before long in regard to employees in other departments who are still outside the classified service. When he shall have included all these, and when Congress shall have done its duty by passing bills placing the consular service and the entire postal service of the country under the law, the reform will be completely accomplished.

That the people of the country would support overwhelmingly this final elimination of the spoils system from our politics cannot be questioned. No advance of civil-service reform, however radical and far-reaching it may have been in its effects, has ever called forth a word of popular disapproval. On the contrary, every advance has been commended by all, except those who get their living out of politics. There never was a time

when the protests of the politicians against the reform commanded so little sympathy as they do at present. Nobody any longer sympathizes with the armies and gangs of office-seekers who swarm about every newly elected president, or governor, or mayor. They are looked upon with well-nigh universal contempt. When Governor Morton upheld the State Civil Service Commission of New York, a few months ago, in extending the civil-service regulations to various additional branches of the State service, including that of public works, which his own party managers were seeking to retain for spoils, he was heartily applauded by men and journals of all parties, and no word of sympathy was heard for the baffled spoilsmen.

The fact is that the people have at last realized that there can be no thorough and lasting reform of our politics till the spoils system has been destroyed. This is true of all our politics—national, State, and city. What reformers are aiming at in all three political fields is to restrain the activity and prevent the evil accomplishments of mercenary and dishonest and unfit men. All these men are attracted to politics solely by the spoils to be won. If there were no spoils they would not concern themselves about politics at all; they would take no interest in the nomination and election of candidates who would have nothing to bestow after election in the way of political rewards. As soon as politics ceased to "pay," they would leave them for more profitable fields of activity.

The results of this departure would be most salutary in every way. At present the greater part of the time and strength of reformers is exhausted in the effort to overcome the organized power of the spoilsmen. If success be attained in one election, incessant vigilance and constant work are necessary to prevent the triumph of the spoilsmen in the succeeding election. The fight is always an unequal one. The reformers are busy men, who must take from their regular occupations the time and strength necessary to maintain their political work. The spoilsmen have no other occupation. They are fighting for their livelihood, and are able to fight every



day in the year. They are seeking personal profit and a living, while the reformers are actually paying in time and energy for the political work which they are doing. The ultimate result is always the same—the spoilsmen regain control. The level of public administration may have been lifted a little, but sooner or later the old order of things is resumed.

Now if the spoilsmen were eliminated by the removal of all incentive to take part in politics, all this energy by the reformers for the mere purpose of overcoming the organized power of the spoilsmen would be saved. It could be devoted to the consideration of questions of government, of improvement in methods of administration—in short, to real politics. The passing from politics of the most unfit men would make room for the entrance of men of a higher type. If official tenure were permanent, if merit alone determined the selection for and retention in office, men of ability and character would seek official life, as they seek professional and other occupations, and we should not have any difficulty in getting useful public servants. Furthermore, we should be able to get a better class of men for our administrative and legislative offices. At present, in most cases, the politicians select them for us, and they pick out the kind of men who will be willing to serve them and their kind of politics after election. If the politicians had nothing to hope for from any candidate after election, they would cease to take interest in the nominations, and the natural result would be that the people would select men without interference or dictation from a machine or a boss, and would choose a far better type. Many able men at present refuse to run for office because they do not wish to ally themselves with existing party politicians, and because they do not wish to be subjected to the annoying demands of the spoilsmen after election. If they could be nominated and elected as public servants, and could act in that capacity, after taking office, with nothing to do except serve the public interest, many excellent men who now refuse to accept office would gladly consent to do so. The crying need of a better class of public men is evident to any one who observes attentively the course of American legislation from year to year.

Left to themselves, the people will always put fit men in office. Popular government in so many parts of our country is a disgrace and virtually a failure, not because the people wish it to be what it is, but because the spoils politicians, through their control of the party machinery, give them few opportunities to put proper men in office. The surest way to get rid of the spoilsmen is to abolish the spoils—starve them out of politics by taking away the only means by which they can live in politics. That is what civil-service reform is doing, and it is therefore the foundation-stone of all political reform.

#### The Prejudice against Learning among Undergraduates.

Is it not time that something were done to arouse among the youth of the present day a conviction that the chief object of a college course is learning? No one who has talked with undergraduates, or with youth preparing for college, can fail to have been struck with the inferior interest which they show in mere learning. Why does a boy wish to go to one

college rather than another? Because he will acquire more learning there? Not at all. In four cases out of five the boy will tell you frankly that he wishes to go there because of the prowess of its students in athletic contests. It has the best foot-ball eleven, or the best eight-oar crew, or the best base-ball nine, or the best field athletic team. What is the condition of its faculty, and how do the students stand in intellectual contests? Oh, the boy does not know anything about those things, and you must be an old foggy, or you would not ask such questions. Much the same condition of affairs exists among undergraduates. Very little is heard about the men who take the prizes in the examinations, or who lead the classes in their studies; but there is no limit to either the talk or the enthusiasm about the men who are leaders in athletic contests. If questions are asked about the leaders in scholarship, the chances are that they will be spoken of as "mere digs," poor creatures who devote all their time to books. These men do not get their pictures in the newspapers, and the bare mention of their names when the prizes and honors are awarded attracts almost no attention.

If you pass beyond the preparatory schools and undergraduates to the graduates, much the same state of mind confronts you. How often at an alumni banquet is intellectual supremacy in college life praised? Who are the students whose names are cited with uproarious cheers at these reunions? They are the leaders on the athletic field. All graduates know the names of these; but how many graduates could give the names of the leaders in intellectual pursuits? An eminent graduate of one of our leading colleges made a defense of this condition of things at an alumni banquet, saying that what every successful college needed was a boom, and that since you could not have a boom in Latin and Greek, you must have it in foot-ball.

But must a college have a boom in order to carry on its work in the best way? A boom in learning! How does that sound? What is a boom? According to the "Century Dictionary" it is a movement, political or other, which proceeds in a "sudden and rapid motion with a roaring and increasing sound." Is that the kind of thing to introduce into the "still air of delightful studies," into the atmosphere of learning which hangs like a benediction over every venerable college? Lowell, in his Harvard anniversary address, said of the quadrangles and cloisters at Oxford and Cambridge, that they were "conscious with venerable associations, whose very stones seemed happier for being there," and that the "chapel pavement still whispered with the blessed feet of that long procession of saints and sages and scholars and poets, who are all gone into a world of light, but whose memories seem to consecrate the soul from all ignobler companionship." Many an American youth has felt this spell as he has passed for the first time within the college gates to begin his four years of quiet study. He has felt like removing his hat, and standing with bared head in that sacred place, teeming with the traditions of that learning, the love of which has but just been kindled in his bosom. Professor Bryce, in his admirable chapter upon American Universities, in "The American Commonwealth," says of the colleges scattered all over our land, that they set learning in a visible form before the eyes of the people, that what

may be at first only a farthing rushlight, with the development of the community, or under the guidance of an able teacher, "becomes a lamp of growing flame," throwing its rays over a continually widening circle. This is the simple truth. The mere presence of a college in a community, the daily spectacle of its quiet grounds and buildings devoted to learning, have kindled in many a boy's mind the ambition to get an education, to pass from the farm or the workshop into some of the intellectual walks of life. No boom is needed to spread this quiet work in the human soul. Simple learning has been the magnet which has drawn thousands of American boys into our colleges, and has been the earnest object of their studies after they have entered.

Shall we allow all this to be changed? Shall we fill the college campus and college buildings with the roar of an athletic boom, and put learning in a secondary position? We do not for a moment believe any such change can be made permanently. That it has come dangerously near to being made temporarily, nobody can doubt. The turning-point has been reached, however, and the old order of things is certain to be resumed, with some modifications perhaps, but with learning as the dominating influence. The early idea of the model college student, the pale, sickly youth who simply crammed his text-books, shut his mind against all general knowledge, abstained from all exercise and healthy sport, took the valedictory, and either died soon afterward, or lapsed into a life of obscurity and chronic ill-health, has long since passed away. The ideal student now is the one who develops mind and body together, who is taught that without a healthy body, his mind cannot do its best work. Compulsory exercise in the gymnasium, under expert medical direction, is required in many of our colleges and ought to be in all. No athletic boom ever reaches the great body of the students. It benefits mainly only those who are naturally the strongest, and hence have less need of systematic exercise. The others sit on the benches and watch the games. The general health of the college is not improved and its general intellectual condition is greatly injured. No rational person can object to reasonable college sports, but let them be kept as college sports, and not as great public spectacles, with gate money running into thousands of dollars, and accompanied with a fury of betting, which does not stop with the undergraduates, but invades all the preparatory schools. Not only is the spirit of learning banished by such doings as these, but the whole moral tone of the college is lowered. One would infer from some current publications of college experiences and stories, put forth recently, that the modern student's life was a round of athletic contests, with betting, drinking, robbing of hen-roosts, everything except study.

That there is a great deal of earnest study going on in all our colleges cannot be questioned. It is fortunate for us as a people that this is the case. Lowell, in the address from which we have quoted above, says that our greatest need as a people is to increase the number of our highly cultivated men and thoroughly trained minds, for these carry with them into every-day life the seeds of sounder thinking and of higher ideals. There never was a time when the demand for thoroughly educated minds was so great in this country as it is to-day. In every walk in life in which intellectual labor is employed, the demand for such minds far exceeds

the supply. This is a serious situation, for as Lowell says, "Democracy must show its capacity for producing not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its manifold varieties, or it is a failure. No matter what it does for the body, if it do not in some sort satisfy that inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from prose, from the common and the vulgar, it is a failure." In America, with its boundless material resources, the struggle not merely to advance the kingdom of the mind, the things of the spirit, but to keep them from slipping farther and farther into the background, must always be an intense one. Without our colleges-as feeders for our intellectual class, this struggle would be a hopeless one. We do not believe for a moment that our colleges will consent to put the kingdom of mind below that of the body. In the inspiring words of George William Curtis, the college shall in the future, as it did in the past, teach the American youth the "secret and methods of material success; but above all, it shall admonish him that man does not live by bread alone, and that the things which are eternal are unseen; with one hand it shall lead him to the secrets of material skill, it shall equip him to enter into the fullest trade with all the world, but with the other it shall lead him to lofty thought and to commerce with the skies."

#### Art on the Battlefield.

THE dedication of the National Military Park in the vicinity of Chattanooga suggests the inquiry whether sufficient consideration has been given to the service which art may render on the battlefield in perpetuating the fame of brave men. To accomplish this object,—nowhere a worthier one than on the field of Chickamauga, probably the bloodiest battle since the invention of gunpowder,—it is not enough that the demands of history alone should be satisfied. This is of course the first condition: to identify all lines of battle, to indicate in detail every significant position and movement—in short, to reproduce to the eye and the imagination, as far as may be done, the very form and color of the event. This is indispensable, and in these respects the scheme adopted by the National Commission could hardly be improved.

But, after all, this is the prose of the battle; and it is through art in some form—painting, sculpture, poetry, or the lesser art of letters—that appeal must be made to posterity in realization of the idea of heroism associated with hallowed ground. For such service none but the best attainable art is good enough. This the Greeks and Romans knew, as many famous sculptures attest, and this lesson we have yet to learn from them.

It is idle to say that for one who looks at a battlefield from an artistic point of view there are a thousand to whom it has only the associations of a historical event. This is true to-day; but we are in the infancy of our art-development, and what will satisfy us, in whom gratitude, comradeship, or admiration are prominent motives, may not answer to the demands of a more cultivated generation of observers, in whom the associations of the event are less lively. Fame exacts the best both of the actor and the celebrator.

It is probably within the fact to say that there are not four pieces of good sculpture on the battlefield of Gettysburg, including the beautiful and appropriate

Celtic cross which marks the position of a body of Irish troops. There are a few unobtrusive pieces of natural rock which fittingly express willing sacrifice or unyielding valor; but for the most part that beautiful field—the chosen valley for the nation's salvation—has become for lack of coordination in plan and good taste in execution an unsightly collection of tombstones. In this respect it is only less so than the ordinary cemetery: the objection to it is that it *is* a cemetery; and a mere cemetery, we maintain, a great battle-field should not be allowed to be made.

As the fields of Antietam and Shiloh are now passing into Government control it may not be too late to urge upon those in charge a few practical considerations which may lead to a larger measure of beauty, without any loss—indeed, with a marked enhancement—of the practical value of such an enterprise.

1. Every Commission should avail itself of the advice of the best landscape architects, so that park-like effects may be retained as far as may be consonant with the more practical objects of the reservation.

2. Lines of battle should be marked clearly but unpretentiously with a low uniform stone, and the whole plan should be worked out artistically before large monuments are erected.

3. The Commission should have the advice of a competent board of sculptors, and should be guided by them in the acceptance of plans for monuments.

4. The monuments, to be of artistic excellence, must be few; and to this end the unit of celebration, so to speak, should be the corps. The sense of historical perspective is lost by allowing each regiment to determine the proportions and character of the memorial. Alas! the appropriation of the States for separate monuments for each of their regiments is perhaps already beyond diversion to a more artistic plan. But some oversight may yet be possible, and legislatures making new appropriations may well keep in view the necessity of a severe artistic supervision, such as made the Court of Honor of the Columbian Exposition the admiration of the world. Surely at Gettysburg such a board could have made every provision for satisfying the pride and claims of individual regiments, without in any way impairing the charming natural features of the field. It will be little short of a criminal blunder if the error there made shall be repeated on other fields. The heroes of the civil war are worthy of the best that History and Art can give them.

#### Hope for the Forests.

FROM time to time during the last six years, both by editorial articles and by solicited contributions, we have endeavored to impress upon our readers the conviction of intelligent observers that no time should be lost in providing against the imminent and manifold perils of forest destruction in the United States, and especially on the public lands. The mind that would compass the evils brought upon other countries through indifference to this matter may see them startlingly set forth in George P. Marsh's engaging volume "Nature as Modified by Man," in which that patriotic student of science and history gave his countrymen an anxious warning against similar neglect. This was fifty years ago, and in the main our national forest policy has not yet taken shape, while the destruction of our largest crop by fire, sheep, and the hungry ax goes bravely on.

This is not because the intelligence of the people is not convinced of the situation. A correct public sentiment on the subject has been rapidly forming. Bodies as widely diverse as the American Society for the Advancement of Science, the National Irrigation Association, and the New England Lumbermen's Association have officially joined in the demand for legislative action: only Congress lags behind. As usual, it is in the Capitol at Washington that ignorance and greed make their last stand, relying on the indifference or preoccupation of the law-makers. For the rest, it is natural that honest legislators who have given no attention to the subject should hesitate to take the initiative, but that they should not be willing to give weight to the united voices of experts is most provincial and most deplorable. But a more potent voice is now about to speak. Those who will not listen to Science will hardly turn a deaf ear to Commerce.

During the present year the advocates of a modern forest policy have received the important support of the two leading mercantile organizations of New York City. On January 3, 1895, the New York Chamber of Commerce, after special consideration of the subject, adopted unanimously the following resolutions:

*Whereas*, A thorough inquiry into the question of the preservation of our forest lands is of paramount importance to agricultural and other interests; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That this Chamber recommend to the United States Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled to pass a bill which authorizes the President of the United States to appoint a Commission of three experts, and make the necessary appropriation for the purpose of a thorough study of our public timber lands, so as to determine what portions ought to be preserved in the interest of the people, to prepare a plan for their management, and report the same within a year of their appointment. The Commission to have access to all public documents bearing on the question.

On June 12, 1895, a similar meeting was held by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, and, after discussion of the larger aspects of the subject, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

*Whereas*, The welfare and the commercial interests of the entire country are closely related to the preservation and proper management of the public forests:

*Resolved*, That, as a first step to a permanent and scientific forest policy, we heartily favor the creation by Congress of a National Forest Commission with the following objects:

1. To study the public timber lands, reserves, and parks on the ground.
2. To ascertain their condition and extent.
3. To ascertain their relation to the public welfare, and to existing local needs of the people as regards agriculture and the supply of wood for mining, transportation and other purposes.
4. To ascertain what portions of the public timber lands should remain as such in view of the agricultural, mining, lumbering, and other interests of the people.
5. To prepare a plan for the general management of the public timber lands in accordance with the principles of forestry.

6. To recommend the necessary legislation, and

*Resolved*, That the special committee on forestry be directed to communicate with other commercial bodies and with Congress in furtherance of concerted action on this important question at the next session.

It was understood to be the purpose of the Board to devote itself to the organization of the sentiment of the country in favor of a National Commission. The value of this action may be inferred from the fact that it is to the energetic leadership of the Board of Trade and Transportation, that we owe the adoption

of the recent amendment to the New York State constitution, virtually prohibiting for twenty years the sale or cutting of timber on the Adirondack reservation, where the reckless violation of previous statutes by a ring of lumbermen made a drastic measure indispensable.

In thus taking an active part on a wider field of forest reform, it is to be hoped that the Board of Trade and Transportation will be promptly, heartily, and continuously supported by the merchants of the country, not only by similar resolutions, but by independent

study of the subject and by personal appeal to senators and representatives before the reassembling of Congress. The short session preceding a presidential campaign, when there is a disposition to avoid political legislation, ought to be favorable to a general project of this kind, of common and vital interest to the whole country now and hereafter. Legislators may differ upon the details of a governmental administration of the forests, but there can hardly be an honest objection to the thorough scientific study of a subject of so vast importance.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### New Light in the Black Belt.

EVER since the negroes were enfranchised, what is known as the Black Belt of Alabama has been noted for what many regarded as a dangerous preponderance of colored people. It was in the heart of this section—at Tuskegee, in Alabama—that fourteen years ago was founded, very modestly, by a colored man, freshly graduated from Hampton College in Virginia, a normal and industrial school for his race, which, so far as negro education was concerned, was an experiment.

The founder of this school, Mr. Booker T. Washington, had become persuaded that most of the efforts at training his people in purely academic directions were almost entirely thrown away. He held that the time was not ripe, and his people were not prepared, for the higher scholastic training of which the Greek and Latin classics are the basis, but that they needed to be taught how to work to advantage in the trades and handicrafts, how to be better farmers, how to be more thrifty in their lives, and, most of all, how to resist the money-lenders' inducements to mortgage their crops before they were made. It was with these great ideas that he began his work at Tuskegee, the results of which are well worth reporting.

When the attention of philanthropists was first directed to the ignorant condition of the freedmen in the South, in nine cases out of ten the practical effort to do something for their improvement was controlled by clergymen and was largely influenced by sentimental considerations. The chief object seemed to be to grow a great crop of negro preachers, lawyers, and doctors. The result was so disheartening that fifteen years after the war was over there were grave doubts whether the colored race in the South was not lapsing into a barbarism worse than that of slavery. Fortunately among these educators and philanthropists there was at least one sane man, the late General S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton. His main idea was to train workmen and teachers. Mr. Washington was one of these teachers. Of him and his work General Armstrong, shortly before his death, said: "It is, I think, the noblest and grandest work by any colored man in the land. What compares with it in general value and power for good? It is on the Hampton plan, combining labor and study, commands high respect from both races, flies no denominational flag, but is earnestly and thoroughly Christian, is out of debt, well managed, and organized."

Mr. Washington began in 1881 with nothing but ideas and ambition and a few friends, none of whom could do much in the way of contributions. But he has pressed on to such purpose that the fourteenth year showed an enrolment of 1025 pupils and teachers: 809 pupils in the Normal School, 150 in the Model School, and 66 teachers and superintendents. The school owns about 2000 acres of land, and has over 40 buildings either completed or in course of erection. It rents 15 cottages not on the school grounds, and some ten of the teachers live in homes of their own. It has no endowment worth mentioning, and it must support itself from earnings, and from the donations of those who have become interested in it. For the year that ended in June the expenses were \$73,347.58—surely a small amount when it is considered that it represents the support of more than one thousand persons for a year. The pupils are rarely able to pay for their board, only \$9,696.80 being secured from this source during the year; yet all had to be lodged and fed. The State of Alabama gave toward the expenses \$3000, the Slater Fund \$5400, the Peabody Fund \$500, the Women's Home Missionary Society \$576, and the balance, \$54,174.78, was received from earnings and from the donations of societies and individuals. The tuition is entirely free. The cost of educating a student is \$50 a year (the student paying his board partly in cash and partly in work); \$200 enables him to complete the four years' course; \$1000 creates a permanent scholarship.

Twenty-five industries are carried on at the school, and while learning trades the pupils are given an opportunity to earn something toward their support, being allowed five cents an hour while at work. But they not only work at trades and in the fields; they are required to spend a part of the day or evening in the class-room; so that the carpenter or the blacksmith or the bricklayer learning a trade at Tuskegee is also instructed in the rudiments of lettered knowledge.

At the commencement held at the end of May the exercises included not only music and speaking, but an exhibition of the handiwork of the pupils, who were called on to show how each kind of work was done. One showed the method of putting tires on a buggy, another the construction of a house, another the pinning of the same, and still another the painting of the structure; the girls showed the process of ironing a shirt, of cleaning and lighting a lamp, of making bread, cake, and pie, of cutting and fitting a dress, and



so on. Other boys illustrated wheelwrighting, brick-laying, plastering, mattress-making, printing, and various agricultural processes. To the crowds of interested negroes at this commencement this seemed something worth while, because it was practical, and within the range of their own experience and attainment.

The influence of Hampton and Tuskegee spreads rapidly. Many of the men and women graduated from this normal and industrial school are inspired with the ambition to become teachers themselves. It has therefore come about that there are many small schools in several of the Southern States conducted in some measure upon the same lines as those followed in Mr. Washington's institution. The chief ideas insisted upon at Tuskegee are that men and women must be honest and industrious, and lead clean, moral lives; that they must to the best of their ability put in practice the skill, whether it be that of artisan or husbandman, that they have acquired in the industrial school; that they must become proprietors if possible, and beyond everything that they must keep out of debt, especially out of the debt that is represented by a mortgage on home and crops. If these ideas were inculcated only in one thousand pupils at one time, the work would be a very great one in influence and beneficence. But very few indeed go away from Tuskegee without an inspiration to assist in the improvement of the condition of their neighbors at home. Here is where the greatest civilizing influence is exerted.

Another point is much impressed upon the pupils at Tuskegee. In the old times all the negroes in the South were housed in one-room cabins. In such a home there could be little or no advancement. The Tuskegee idea teaches that the one-room cabin is indecent and unfit for the habitation of a family. And so the small farmers and laborers are encouraged to add rooms to their cabins or to build new cottages — to expand their habitations and make them worthy of men and citizens. This propagandism has been so effective that while one-

room cabins were the general rule when the negroes were emancipated, now one third of the rural negroes in the South are housed in structures containing more than one room, and in these houses there is practically no doubling up of families.

In brief, among all the educational efforts among the negroes there is probably none more interesting, wise, or successful than this work of Mr. Washington's at Tuskegee.

*Jno. Gilmer Speed.*

#### The Century's American Artists Series.

H. O. WALKER. (SEE PAGE 771.)

HENRY OLIVER WALKER was born in Boston, and began the study of art much later in life than most painters. In 1879 he went to Paris, remaining there about four years as a pupil of Bonnat, and subsequently had the advantage of a visit to Spain and Italy. On returning to America, he remained for several years in Boston, painting both portraits and pictures, and then removed to New York, half of each year being spent in Cornish, N. H., where most of his work is done.

Mr. Walker is a member of the Society of American Artists, and an associate member of the National Academy of Design. He was awarded a medal at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893; secured the Shaw prize of 1894 at the Society of American Artists' exhibition; and in 1895, by the picture shown on page 771, obtained the Clarke prize of the National Academy of Design.

Mr. Walker's pictures are the work of a conscientious and talented workman. They are careful in drawing, pure in color, and excellently made; and they show an artist of much intellectuality and of a poetic temperament. Henry Walker is of those artists (by no means uncommon in our studios) who, regardless of those who cry aloud in the market-place, quietly follow in the path marked out by Perugino, and beaten hard by the footsteps of Del Sarto and Raphael.

*W. Lewis Fraser.*

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

### The Gum Swamp Debate.

IT was a gala night at the Gum Swamp Meeting-house, for the vexed question which could "argify" best — the Rev. Elijah Williams or Mr. Ike Peterson — was to be definitely settled by a public contest. It is true that the ostensible object of the meeting was to debate this proposition, "De pen am more pow'ful dan de powder," but it was recognized by the whole congregation that the real issue was as first stated.

For many years 'Lige had held undisputed possession of the pulpit and forum, and swayed his audience with homely eloquence, his logic irresistible, his facts unassailed. He had been authority on all questions, settling family as well as doctrinal disputes. If there was a mooted point in scripture that 'Lige had failed to clear up, it was because the point was fortified behind an array of words that no one in Gum Swamp could spell out. But one day that nineteenth-century product, "a school darkey," by the name of Ike Peterson, had made his ap-

pearance and begun to talk out in meeting. Ike had just enough learning to spell out the parts of the Bible he already knew, and carried in his excellent memory a jumble of facts and phrases that had stuck to his impressionable mind. But he had in addition an intense desire to be heard upon all questions, coupled with an assurance simply overwhelming. He it was who proposed the question as above, and assumed to defend the affirmative. As may be supposed, this new-comer was a thorn in the side of the preacher, and the situation was not helped by the fact that the giddy young sisters showed a disposition to cackle when he crowded.

On the memorable night of the contest Ike arose to begin the debate. Every seat was taken, and the walls of the log edifice were lined with eager listeners, while bouquets of ebon faces clustered at the open doors and windows. The speaker was at his ease, and glaring about him, said loudly:

"Huccum all you niggers hyah? Das de fus' an' fo'-mos' quesshun, huccum yer hyah? Was any uv yer





DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

"IKE SMILED."

blowed up wid powder an' fell back hyah en Gum Swamp?" Ike smiled until his mouth seemed an arched vista lined with head-stones. The congregation responded with a laugh. "No," he said confidentially, "ain't none uv yer been blowed up! White man tuk er pen an' writ down on er piece of paper, 'Sen' me er hundred niggers.' An' he pas' hit erlong to er ship capt'n, an' de ship capt'n he pas' hit erlong 'cross de water to er missionary, an' de missionary he call up er lot er de bes' dress' niggers in Affrica an' sen' em erlong back by de man what fotch de note. Das how dey got de seed uv de fus' niggers, an' fum dat start all de res' done growed tell de woods es full uv 'em. Hit was de pen did it. De pen es de daddy uv ev'y nigger in Gum Swamp." There were several vigorous assents, and the speaker continued: "But de white man what sen' fur dem niggers owned em all, tell Mr. Linkum come erlong an' set yer free. An' how did Mr. Linkum set yer free? I want all you niggers what never read nuthin' ter git dese facts fum me! How did yer git free? Why ain't yer all back home yonder ersleepin', so 's yer c'n outwalk er mule all de week 'stead er bein' hyah ter-night an' in town all day Sattyday? You young niggers out deir by de do' wid yo' moufs open, I want yer ter lissen ter me! I'm talkin' horse sense now. Huccum yer done free? Mr. Linkum tuk er pen an' writ down dese two lines on de front leaf uv er blue back spellin'-book, 'Niggers es free fum ter-day out,' an' den he nail hit ter de court-house do' up yonder in Washin'ton. An' fum dat day tell now niggers es been free es anybody an' er heap freer dan po' white trash, which ef somebody did 'n' own dey would starve ter death. What did it? I tell you what did hit; hit was de pen!" Here the audience burst into applause.

"Huccum you niggers ain't starve ter de 'las' year? Huccum you had meal an' bread, hog an' hominy— an' terbacco? I'll tell yer ergin! Yer go' long up ter Macon to de warehouse man an' tell him you mus' have 'em. An' he say, 'Yer got er mule?' An' you say, 'Oomhoo!' An' he ax you what 's es name; an' you say, 'Scott; an' five years old.'" The speaker smiled knowingly, and the crowd roared. "Den de warehouse man say, 'Well I put er mortgage on Scott,'

an' right deir he put de mortgage on Scott. Den what nex'? Do dat man tell you ter tech de powder? No, sah! He say tech de pen! Dat pen git yo' rations fur er whole year. Hit 's de pen put de mortgage on dat mule an' s'port de whole county. De mule git de mortgage, you git de rations, an' de white man git left!" A wild cheer followed this summary, and the old negroes ducked their heads and shook with emotion.

Friends of 'Lige began to eye him anxiously, but to one who called out, "How 'bout dat, Unc' 'Lige?" he only answered smilingly, "Give 'im rope, give 'im rope!" Ike continued loudly, "What makes dat mortgage stick? De law! What makes de law? De pen! Dese hyah sheriffs and jedges an' lawyers go up yonder ter Atlanta an' git tergedder an' say, 'De people want some new laws— mus' have some new laws; de ole ones done all been broke.' An' dey set down and lay out some new laws. Does dey lay 'em out wid powder? No, sah! Dey lay 'em out wid a pen. An' de jedge what force dem laws does hit wid er pen, an' de sheriff what come atter you fer swappin' dat mortgage mule come wid er paper what was writ wid er pen, an' de man what keep de jail he tek yer an' put yer name down in es book wid er pen, an de fus' news yer git, bless Gord, de oberseer uv de chain-gang done got yer in er pen."

Shrieks of applause greeted this new point. When the confusion subsided, Uncle 'Lige said to Elder Hinson, who was at the far end of the room, "Brer Peterson got er good memory fur hist'ry. Give 'im rope!" But Peterson was impervious.

"An' las' of all, my frien's, my dear frien's, how yer git dat Bible? Tell me dat, how yer git hit? De Lord mek Moses write hit on er stone. Now hyah es er littl' 'screpancy, but in dem days pens was skearce an' Moses was up on de mountain. So he des' tek er chisel fur er pen, an' he whet hit on es boot an' writ like de Lord say, usin' dat chisel fur er pen; an' right deir you got all de law and de prophets. Oh, my dear frien's, powder es good, but de pen es de mos' pow'ful. Powder done knock down er heep er troof, but de troof



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

"GIVE 'IM ROPE!"

what 's lef' es de troof what uz write wid er pen. Dat 's all yer got ter swing ter ef yer ever spec' ter see de gates op'n when po' sinner knocks fur de las' time!"

Peterson sat down in triumph, and a bouncing girl brought him a big bouquet of dogwood blossoms.

Intense silence greeted the rising of Elijah Williams. He straightened his portly form as well as he could,



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

"A BOUQUET OF DOGWOOD."

removed his spectacles, and began to smile. It was a little smile at first, but it spread with the rapidity of bad news and very soon involved his whole face. It became an enormous, soundless laugh, and began to shake him from head to foot. The whole audience was infected, and the silence gave way to a round of fun. 'Lige looked at Peterson two or three times and made efforts to speak, but apparently could not. Presently the noise sank away, and the old man pronounced just one word:

"Pen-n-n!" It sounded like the bleat of a lost billy-goat, and was greeted with shouts of laughter.

"Huccum all you niggers hyah?" he said, quoting his antagonist, and mimicking him. "Lemme tell you de troof, my frien's, an' you 'll know hit 's de troof es soon es you git hit. A white man sont er note fur you. Das right! But did de note fetch you? Did dat missionery pas' hit erlong ter yer mammies and daddies ter read, an' did dey 'cep' of de white man's inversion, an' come erlong? Not much! Ain't one uv dem ole-time niggers ever seen writin' up ter dat time. Dey did n' know er pen fum a hump-back fiddle, an' dat 's er fac'. No, sir. I tell you how dey come. Dat ship capt'n sail up by de bank, an' open up es pack. He spread out some speckle caliker on de san', an' op'n up er box er two er snuff, an' fetched out some yaller beads, an' while dem niggers was 'miring dat speckle caliker, an' sneezing, an' fingerin' dem yaller glass beads, de capt'n haul out er cannon-full er powder, an' shoot hit up in de air. An' right deir er hundred niggers fell down proselyte to de groun', puffec'ly pluralized wid fear, an' he cotch em, an' slap em down in dat ship. Das how dey come hyah. Powder fotched 'em." This magnificent rally on the part of their old leader roused the faithful to a frenzy of applause. The voice of 'Lige rang out over the clamor:

"An' dat writin' what Mr. Linkum nail up on de court-house do'. Was you niggers free fum dat day? No, sah. We had ter kill six hundred million uv dem

Yankees, an' dey had ter kill all our white folks fus'; and hit took 'leven years ter do hit. Talk erbout de pen! Hit was de powder sot you free.

"An' dat writin' what de sheriff come erlong an' bring when he hunt fur dat mule you done swap—does de writin' fetch yer? Does yer stay in dat jail 'cause er de writin' en de book? Does yer stay on de chain-gang, workin' en de hot road, an' watermelons growing right up ter side er de ditch, 'cause somebody totin' writin' eroun' en deir pockets? You know yer don't. Ain't no writin' en de worl' goin' ter hold air nigger in dis crowd under dat statement uv de case. You go 'long wid dat sheriff, an' yer go to dat jail, an' yer keep in de middl' er dat road, erway fum dem melons, 'cause deir 's somebody eroun' totin' er gun dat kin bark five times, fling er shell and spit powder all over de face uv de yerth. Don't talk to me erbout no pen. Hit ain't wurth er cent. Cow pen, ink pen, or hog pen—ef hit war n't fur de fac' dat er hog an' de powder could bofe beat er nigger to de swamp, would n' er bin er pound er meat raised in Georgia las' year.

"No, sah, don't talk erbout nobody's pen! Look at Virge Williams when he met dat bear on de log cross Stone Creek las' week? What would de pen er done fur Virge? S'pose Virge had took er pen out uv es pocket, an' spit on de en' uv it, an' writ on dat bear's face, 'Stop!' whar would Virge ha' been now? Ef de powder in dat gun had n' 'sploded when hit did an' kicked Virge out er de way er dat bear an' back en de mud where we all could prize 'm out wid er fence-rail, I say where would Virge ha' been now? Don't talk ter

me erbout nobody's pen!

"Writin' es mighty good and writin' es mighty bad, but dis hyah techin' de pen so much es what keeps de country broke. Ef hit war n't fur dat pen deir would n' be no mortgage, an' no jail, an' no chain-gang. Rations would be boun' ter come enny-way, 'cause de cotton bleege ter come, an' hit teks er nigger ter make cotton. An' powder done spread more gospel dan all de pens in de worl'." You



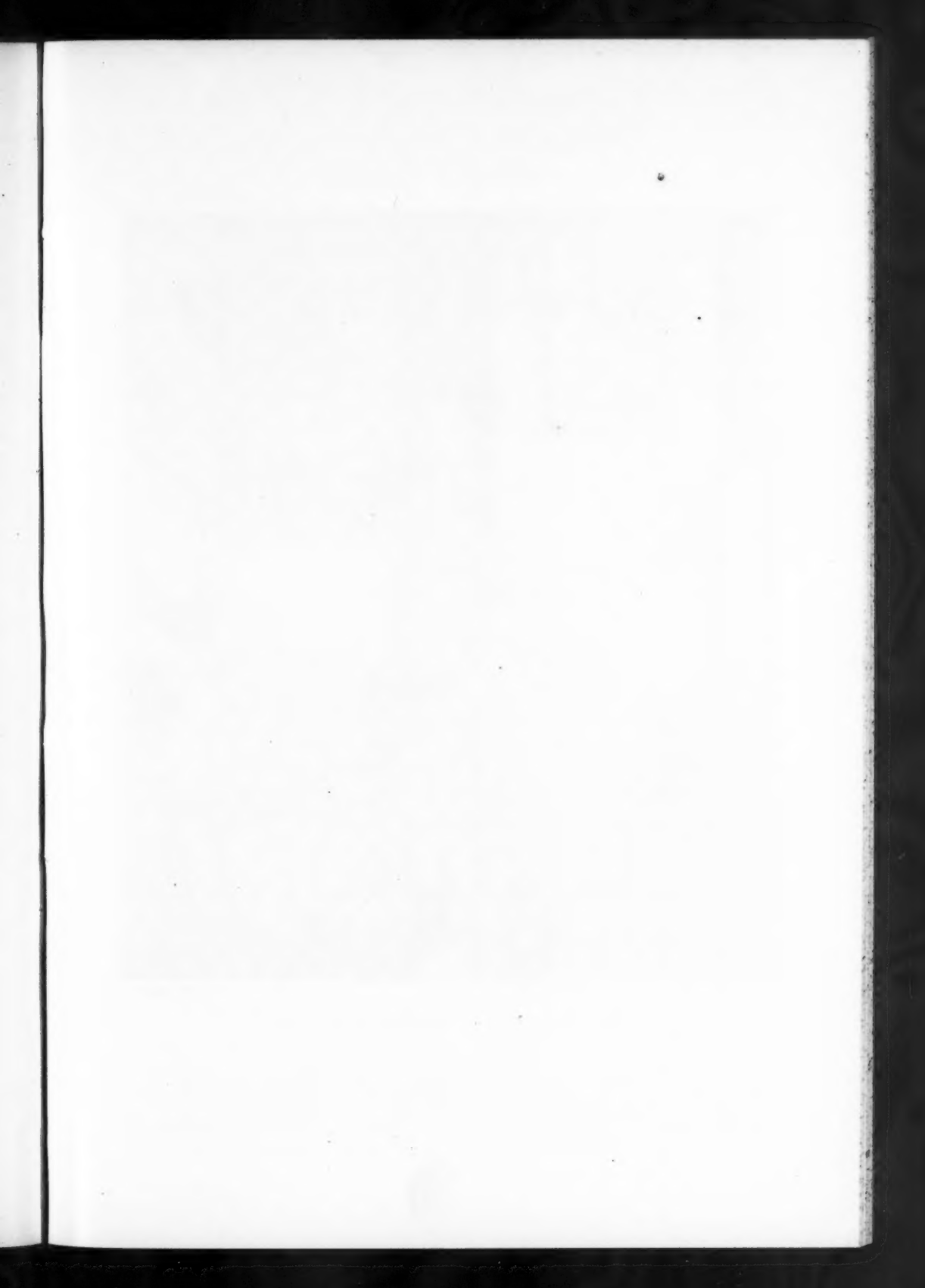
DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

"POWDER 'SPLAINS HITSSELF."

got ter have somebody ter 'splain er pen ter folks, but yer don't have ter 'splain de powder. Powder 'splain hitself. You got ter know er man 'fore you mind what es pen say; but you move fur ennybody's powder whether yer know 'im er yer don't know 'im! Gimme powder—gimme powder—an' gi' Brer Peterson er pen,—gi' 'im er gol' pen ef he wants hit,—an' ef I don't make 'im put down dat pen 'fo' he meks me put down dat powder, den de pen es mo' pow'ful dan de powder."

'Lige closed amid such a storm of applause that no one thought it necessary to call for a vote.

Harry Stilwell Edwards.





ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

"LADY STANDING AT A SPINET," BY VERMEER.